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"Warrington"

"WARRINGTON" PEN-PORTRAITS:

A COLLECTION OF

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL REMINISCENCES

FROM 1848 TO 1876,

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

WILLIAM S. ROBINSON.

WITH MEMOIR, AND EXTRACTS FROM DIARY AND LETTERS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BOSTON:
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY MRS. W. S. ROBINSON,
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TO

THE PEOPLE,

IN WHOM "WARRINGTON" BELIEVED AND FOR WHOM HE LABORED,

AS WELL AS TO

THEIR LEADERS,

WHOM HE CENSURED AND CRITICISED.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

INTRODUCTION ix

MEMOIR.

CHAP.

I. Parentage and Boyhood 1
II. Youth 15
III. Manhood 25
IV. Free-Soil Editor 35
V. Free-Soil Editor (*Continued*) 53
VI. "Warrington" Letters 78
VII. Clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives 102
VIII. Butler and Butlerism 130
IX. The Successful Man 149
X. In Memoriam 167

PEN-PORTRAITS.

I. The Free-Soil Party 183
II. The Fugitive-Slave Law 189
III. The Whigs and the Coalition 198
IV. Workings of the Fugitive-Slave Act in Massachusetts 206
V. The Know-Nothing and Straight-Republican Parties, 214
VI. Antislavery Movement 227
VII. John Brown and President Lincoln 237
VIII. In War Time 253
IX. Jubilee Days 280
X. Results of President Lincoln's Death 304
XI. Action in Massachusetts from 1868 to 1871 322
XII. Political Situation in 1872–1873; and "Warrington" abroad 354
XIII. The Situation in 1874–1875 380
XIV. Free-Soil Leaders 400
XV. Brief Biographies 406
XVI. Brief Biographies (*Continued*) 475
XVII. Brief Biographies (*Continued*) 517
XVIII. The Woman Question 547

APPENDIX 565
INDEX 581

INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

BY F. B. SANBORN.

I HAVE complied willingly with the request of Mrs. ROBINSON for a few pages introductory to her full and interesting Memoir of our dear friend, and the friend of every good cause, WILLIAM S. ROBINSON; though it would have been more appropriate for some older acquaintance, who had known him from boyhood, to undertake this friendly task. My own intimacy with him began in his native town of Concord, soon after I went there to live, in 1855; and consequently covered but about twenty of his fifty active and useful years. He had been a journalist for sixteen of those years when I first met him; and he was in the full maturity of his talents then, though neither so distinguished nor so powerful as he afterwards became. Although I must have seen him earlier, my first distinct recollection of him is at the "melon-party" of which Mrs. Robinson speaks, given by Mrs. Thoreau, the mother of Henry Thoreau, one evening in September, 1855. It was the custom of the Thoreaus then to raise fine melons in their garden, and once a year to assemble their friends at a reception, where the melons that Henry and his father had grown formed the principal feast. On this occasion, I recall the small and slightly stooping figure of William Robinson among the guests. His jesting manner and ready laugh were in sufficient contrast with the

grave bearing of his schoolmate, the poet-naturalist of the Concord woods and waters. But the two men were alike in their courageous support of unpopular opinions, their neglect of the cheap prizes of life, and in the steadiness of their friendship for those to whom they were allied.

> "They were of a lineage
> That each for each doth fast engage."

I did not fairly come to know Robinson, however, until we met frequently, from 1858 onward, at the Bird Club in Boston, of which he was one of the earliest and most constant members. He used to say that he meant to earn enough by his "Warrington" letters, which then began to be famous, to pay for his weekly club dinners. But they did more than this: they made him so much a power in Massachusetts, that when the time came, in 1860, for his table-companions of the Bird Club to take control of political affairs in this Commonwealth, he was found to be among the most important of their number. He entered, with Sumner, Andrew, Wilson, Bird, the Howes, Claflin, Wright, Stearns, and the rest, into that council of friends, which, until it was broken by "time and chance which happeneth to all," gave wise and brave direction to the policy of Massachusetts both in state and national affairs. This unrecognized cabinet, composed of both official and unofficial persons, came into power with Gov. Andrew in 1860–61; and its last powerful stroke was the defeat of Butler for governor in 1871. In the ten intervening years, the pen of "Warrington" was as potent as any single influence, except the great soul of Sumner and the great heart of Andrew, in maintaining the steady course of Massachusetts on all grave issues.

Something of this potency yet survives in the pages here selected from the mass of Robinson's journalistic writings, though much of the force then felt has disappeared with the emergency that called it forth. The wit, the sagacity, the broad humor, and strong sense, — above all, the dauntless independence of the man, — these all shine forth, and may

be read in future years. But that which has passed away, never to return, is the ardor of the generous contention for freedom and a broader national life; the common impulse, thrilling from man to man as by an electric shock, when we stood side by side in the ranks, giving and taking blows, and more eager for the victory of truth than for the glory or the spoils of conquest. This must be to others but a dim tradition, growing fainter with time: to us it is a warm and cherished memory, which the passing years will seek to efface, but cannot obliterate. Mrs. Robinson has well preserved the spirit, and many of the incidents, of that long warfare with evil; and the invincible, unassuming courage and resource of her husband during that whole period gleam out in her narration as we saw them then, but with details of self-denial and self-sacrifice that are now first made public.

It was in this period that the reminiscences of Gov. Bullock begin; and they may here be fitly introduced. He says, —

"My relations with Mr. Robinson were intimate during four years (while I was speaker of the House of Representatives, he being all that time its clerk); and his solid, personal qualities made upon me an enduring impression. I found the temper of his nature amiable, generous, and confiding beyond any thing I had conceived from his writings. He was far more capable of sustained friendship than many persons whose manners are, on the surface, more attractive than his. I never knew him to do an ungenerous thing, or to approve a mean act. Acquaintance brought out a broad and deep humor which his appearance did not indicate to a stranger. He had the laugh of a large-souled man, which came out of the heart, and carried magnetism into his conversation. He abounded in wit of a pleasant flavor. From standard authors, and from the transient literature of the day, with a quickness which has rarely been surpassed, he extracted all the sweetest graces; and, under his nicely-shaded perception, they kindled into soft and mellow light.

A familiar friend could not fail to observe the two sides of his character; for, while his life was apparently rather a stern and severe one, in social intercourse he was one of the best interpreters I ever knew of the finer qualities of a humorist. Though he was somewhat abrupt in manner, delicacy of feeling was his most striking characteristic. I mention this particularly, because he was thought by many to be moody, or even cynical. He did like satire; and any man who deals much in that seldom gets credit for the better parts of his disposition. Mr. Robinson's lot was not one of ease, but, on the contrary, it was one of constant and miscellaneous intellectual struggle for support; and I take pleasure in bearing my testimony to the serenity with which he bore it, — without discontent, without envy and suspicion, always justly towards others more favorably situated.

"He had signally an honest mind. There was no sham in his own make; and he never practised sophistry or charlatanry, or tolerated it in others. His was not the custom of saying 'Yes' for the sake of assenting; nor of saying 'No,' unless he thought and felt it. Without bias, he criticised right and left the opinions and actions of his friends; and he yielded free approval to those of his opponents, if his judgment so determined. He looked for the merits of men and things; and mere title, distinction, fame, weighed with him very little. I recall numerous instances of the entire independence and uprightness of his opinions at a time in which most men surrendered their individuality without reflection to the popular tidal wave. Although radically attached to the administration party, he criticised Sumner as freely as he criticised Vallandigham; and many a time during the war he expressed to me his sympathy with those whose personal rights and liberties he thought were unduly infringed under the shadow of the 'war power,' as it was called. And his heart was as honest as his intellect. To say that he was beyond corruption is saying little for him. He worked hard all his days, and never wanted for his labor more than it was worth. I do not know anybody who has

done contentedly so much literary work for such moderate pay. In the war-time, in which all salaries were raised under the general inflation, when we came to that of the clerk of the House, I fixed upon a sum which could easily have been carried; but he insisted upon lower figures, which, he said, were all the office was justly entitled to ask. He was a model man for public economy, and could not be tempted from the simplicity and purity of living which marked him to the end.

"Intellectually, Mr. Robinson was both broad and acute. His mind went out after principles, passing by technical methods. I never could induce him to pay much reverence to parliamentary authorities. His Manual, published two years ago, really contains all the essentials of parliamentary law; and it ought to come into general use. It is a book of principles, and is sufficient to suggest all the necessary forms; but, because it deals in principles instead of forms, I doubt if it is so popular as it ought to be. His wise discernment and his retentive memory were conspicuous in his studies and reading, and made him an authority within the range of his knowledge, which was remarkable for his opportunities. His reading was miscellaneous, covering wisely the best of modern authors in the English language; and he was especially eclectic in all that he preserved and treasured from his reading. He was a natural and pure writer, — vigorous, penetrating, and incisive. Considering that he was a born critic, and that he indulged his ply with like freedom towards those whom he favored and towards those whom he censured, we must all of us acknowledge, that an aim for justice and truth predominated in his writings to a degree uncommon in the compositions of criticism. I do not think it was known, save by a few of his friends, how well-read he was; and certainly very few readers could throw aside the chaff, and appropriate the real grain, more rapidly than he did.

"Mr. Robinson has seemed to me one of the pioneers of the INDEPENDENT PRESS. In high party times, he was one of the earliest, most pronounced, and most fearless of all our

independent newspaper-writers. The obligation of free expression of his thoughts he deemed superior to the fancied restraints of friendship; and, though this rule may seem unamiable to a limited number of interested persons, the practice of it is essential to free and independent journalism. Before Robinson's day, we had no well-known journalist in this State who made the venture which he has so successfully made. He did not forbear to publish what he thought of the acts and opinions of a public man from fear of meeting him at a dinner-table the next week, nor from that other and more abject fear of party discipline. An impending election did not shut off from his vision justice, truth, or duty. In his conversation and in his published writings, we had an interpretation of 'reform within the party.' If he could have lived a few years longer, I have no doubt that he would have maintained in still higher style than before the position of one of the advance-guard of the independent press, — that term of so much reproach, and yet of so much honor."

An earlier and more intimate friend, Mr. Francis W. Bird, has communicated a few of those recollections which throng to the chambers of memory when the name of Robinson and the days of the antislavery conflict are mentioned. Mr. Bird writes, —

"Somewhat over forty years ago, I first met William S. Robinson in his brother's printing-office in Dedham, — he a lad in his teens, I ten years his senior. Ten years at our ages then seemed to separate us widely. But he soon after engaged in pursuits which stimulated mental activity: I drifted into a condition which checked and dwarfed it. And so it happened, that, when we were brought together ten or fifteen years later, he had come up by my side; and, from that time to the day of his death, 'we clamb the hill thegither.' It was hard climbing. Young men who joined the antislavery movement in its earliest days, and especially those who left the Whig party and acted politically against

slavery, met a proscription commercial, political, and social, of the bitterness and intensity of which few now can form any conception. Robinson early chose his lot with the friends of freedom; and from that day to his last, reckless of personal consequences, he devoted himself to the righting of the wrong, and to the most fearless discussions of public men and measures.

"His life, like all lives whose record men do not willingly let die, was one of steady toil and struggle. Unsparing critic and iconoclast, wielding a pen devoted to the unmasking of hypocrisy and shams and knavery, 'to razing out rotten opinion which writes men down after their seeming,' he aroused antagonisms where easy-going men would gloss over prejudices and bigotries and knaveries. Men who knew him slightly thought him malignant: we who knew him well knew that every utterance of his was the expression of the sincerest and profoundest conviction of truth and duty; that, vigorous as was the bow, there was no venom in the shaft; that in all the ink which flowed from his fertile pen there never mingled a drop of malice or unkindness.

"How my heart warms as I think of the brave and true men who led the sacramental hosts through the long struggle which placed Massachusetts openly, actively, and perpetually on the side of freedom, and won their final victory in placing John A. Andrew in the chair of Winthrop and Hancock! There were giants on the earth in those days. Omitting the living whom Massachusetts delights to honor still, — not, perhaps, with the offices which have come too much to be distributed by the ward-room politicians, but with the honor and reverence which Massachusetts always awards to high qualities and great services, — I may properly recall the names of a few of that noble army of heroes who led in those battles of freedom, and have gone to their reward, — Stephen C. Phillips, Horace Mann, Theodore Parker, Erastus Hopkins, Charles Allen, Edward L. Keyes, Seth Webb, jun., James W. Stone, Burlingame, Andrew, Sumner, Howe, Wilson. Of these and with these was Robinson, consulted and trusted

as one of our wisest and best. Whether there was counsel to be taken, or work to be done, the circle was imperfect without him.

"Robinson wielded no mercenary pen. During a portion of his active life he held office, in which he did faithful work, and received fair pay. For other work as a journalist he received moderate compensation, never large; but few know, none so well as I, how vast the amount of work he did for which he received and expected no reward but the consciousness of duty done. I was associated with him for years in these labors, and I know that his anonymous and unpaid work often equalled his professional and public work. His whole life was almost literally a daily struggle for his daily bread; but no consideration of personal gain ever tempted him to any act not in accordance with his sincerest convictions, and no fear of personal sacrifice or of pecuniary loss ever deterred him from doing brave battle for every good cause.

"'The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?' One by one our honored leaders and loved friends have gone, until more are with them than with us. We miss them all. Robinson's place, the last made vacant, most freshly reminds us of our loss. We miss him from our grave councils on public affairs; from the cheerful gatherings for good fellowship which he so much enjoyed and inspired; from the Club, where, for twenty-five years, men of thought and men of action met to take sweet counsel together, and strengthen each other for the battle of life. Their memories remain; and, now that they are beyond the reach of mortal sight, good omens cheer us, manly purposes inspire us, from the bright track of their faithful, fruitful lives."

It is needless for me to point out how well the writer of this Memoir, the editor of this volume, has performed her affectionate task. None had a better right to do it, or could have done it better. To the picture she has given of her husband a few touches may be added; but hardly a feature that she has drawn need be shaded by criticism, so discerning are the eyes of affection.

Our satirist and friend was not a commanding person; nor can he be called great, though he had some of the least common elements of greatness. A little more reverence and reserve would have graced his character, and softened the asperity of his pen; a little more enthusiasm would have brought him nearer to the ideal standard. He had a strong Saxon sense, not too much refined, such as Defoe and Franklin showed; and he belonged in their class, rather than among moralists and idealists. He was of the sturdy, jesting, warm-hearted, reliable people, who keep the middle way of life, not much disturbed by visions or ambitions. Of such sturdy and level qualities were the plain people of New England and of the mother-country: they stood by their colors; they minded their own business; and what was the achievement of one was the profit and glory of all. Of this sort was William Robinson: he asked little of the world, was content with his lot, expected to work hard, to "do citizen's duty," speak his mind freely, stand by his friends, remind his enemies that they were vulnerable; in short, to make one in that busy, free-born, progressive multitude which the American people are. He neither sought nor valued distinction; nor did he avoid singularity or reproach in the line of his duty. As Emerson said of Theodore Parker, he was one "who does not in generous company say generous things, and in mean company base things, but says one thing, now cheerfully, now indignantly, and always because he must." Alas that we shall hear his voice no longer!

CONCORD, May 1, 1877.

MEMOIR.

"O friend! my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth;
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair."

EMERSON.

MEMOIR OF "WARRINGTON."

BY MRS. W. S. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND BOYHOOD.

(1818–1837.)

We can never do more than approximate to the truth about the life of any person, big or little; and this limitation must be borne in mind, for no man or woman ever yet lived who was known to anybody else, — perhaps nobody who was ever known to himself or herself with any degree of accuracy; and, if Froude and Macaulay have made mistakes, there are plenty of bookmakers who will correct their errors. — WARRINGTON.

Of the many distinguished writers who have from time to time made Concord in Massachusetts their residence, it is a curious fact that "Warrington" (William S. Robinson) is the only one widely known, with one exception, who was "native and to the manner born" of that rare old town. The exception is Henry David Thoreau, "Warrington's" contemporary and schoolmate. His ancestors had lived there for two generations on the father's and mother's side; both families having moved there just in time to take their share in the stirring incidents of the Revolution. Though Mr. Robinson would have been one of the first to "smile at the claims of long descent," yet, for the sake of those who like to know the ancestry of a man in whom they are interested, it will be well to say that he could trace his origin through five generations of honest tanners, shoemakers, and hatters, to a forefather whose will is still in existence, and to an ancestress whose strong and noble character has been transmitted

to numberless descendants, and is easily seen in that of the subject of this memoir, the most eminent of them all.[1]

The Robinson family were of Westford in Massachusetts: the Cogswells (on the mother's side) were of Boston. The families intermarried at the same time (in 1773) on both sides, and continued to do so. Thus Mr. Robinson's parents had a common ancestry, were own cousins, and also what is called "double cousins;" and the record of one family is substantially the record of both. The Robinsons seem to have been made up of conflicting elements; for we find a non-resistant and a brave fighter dividing the honors of the family name between them. In 1659, one William Robinson, a Quaker, was arrested with other Quakers, as he came from Salem to Charlestown ferry, by a company of people, and, after some scoffing and mocking examinations, was sent to prison: there he was searched, and his journal of places where he had been was taken away. Shortly after, he was hanged on Boston Common, and all for opinion's sake.

Lieut.-Col. John Robinson,[2] who came from Westford on the 19th of April, 1775, to serve in the regiment of minute-men under Col. William Prescott, was without doubt the brother of William S. Robinson's grandfather, and of one of his grandmothers. "This brave colonel," as Dr. Ripley calls him, when the command was given to "march into the middle of the town to defend their homes, or die in the attempt," was requested by Major Buttrick "to accompany him, and lead the soldiers in double file to the scene of action." History tells us how well the "rank and file" were led on that eventful day. The women of the family were not idle; for while their husbands were away at "the Bridge," fighting for the state and country, one of them, Mr. Robinson's grandmother, at home alone, preparing food for the returning heroes, thought anxiously of the church near by, and its sacred vessels. She therefore went and got the silver communion-service from the adjoining meeting-house,

[1] See Appendix A.

[2] See Shattuck's History of Concord.

and buried it in the soap-barrel in her cellar, in the arch under a great chimney which is still standing; and it staid there safe all through the fight. This same brave woman threatened to shoot two British soldiers, who, after the first fight, had made their way, famished and footsore, over the hill behind her house. They were so hungry and tired, and begged so piteously for something to eat, that she fed them instead. She would not let them in, being alone, but supplied them from the window, making them eat on the stoop outside the door.

Concerning the Cogswell side of the family, I am able to quote from a paper written by Mr. Robinson in 1871 for the use of the "Social Circle," a club of gentlemen in Concord, of which his grandfather was the founder and the last survivor of the original twelve members: —

"Emerson Cogswell, of Welsh descent, was the son of Emerson and Mary (Pecker) Cogswell. Emerson, senior, was a tanner, who carried on business near the stone bridge in Ipswich. Mary Pecker was the daughter of James and Bridget Pecker. Pecker was a wharfinger in Boston. [There was a sister of Mary Pecker, named Susannah, who kept a 'pastry school,' and lived to a great age. I have seen some patriotic verses written by her against the use of tea in the pre-Revolutionary days.] I do not know when Emerson Cogswell, senior, died; but Mary, his wife, lived in Concord many years a widow, with her son Emerson, and kept school in the house, which her grandchildren attended. John Cogswell was the first principal inhabitant of Ipswich. 'The History of Essex' (Chebacco) contains all that I know of the Cogswell family, including a reference to the patent granted to Lord Humphrey Cogswell in 1447. John Cogswell's son William married Mary, daughter of Rev. John Emerson of Gloucester; and this brought the name of Emerson into the family.[1]

[1] The Rev. John Emerson of Gloucester was born in 1625 in England, and was the son of Thomas Emerson of Ipswich, from whom Mr. R. W. Emerson is also descended, through another son (or grandson), Rev. Joseph Emerson of Wells, Me., and Mendon, Mass. Rev. John Emerson was settled in Gloucester in 1663, after graduating at Harvard College in 1656. His wife was Ruth Symonds of Ipswich, daughter of Samuel Symonds, a kinsman of John Winthrop, and himself deputy-governor of Massachusets. Mary Emerson, born in 1665, grand-daughter of Samuel Symonds and of Thomas Emerson, married William Cogswell, son or grandson of John Cogswell, who was a

"Emerson Cogswell moved from Boston to Concord during the Revolution. 'Shattuck's History,' p. 357, mentions him as a lieutenant in 1778, under Capt. Thomas Brown of Lexington. On p. 353 he is also mentioned as a second lieutenant of the Concord company, under the organization made in February, 1776. In 1776, the company was employed at Cambridge, and in 1778, for six weeks, in Rhode Island. So Cogswell had military employment very soon after he moved to Concord; and was a patriot, and no Tory. He was one of the originators of the Club;[1] and he and the father of Judge Fay (the

wealthy London merchant settled in Ipswich. William S. Robinson was descended, therefore, from Thomas Emerson and John Cogswell, who were both ancestors of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. The latter took his middle name, Waldo, from an ancestor, Cornelius Waldo of Chelmsford, whose daughter Rebecca married Edward Emerson about 1695. Rebecca Waldo was the grand-daughter of John Cogswell; her mother, the wife of Cornelius Waldo, being Hannah Cogswell, the sister or aunt of William Cogswell, who married Mary Emerson of Gloucester. A sister of this Mary (Emerson) Cogswell married Samuel Phillips, and was the ancestress of many persons of that distinguished name. Thus, by the curious intertwining of pedigrees, "Warrington" was connected by descent, as he was by talent, with the families of Emerson, Phillips, Cogswell, and others of the clerical or "Brahmin" class in New England. I take the Emerson Cogswell who married Mary Pecker to have been the grandson of Mary Emerson of Gloucester. — F. B. S.

[1] This club was originally a committee of public safety, and afterwards became the "Social Circle." It has been kept alive to this day. The first meetings of this club were held at the house of Mr. Cogswell, with closed doors; and no woman was admitted. The women were allowed to make all the preparations for a sumptuous supper; and, if any thing was wanted during the feast, it was handed through the half-open door. Even when the original number had dwindled down to only Mr. Cogswell and Mr. Fay, this rigid exclusion of the prescribed sex was kept up at Mr. Cogswell's house at least; "for mother" (says Mrs. Davis, to whom Mr. Robinson refers, and who is my authority) "was sent off to bed, so as to be out of the way." It has, however, leaked out that they did nothing more mysterious than to eat, sing songs, and tell stories; Mr. Cogswell being the story-teller, and Mr. Fay the singer. This club was revived before Mr. Cogswell's death, Dr. Ripley being one of its leaders under the new *régime*. "It now numbers twenty-five members," says W. S. R. in 1871, "who meet at each other's houses weekly, during the autumn, winter, and spring." Whether the custom of sending the wife of the "receiving" member to bed, to "be out of the way," still holds, I have not thought it wise to inquire. The oldest member at present is Dr. Josiah Bartlett, who was elected in 1822; and the second in seniority is Mr. R. W. Emerson, elected about forty years ago. — H. H. R.

late S. P. P. Fay of Cambridge) were the two latest who survived, and met regularly, and had good and satisfactory times together. Mr. Cogswell was the last survivor.

"He went to Canada, in what year I cannot say, but probably after 1790; for he took with him his son William, and my father, William Robinson, who was born in 1776. They went to Canada in order to learn the art and mystery of making napped hats; and Mr. Cogswell is said to have made the first napped hats in this region. (Hats were made about 1830, on the 'Mill-Dam,' by Comfort Foster and others. My father worked there; and I used to go to and fro across the Common with a dozen or fifteen hats strung over my shoulder, my mother being one of the trimmers.) They went in the winter with a sleigh and two horses. Once, in crossing a lake,[1] Mr. Cogswell, hearing the ice crack behind him, whipped up his horses, and got clear; but the team behind him went through, and was lost. He failed in business on account of the failure of one Brown, for whom he was 'bound.' Brown fled to Western Virginia. Mr. Cogswell and Capt. Safford of Beverly went in pursuit of him on horseback, and found him in Wellsburg. They got some land of Brown; but it never was of any value to Mr. Cogswell or to his descendants. It remains a part of my landed property *de jure*. I am willing to dispose of my share on the terms Henry Thoreau was going to take Fair Haven Cliffs for cultivation, — 'at the halves.' Mr. Cogswell was probably absent many months. Mrs. Davis (now living in Concord), the widow of his son William, remembers when he and Safford came back with a pair of horses, and a sleigh loaded with furs, one Sunday in January, 1800. Meanwhile, an attachment had been put upon his property, and the doors closed. 'Grandfather said,' I quote from a letter to me, written by a daughter of Mrs. Davis, 'that he should not run away, nor have his doors closed by man,' and threw them open. On Monday, the officer, Major Hosmer,[2] took him to jail, where he remained until Capt. Safford took his property, and settled the debts. The property remained in the Safford family until it went into its present hands. I was born in the old building,[3] and remember that my father paid the rent to John Safford of Beverly. The elm-tree at the corner of this building was planted by Mr. Cogswell. Mrs. Davis remembers seeing the buckets of specie with which the debt was settled by Safford.

"Mrs. Davis says that Dr. Ripley boarded with him from the time he (Ripley) came to Concord (1778) to his marriage. There is a tradition that Cogswell fell out with Dr. Ripley, and finally refused

---

[1] No doubt Lake Champlain. — F. B. S. [2] Sheriff of Middlesex.

[3] The "old block," as it is now called, which was a nice house in those days, and built to accommodate his numerous growing family.

any longer to hear him. Mrs. Davis remembers hearing him say that he went to hear the doctor preach as long as he got any information. This, perhaps, implied that others went to hear him longer. I believe, however, that he and the doctor were on good terms personally; and the doctor was a frequent visitor at the house. Mr. Cogswell read his Bible diligently, and perhaps ostentatiously, as the people went by his house to meeting. He advised (probably coerced) his children, and all the members of his family, to go to meeting, no doubt trusting to their good sense to find out when the supply of information failed; and he enjoined upon John Robinson, my uncle, to remember the texts. 'If any of the children remained at home, it was his practice to keep them very quiet during meeting-time. They must either sit on their block and hear him read, or read their own books. But the children had to go to meeting usually, whether they all had bonnets to wear or not,' says Mrs. Davis. I have in my possession the Bible which I suppose is the one Mr. Cogswell read while the people went to meeting. It was given to me by my mother, and is a Dublin edition of 1714. The best used parts of it are the New Testament and the Psalms. These parts bear the marks of a good deal of thumbing; whether by Mr. Cogswell, I cannot say: but I am quite sure, that, except for the purpose of this biography, I have not misused it. Mr. Cogswell died of consumption, and was buried in the old hill burying-ground. Dr. Ripley attended the funeral; and he said, if there ever was a good man, he thought Mr. Cogswell was one, though they differed in their religious views.

"In person, Mr. Cogswell was portly, not to say fat; so that his wife was obliged to buckle his shoes. He wore small-clothes, and went by the title of 'leftenant.' I recollect hearing my mother tell of people calling to inquire, 'Is Leftenant *Cogsdill* at home?' (Perhaps I may as well say here that the name of Cogswell is spelled with only one *g*, as in *negro*.)

"Emerson Cogswell had three wives and fourteen children. His first wife was Eunice Robinson; and Emerson Cogswell's sister Susannah married my paternal grandfather, Jeremiah Robinson. I have not the date of Mrs. Cogswell's (No. 1) death; but I suppose it was about 1788; for Mr. Cogswell was not a man to make unnecessary delays, and his second marriage took place May 3, 1789. The third wife — be patient — was Elizabeth Buttrick, widow of Nathan Buttrick of Concord,[1] whose maiden name was Bateman.

"Since this sketch was completed, I have received a letter from Mr. Heywood, the town-clerk of Concord, to whom I applied for information, who says, 'I find by the record that Emerson Cogswell died May 13, 1808, aged sixty-four; and the only office that I find

[1] Mother of Mrs. Davis.

he held was that of hogreeve, probably on account of his second marriage;[1] and that was in 1794. At that time, that office was considered a good position.' The *third* marriage, Mr. Heywood should have said. I am glad to find that hogreeves were so highly esteemed in Concord. The uninstructed intellect would have supposed the office of town-clerk or of selectman to be superior in dignity, if not usefulness.

"The only additional item I am at present able to supply is the following, which I copy from the legislative resolves of 1789:—

On the Petition of Emerson Cogswell.

Resolved, That Ephraim Wood, Esq., administrator *de bonis non* on the estate of Robert Cuming, Esq. (late of Concord, deceased), be and he hereby is authorized to give a deed of a small piece of land lying near Concord meeting-house, that was sold by John Cuming, Esq., former administrator on the estate of the said Robert Cuming, to the said Emerson Cogswell, the said Cogswell paying for the same according to agreement.

Sent down for concurrence.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS, Jun., *President.*

In the House of Representatives,
Jan. 31, 1789.

Approved: Read and concurred:

JOHN HANCOCK. THEODORE SEDGWICK, Jun, *Speaker.*"

Mr. Robinson's ancestors on both sides seem to have esteemed truth and duty above the things of this world; and, though they were people of what was then called good condition, I do not find a wealthy person among them after 1734. At the time of his birth, in 1818, the wheel of the family fortune had reached the lowest point in its descent; so that it might be said he was born of a family in reduced fortunes, if it were by any means certain that the lack of money, and what it supplies, does in our country reduce the real fortunes of a family in those things which are, after all, the most desirable.

Pilgrims to Concord, on their way to the homes of Emerson and Alcott, after leaving the Unitarian church, where Dr. Ripley (grandfather by marriage of Mr. Emerson) preached, will pass on the right a block of old wooden

[1] It was considered a good joke in those old-fashioned times to put the new married man of the village into this office at election-time.

houses. In one of these houses, under the shadow of the elm-tree planted by his grandfather, Emerson Cogswell, "Warrington" — William Stevens Robinson — was born Dec. 7, 1818. His father was William Robinson, named, probably, for William Cogswell of Ipswich; his mother, Martha Cogswell Robinson. He was the sixth and last child of his parents. "The first time I saw him," says a friend of his mother, whose kind eyes still look out over the sunny plains of Concord, "he was two years old, and came into my house with his mother, holding fast by her dress; and he always went with her everywhere till he was a great boy, preferring her company to the rude plays and games of his schoolmates. For he was not like his brothers, or like other boys, and never played with them, but was always reading great books, or cutting little sticks of wood for his mother, alone in the back-yard. A good and obedient boy always, and looked as he did in after-life. He always kept his looks. His health was not robust, though he was never ill. His head was too large for his body; and no one thought he would live to be a man."

He went to the town school in Concord, kept in the little brick schoolhouse, now an engine-house (opposite the Town Hall), — a "mixed school, where boys and girls studied Latin, and parsed Pope's 'Essay on Man' together."[1] At this brick schoolhouse he acquired all the education that ever came to him from the recitation-room. Whatever other knowledge he gained was found in his reading and his contact with life and men; for he never went to college. There was the "Caterny" (Concord Academy), as the boys of the brick schoolhouse used to call it, established by some of the parents who received better pay for their labor than that given to hatters and shoemakers; but Mr. Robinson never went to it, his father being too poor to send him, even if he had desired to do so. The Latin grammar was taught in the town school in preference to the English, and "com-

[1] W. S. R. in 1868.

position[1] and the rule of three" were well drilled into the minds of the young learners. The art of composition was specially taught; and in looking over the productions of Mr. Robinson and his sister, at the ages of eleven and thirteen, I am struck by the clearness of style and diction in the attempts of these young children. If "reading and writing come by nature," it is not much matter what methods are used. If they can be taught successfully, the old Concord school of forty-five years ago had found out the secret.

The following composition, written at thirteen years of age, is copied *verbatim:* —

A SHORT SKETCH OF MY LIFE.

I was born in Concord 7th of December 1818; and have resided in this town ever since there-fore a history of my life cannot be long or very interesting I went to Miss Hunts school 2 yrs and to Miss Harriet Moore's 1 yr. When 5 yrs old I went to Mr. Dinsmore in this school-house 1 year and ½ then to Mr. Forbush 1 year then to Mr. Jarvis[2] 1 year then to Mr Wood[3] 1 year then to Mr Merrill 1 year to Mr Graham[4] 1 yr to Mr Carter 3 months to Mr Clark 3 months to Mr Jackson 3 months and then to Mr Brown the present master Mr Dinsmore (now dead) had kept 1 year 6 months before I went to him. I believe he was liked very much Mr Forbush was very liberal with his ruler and was not liked very much by the Scholars. Mr Jarvis was liked very well Mr. Wood also he was the one who first formed the Club[5] Mr Merrill was a good master Mr Graham was a

[1] When I was a little boy — oh! such a long time ago! — I got a silver medal, manufactured out of half a dollar, for the best "composition" at school. It was on this topic, appointed by the master, — "Learning is better than house and land." It was an eloquent and convincing dissertation, and established the truth of the proposition so fully and clearly, that I really believe, if the "composition" could be now published, there would not hereafter be any dispute as to the truth of it, "in the abstract." It was what they call a "clincher." I only remember, however, the beginning, which consisted of the personal pronoun "I," and the verb "think." I have always held to the doctrine which I then so clearly demonstrated, and have acted upon it: for, though I have little learning, I have less house; and my land is nothing. — W. S. R. in 1859.

[2] Dr. Edward Jarvis.

[3] Rev. Horatio Wood of Lowell.

[4] Rev. John Graham, afterwards a famous antislavery worker.

[5] This club was founded in 1827 for the boy-members of Mr. Wood's

very good master and kept very good order. He was changed for a worse one, Mr Carter who was very severe. He was changed for a worse one Mr Clarke who kept no order at all. The ill effects of were visible the New Master Mr Jackson had to keep his eye on them for some time. Mr J. being ill was succeeded by Mr Brown the present master. I began to study Latin at Mr Jarvis and have studied Grammar the Reader a little Virgil and Cicero I cannot say that I have made much Progress I have studied Geography Arithmetic Philosophy a little. I do not think that I can improve it any more or add any to it except that I was 13 years old the 7th of December, 1831.

1832 Jan 4th. Wm. S. Robinson.

At the same age he wrote a letter to his brother about going to college, in which he says, "You ask whether I am going to college? I think not. A college-life appears to me to be a great deal harder than any other. If I expected to be Governor of Massachusetts, or a congressman, or a 'Daniel Webster,' I should go to college; but a person may be President of the United States, and yet not go to college. Henry Clay never went to college, and Benjamin Franklin, neither. I don't expect to be any of these great characters. I think I shall learn a trade, though I have not determined what one." He was considered so promising a scholar, that it was often urged upon his father to send him to college at all hazards. One gentleman, a Dr. Small, offered to help him enter Harvard; saying that he could work his way through by doing some work, such as sweeping, building fires, &c. Said his father, "He shall never take a broom there: if he can't get a living without *rubbing against* that college, he may beg." Perhaps the father had in his mind the case of a young man of the town who had been sent to college at great expense and privation to the rest of the family, and had returned to his father's farm; and all the good he received from his college-education was, that he was sent year after year to represent his native town in the General Court.

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school. It was called "The Young Declaiming and Debating Society." W. S. Robinson was secretary, in his turn (a new secretary was chosen every third week), as early as 1830 (when he was twelve years old); and the subject for debate was, "Ought Negroes to be allowed to vote?"

Mr. Robinson's opinion of a college-education for himself may have been based on the fact that the family means were not sufficient to afford such an advantage to one of its members without defrauding the rest; and, as he expressed it later in life, "It is not fair to sacrifice the women of the family, that the boy or boys may have a chance of education: they have no right to such a lion's share." Perhaps he thought of his sisters, one of whom, Lucy, a little older than he, was his companion and helper in all things, and who, as bright and studious as himself, led him in all his studies. He loved this sister, who resembled him, very dearly; and their tender relations continued as long as she lived: she died young. Was it strange that this "mother-boy," this companion of a sister as bright and promising as himself, should be one of the first advocates of the political equality of the sexes?

His schoolmates remember him as a good scholar, and a boy who always knew his lessons, — a quiet, gentle boy, studious, and fond of books; and one of his teachers, Dr. Edward Jarvis, said of him, that "he always stood at the head of his class, and he never gave me any trouble in his life." Concord even then had a public library, though not so complete as it now possesses through the munificence of Mr. Munroe; and the young student read all the books that came in his way. He has been described to me as a little boy, small even for his age, sitting across the door-sill of the old house all the summer afternoons, — while the other boys were in the woods or on the water, — with a book almost as large as himself, reading the hours away. Not liking always to enjoy alone the good things he read, he frequently took his book and went to a neighboring shoemaker's shop, and read long stories and novels to the workmen at their lasts; and they enjoyed it as much as he did. He remembered reading Cooper's novel, "The Pioneers," and Scott's "Pirate," in this way; and says in one of his letters, "One of the hands was named Harry Hooper, a curious character, not very bright, and said to be the illegiti-

mates on of a British soldier or officer who was prisoner of war during the Revolution. He died in the poor-house in Concord, a curious waif." This studious habit followed him through his whole life. As Macaulay's biographer says of that great author, "He could neither swim, nor row, nor skate, and seldom crossed a saddle, and never willingly."

Among his schoolmates were John and Henry D. Thoreau; "David Henry," as he was then called. Of the elder, John, Mr. Robinson was very fond. He was a genial and pleasant youth, and much more popular with his schoolmates than his more celebrated brother. Mr. Robinson had a high opinion of his talents, and said that he was then quite as promising as Henry D. He died young, in a very singular manner. From a letter written at the time to Mr. Robinson, I am able to quote the following account of his death: —

"Feb. 2, 1842.

"I cannot close this hasty note without referring to the sudden death of our friend Thoreau, whom you knew and loved so well. The cause seems very simple. He was stropping his razor on Saturday afternoon, and cut off a little piece of the end of his finger next to the little one, on his left hand. It was very slight, — just the skin deep enough to draw blood. He replaced the skin, and immediately put on a rag, without letting it bleed. He paid no more attention to it for two or three days, when he found it began to grow painful; and on the next Saturday he found that the skin had adhered to the finger slightly on one end, but the other part had mortified. In the evening he went to Dr. Bartlett, who dressed the finger; and, with no apprehension of further difficulty, he went home. On his way he had strange sensations, acute pain in various parts of his body; and he was hardly able to get home. The next morning (Sunday) he complained of stiffness of the jaws; and at night he was seized with violent spasms, and lockjaw set in. On being told that he must die a speedy and painful death, he was unmoved. 'Is there no hope?' he said. 'None,' replied the doctor. Then, although his friends were almost distracted around him, he was calm, saying, 'The cup that my Father gives me, shall I not drink it?' He bade his friends all good-by; and twice he mentioned your name. Not long before he died, in the intervals of his suffering, he thought he had written something, and said, 'I will carry it down to Robinson: he will like to read it.' He died Tuesday, at two o'clock, P.M., with as much

cheerfulness and composure of mind as if only going a short journey." [1]

The Concord Debating Society was formed in 1827; and William Robinson soon became its secretary. He was librarian of the Sunday school for several years, — quite an office for a lad; and his grave manner while distributing the books is still remembered by his old Sunday-school companions. He was a frequenter of lyceums, and soon began to read papers on temperance and antislavery; for Concord had even then begun to "breed men for a combat which involves personal rights." So passed the years of his boyhood in quiet, pleasant Concord, which he calls at this time (in 1834, in a letter to his sister) the "king of towns," — reading, studying, and thinking the thoughts of a boy. Here he attended his first convention, and had a bird's-eye view of the splendors of Masonry, which secret order he opposed all through his life, though his father was a great Mason.[2]

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[1] It was to the pure spirit of this brother that Henry Thoreau dedicated his book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers:" —

> "Where'er thou goest who sailed with me,
> Be thou my Muse, my brother."

[2] The first convention I ever attended was one held by the anti-Masonic party in Concord. As I stood in the doorway, hat in hand, going to and from school, I heard a letter read from Edward Everett. I forget the purport of it now: but I remember that its contents, as I told them to the editor of the Whig newspaper, created in him an immeuse sensation; and he immediately began, in his paper, to clamor for its publication. But it was never published. There is a mystery about that letter. Mr. Everett, perhaps, remembers what it was. B. F. Hallett knew about it; but he carried the knowledge of it away with him, and no doubt it altogether passed from his recollection before he died. I am sure it never was printed; and equally sure, that, if printed, it would be considered a curiosity. So much I remember: the rest is gone. Mr. Everett was very ambitious, and very anxious to get votes, and considerably disposed to dabble in anti-Masonry. Whether, at this particular moment, he was getting into it, or out of it, I cannot remember. I have a history of the Corinthian Lodge, Concord, from which it appears, that, during the thirteen years from 1832 to 1844 inclusive, only three members were initiated. From 1836 to 1844, there were only four regular meetings. I well remember the change which came over the spirit and prospects of the lodge in

In 1835, at the age of seventeen, he began to think of earning his living; and, in a letter to his sister about learning a trade, he writes, "I should like the printer's trade as well as any other. Mr. Bemis wants an apprentice." He accordingly went into the office of "The Gazette," which Mr. G. F. Bemis then published, to learn to set type. In one paper, sent to his brother at Dedham soon after, is a "stickful" set up by himself in place of an advertisement removed for the purpose. It is probably some of his first work at the "case."

CONCORD, May 26, 1836.

DEAR BROTHER, — How do you do? How are all the folks? I take my stick in ☞ to inform you that we are all alive and well, and hope you enjoy the same blessing!! I write in great haste, and hope you will excuse me if I do not write well. L. has not gone to M. yet. Father has gone to Groton to work. Heard from J. a day or two ago. S. was not well, Aunt C. has returned, — I have told you all the news. Isn't this a good way to save postage? Give my love to wife. L. and all, I suppose, do the same. Had a letter from F. the other day — all well. How's business? I have set a stickful. So good-by. Yours, W. S. R.

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that town. The Masonic hall was over the schoolhouse; and, before the evil day came, we boys used to wonder, and be very much awestruck when we looked through the keyhole, and saw the carpentry, supposed to be coffins and scaffolds, and the regalias, supposed to typify all the glory of the days of Solomon and Hiram. Occasionally, Elisha Colburn, the tyler, was seen at the entrance with his drawn sword. In those days, John Keyes, father of the late United-States marshal, was king; and William Whiting, father of the late Solicitor of the Treasury, was priest; and Dr. Ripley was a high dignitary of the order. — W. S. R. in 1863.

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH.

[1837-1842.]

"A boy's will is the wind's will;
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
LONGFELLOW.

In 1837, Concord had not begun to be the centre of thought that it is since supposed to have become. Mr. Emerson, fresh from his abandoned pulpit in Boston, did not come to live there till 1834, though he had made long visits previously at the "old manse" of his grandfather, Dr. Ripley; and the choice spirits who subsequently gathered around him had not yet found their master and teacher. Dr. Ripley was still preaching in 1837; and young Robinson, who does not seem to have inherited his grandfather's opinion of this clergyman's sermons, was, unlike some of the other youngsters,[1] an attentive listener. Perhaps, however, he had not begun to reflect whether it "did him any good," or not. About this time, Universalism began to be preached in

[1] I remember that when the legislature of 1859 revised the statutes, when the House came to the chapter relating to towns and town-officers, somebody moved to strike out the word "tithingman." There was a laugh, and out went the word; and, wherever the tithingman appeared elsewhere in the code, he was ousted without remonstrance. That was the official end of John Le Gross, the old fellow who used to sit in the gallery of Concord meeting-house in the days of my boyhood, and terrify the youngsters into an appearance of listening to Dr. Ripley's sermons, — an end of him, his administrators and assigns. No tithingman has exercised authority in Massachusetts since that fatal innovation by the legislature of 1859. — W. S. R. in 1868.

Concord; and he was taught to have great respect for John Murray (the founder) and Walter Balfour. "I have heard one of my relatives tell how the children in her family used to get behind the door, and whisper among themselves, 'Father has been over to hear Murray preach;' the event being one not to be talked about, except very privately."[1] Universalism was thought to be as bad as atheism in those days. His father's family began to take "The Trumpet" as soon as it appeared; and, listening to its alarm, they very soon went wholly over to Universalism.

In one of his early letters he writes to his sister, "We had a little celebration here (July 4) of our own, in a quiet way. The people of the town assembled at the Monument; and we had two prayers, an address by Squire Hoar, and an original hymn to the tune of 'Old Hundred,' sung by the assembled multitude, the words by Rev. Mr. Emerson." He also writes that he "went to two funerals in one day, having nothing else to do, and heard sermons by Dr. Ripley and Rev. Mr. Emerson. Quite an interesting time, I assure you." It would seem by this that Mr. Emerson had not then escaped the "Rev." prefix to his name, though at that time he must have been meditating that immortal address which he delivered (July 15, 1838) before the senior class in the Divinity School at Cambridge. Mr. Robinson said of this address, that it was "impossible to estimate the incalculable effect it had had upon the minds of the young men of his time." "The Dial" was set up in 1840. Mr. Robinson was a constant reader of this magazine (which he carefully bound and preserved); and through it he became acquainted with the writings of Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, and the rest of that school of transcendentalists who did so much to modify the austerity of New-England Puritanism. And he agreed thus far with his friend Bishop Haven, who said (in 1872) that it was "of no use to fight Renan and that class of infidel writers; for Emerson and his school were the

[1] W. S. R. in 1870.

arch-unbelievers who were silently undermining the churches right in their midst, while people of his [Haven's] sort were firing far away into the enemy's country." Emerson's first book was printed in 1836: and from that time the sermons of Dr. Ripley and the discoveries of Universalism, founded as the belief is on the meaning or "mild no meaning" of one word (*Aion*), had less influence over the mind of the thoughtful youth; for ever after "no dogmas nailed his faith," and he became a reverent follower of the new teacher, who had said that "faith makes us, and not we it; and faith makes its own forms."

In September, 1837, having learned his trade, the young printer went to Dedham to work at the case for two dollars a week, for his brother, E. G. Robinson, in the office of "The Norfolk Advertiser."[1] This brother, whom he loved so well, and whom he so much resembled mentally, had a great influence over him, and guided him in his reading, and in his first efforts towards editorial writing. He was an elder brother, a rare humorist, and knew the value of a laugh, saying that it was "worth a hundred groans in any market." His witty sayings and stories are still remembered by the men over whom, through his paper, he exerted a wide influence. "The Advertiser" was a strong temperance paper, and welcomed to its columns articles on that and other moral questions, written by young people who have since tried their wings (quills) over higher and broader fields. Among them were C. C. Hazewell, George H. Monroe, F. W. Bird, Seth Webb, jun., and S. B. Noyes. The young printer soon began to find his pen; and in June, 1838, his first long article appeared, — a sketch called "The Miseries of a Near-sighted Man." In November, he writes to his sister that he is "brimful of politics; had communications in last week's paper. We have beaten the Locofocos handsomely. Go to singing-school, and think I shall be a tremendous fellow on the bass."

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[1] Name changed in 1839 to Democrat.

Mr. F. W. Bird was a friend of Mr. E. G. Robinson, and frequently sent articles to the paper, which the young printer helped set up. It was considered by him "good training in the hieroglyphic line." "My brother also brought in, one day, Buckingham's 'New-England Magazine,' and gave me Hawthorne's 'Rill from the Town Pump' for copy." But the shy youth of small stature, looking younger than he really was, did not attract the attention of the man, who, ten years later, was to become his friend and co-worker. An old Dedham friend, who remembers Mr. Robinson at this time, describes him as a "fresh, red-cheeked, prepossessing youth, with a taste for books, and a capacity for the debating-society;" and adds, "There was a debate in the schoolhouse on the question, 'Was Bonaparte a Benefit to Mankind?' Young Robinson took the affirmative, and argued it with a clearness that quite impressed my boyish mind. He used to observe keenly in those days, and gave me once a graphic description of the impression made on his mind by a Dedham town-meeting. He was shy and studious, fond of fun when he did speak, but more fond of poring over his books in the chimney-corner than of seeking the company of the young people of the town."

He returned to Concord in January, 1839, and was urged to take "The Yeoman's Gazette," a Whig paper devoted to "anti-Masonry, anti-Van-Buren, anti-Locofoco," and to the "dissemination of Whig principles." In the paper of Jan. 19 the following notice appears: —

"The connection of Mr. Scales with 'The Yeoman's Gazette' having ceased, it will in future be conducted by W. S. Robinson."

Edward Everett was governor at that time; and in the first number we find his annual address. The young editor's first article is on the election of Nathan Brooks (an abolition Whig) to Congress, against William Parmenter, the Locofoco candidate; and is as follows: —

"*To the Whig Abolitionists of District No.* 4: —

"The real question which you are called upon to decide is this: Will Mr. Brooks truly and faithfully represent your views on the

subject of slavery? Will he act and vote as you wish? Do you in all sincerity and fairness believe that he is the friend of justice, liberty, and equal rights; that he is an enemy to slavery, and in favor of its immediate abolition? The times are critical. Bad men are in office, and desperately struggling, by intrigue and corrupt practices, to retain misused powers. The rule adopted by the great and venerable Thomas Jefferson, on placing none but 'honest and capable' men in office, seems to be laid aside and disregarded; and the consequence is, the people are pillaged and wronged. Millions and millions of dollars, wrung from the *huge paw* of industry, have been embezzled and wasted, within a few years, by executive officers. And who is responsible for these frauds upon the people? We answer, 'The administration from whom they receive the appointment.' And will not the people, who have the remedy in their own hands, redress their own wrongs, and right themselves through the ballot-box? To the polls, then! and, regardless of minor differences and small sacrifices, strike for liberty, rebuke corruption, thrust all unfaithful servants into outer darkness, and raise honest men to places of honor and trust."

"The Gazette" gave due prominence to John Quincy Adams's "letter to his constituents," warning them of the encroachments of the slave-power in Congress. Middlesex County, in 1840, was a stronghold of abolition principles; and Concord, then a more important town politically than now, played a great part in the beginning of the political abolition movement.

In answer to a call for the Baltimore Convention, Concord responded by sending ten "Whig young men" as delegates; and William S. Robinson's name headed the list. Massachusetts sent twelve hundred delegates to this convention, a hundred and ninety-four of whom were from Middlesex County. They were addressed by Clay, Webster, and other great men of the day; and the first Whig President, William H. Harrison, was nominated. Many of us can remember the exciting events of this campaign, — the torchlight processions (a new excitement then), log-cabins on wheels, barrels of hard cider, and songs of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Even the women took part: they named their sun-bonnets "log-cabins," and set their tea-cups at supper and breakfast in little glass plates with log-cabins

impressed on the bottom.[1] In July, 1840, there was a "Harrison barbecue" at Concord, at which sixty-three hundred men were comfortably seated in a tent at dinner. Elihu Burritt was invited to participate in these festivities, and sent his regrets to Hon. Samuel Hoar, saying in his letter, "As Concord spoke *first* in the cause of American liberty, I hope her voice will be loudest in the cause of REFORM on the morrow. The enemies of our country will hear on that day, I think, a voice from New England that will be a dreadful sound in their ears." "This campaign," says Mr. William Schouler, a contemporary, "inaugurated in New England the Western custom of stump-speaking, which, however, is only an old English custom; and a number of young men of Middlesex County then emerged from political obscurity into prominence. Among them, on the Democratic side, were N. P. Banks, George S. Boutwell, Josiah G. Abbott, and Benjamin F. Butler; and, on the Whig side, Henry Wilson, E. R. Hoar, Albert H. Nelson, Charles R. Train, and William S. Robinson."

"The Yeoman's Gazette" had been for years without an editor, and was good for nothing when Mr. Robinson took it. The advertising and job-work paid the expense of running the office. In July, 1840, it was made over to the new editor by some of the young Whigs, who were determined to have a good organ. In a paper preserved by Mr. Robinson, dated July 15, 1840, I find that "all right to the property and appurtenances of 'The Yeoman's Gazette' is hereby relinquished to William S. Robinson by Daniel Shattuck, Nathan Brooks, and others." Its name was changed to "Republican;" and its prospectus declared it to be "devoted, as its name imports, to the support of sound *republican principles*, to the diffusion of truths, to the exposure of abuses, to the fair and candid discussion of public measures and public men." It became at once one of the handsomest and most spirited Whig papers in the State.

[1] Human nature is the same now that it was in 1840, when we shouted ourselves hoarse for Harrison, and decorated log-cabins, and rolled big balls through the streets. — W. S. R. in 1872.

The young editor, though "brimful of politics," did not forget the literary part of the paper; and we find in it some of Emerson's early poems, and Hawthorne's stories as they came out. Mr. Robinson was one of the first to discover and appreciate Hawthorne's genius.[1] Eliza Cook, author of "The Old Arm-Chair," and other writers not so widely known, were also copied from. A notice of the first volume of Emerson's Essays (advertised in "The London Examiner" as "Essays of R. W. Emerson of Concord, Mass., with a Preface by Thomas Carlyle") appeared in "The Republican" in 1841.

We find also in the paper, that, in the year 1839, John Thoreau (brother of Henry) kept the Concord Academy; and he "was assisted by Henry D. Thoreau, the present instructor."

In an article on the "Excitement of Composition" in a country newspaper, the editor relates his own experience in that vocation: —

"The editor of the selfsame hebdomadal you are now perusing has plenty of the 'excitement of composition,' as Amos Kendall calls it. First there is the 'composition' of paragraphs, which, when printed, are to have the semblance of editorial; and then the 'composition' of the type, which conveys to the distinguished though not numerous readers of 'The Republican' the brilliant thoughts which the joint labors of the scissors and pen have produced. This pleasurable 'excitement' is occasionally varied with intervals of labor at the 'devil's tail,' with now and then a delightful episode, such as trimming the lamps, sweeping out the office, writing and reading dunning letters, &c. Now, is it wonderful that a paper conducted in such style should be less interesting, original, and spirited than those carried on by men in more prosperous circumstances? — *Vide* our neighbor of 'The Freeman.' He keeps a cow, and has 'hay to give her,' ay, and sugar-beets in plenty. He keeps a horse also, and a handsome chaise (he will pardon us for going thus into detail: we do it merely to illustrate our subject), and a pig, we believe, a man-servant and maid-servant, and an ox — But we won't be personal: we com-

[1] In 1842 he writes in the Lowell Journal, "Concord is becoming more literary every year. Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the most delightful American writers, is about to take up his residence in the mansion-house so long occupied by the late Dr. Ripley."

menced this article with a determination to use no denunciatory epithets towards our neighbor, and we will stick to it. But to proceed: there sits he all day in his arm-chair, before him a table covered with the choicest Locofoco literature, in his right hand the scissors, and in the inkstand a 'fresh-nibbed patent pen.' Ever and anon, as a thought comes into his head, he commits it to paper in that language of beauty and power which so delights the universal Locofoco party of Middlesex County. He knows little, and cares less, about the 'drudgery of the printing-office.' He is, in fact, 'monarch of all he surveys.' The axe of the postmaster-general did not terrify him; and if five hundred of his subscribers should cry, 'Stop my paper!' he would have an abundance left.

"Reader, you see our relative situations. He flourishes 'like a green bay-tree.' We must leave off this scribbling, and go to sticking type, or 'The Republican' won't be out to-day."

"The Republican" did not receive that support which one of the most spirited papers in the State had a right to expect from the determined Whig young men; and the young editor soon found (as his brother in Dedham had said of a similar experience) that "writing for glory, and printing for fun," was not just the thing for a poor fellow; and that "parties all expected editors to work for nothing, and find themselves." As Mr. Robinson said later in life, it had turned out that he had printed the paper principally for the benefit of local politicians, certainly not for his own. In December, 1841, he sold "The Republican" to William Schouler of West Cambridge for not half enough to pay its debts, losing all his years of labor; and wrote his

LAST WORDS.

"We came here with less than a dollar of ready money, and we leave in a predicament astonishingly similar. We have no expressions of gratitude for favors received, and we feel under no obligations to any man in Concord; for we have given them an equivalent for all the money they have paid us. We will say one thing for old Concord: it is the best town in the world. There is nothing like it in this country — or any other. For pretty girls and right good fellows, for noble men and good women, for wits, wags, and wonders of every kind, it is the first. Who says it is not never lived here.

"To our readers we wish every blessing. May they have full purses and contented hearts! — not so contented that they will not make an

effort to better their condition, and free themselves from the prejudices and bigotry of the age; but so contented that they may not be always grumbling with their lot, and finding fault with the Disposer of it. To our neighbor over the way we say, 'Good luck to him in every thing but his Locofocoism.' He is not half so bad a fellow as we have represented him to be. To all our friends and enemies (if we have any) we bid a cordial and affectionate farewell."

Among Mr. Robinson's young companions and correspondents was George H. Derby ("John Phœnix"), who had lived in Concord. Whether they were schoolmates or not I have been unable to discover. The handwriting of Mr. Derby is almost a facsimile of Mr. Robinson's at the same date. He is remembered in Concord as a wild, harum-scarum lad, full of fun and jokes; and droll stories of his pranks are still related. He was clerk in a country store, and, in the absence of his employer, would stretch his "lazy length" along the counter. If a customer came in, — perhaps a little girl for a pint of molasses, — he would say, "Go away! we don't keep it." The post-office was kept in the same store; and once, when a boy came for letters, he was told, "No: there aren't any for you, and there *never will be*. You needn't come again." He would often draw on the letters a picture of a man with a trumpet, blowing the superscription out of his mouth. Mr. Derby was educated at West Point, and afterwards stationed in the South, where he married a Southern lady who held slaves. He died in 1861.[1] "He was one of the first, if not the best, of the modern American humorists." [2] The following is a characteristic letter written by him to Mr. Robinson while at West Point: —

U. S. Military Academy, Feb: 17, 1844.

From Derby !!!!!!! — !!!!!!!!!! — !!!!!!!!!!!! — !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! — !

Last March, Lieut. Brunton brought me his album, with a request, a very polite request, that I would draw a picture in it. I liked Lieut. Brunton very much. I loved drawing excessively. I thanked him for the compliment he paid my poor talent, and took the book with pleasure. I was lazy. I delayed for three weeks drawing in Lieut. Brunton's album. He asked me one day how I was coming on. I

[1] Captain U. S. Topographical Engineers. [2] W. S. R. in 1871.

replied, "Grandly," and went to my room and sketched an outline in his book. But it had become a *task*. I drew every day, on scraps of paper, things good enough to figure in the album: but I couldn't draw in that; it was a task. Lieut. Brunton left in June. He *sent* to me for his book; I *sent* it to him: there was nothing in it; for I rubbed out the outline. And thus I lost as good a friend as I had in the corps. Now, in my conduct, old fellow, don't you see yourself? The first two or three letters were pleasant; you liked it: but it became troublesome, — this writing once a month. My poor letter arrived; it was a bore to answer it; you put it off from day to day: and I am perfectly confident, if I *had* answered your last, you would have done the same thing again; for I believe you are something like myself in many respects, and I can enter into your feelings sometimes. Now, one letter a year is a different matter. I know you will answer this; and I shall reply. I suppose then you will gradually procrastinate, until, in two or three months, I will rush into your sanctum, and pull your ears for not writing. Why, if I was not going to the old Bay State in four months, do you think I should write now, to be again neglected? *Fiddle!* Not I! I like you, Rob, much; I think about you a good deal: there's something nice, too, about having a friend whom you love, and imagine all sorts of things about, without knowing exactly how he looks. I felt a — a kind of a twitch, a sort of a pull, a kind of a "*do write, Derby,*" tug from my *heart*, when your letter by the "Plebe" arrived; but I said to it, "Hold your tongue, you fool!" and put the letter in the bottom of my trunk, where I couldn't see it; and, whenever I thought of you, I would whistle some particularly lively air in a peculiarly piercing style, and think, "It's best as it is." So now you see. Every thing goes on so so: I've risen two files since June in my class, and am fourth. I'm a corporal of the "color-guard," and expect to be first orderly-sergeant in June. Thus much on my own trumpet. Your affectionate friend,

GEO. H. DERBY.

P. S. — How is that sneak of a —— since I drubbed his soul's lean cottage?

CHAPTER III.

MANHOOD.

[1842–1848.]

"The wise man who lives a virtuous life, gentle and prudent, lowly and teachable, — such a one shall be exalted. If he be resolute and diligent, unshaken in misfortune, persevering and wise, — such a one shall be exalted. Benevolent, friendly, grateful, liberal, a guide, instructor and trainer of men, — such a one shall attain honor." — BUDDHA.

In 1842, about the time Mr. Schouler bought "The Republican," he also bought "The Lowell Courier and Journal;" and the two papers were consolidated, or what is, perhaps, nearer the truth, the Lowell paper swallowed up its weaker contemporary; and Mr. Robinson went with his friend and employer to the new and busy factory-town of Lowell, there to make his obscure pen a power to be felt all over the State. Middlesex County was in 1842 very unsound in its politics, the anti-Masonic coalition having demoralized it six or eight years before; and the Lowell paper did much to bring it round to the Whig side. Mr. Schouler began with some ideas that he could not fully carry out, — a Washington correspondence, for instance; but the paper was a very effective one. The Washington correspondent was the assistant editor, who writes from that city to his sister, Jan. 17, as follows: —

"I am now at Mrs. Van Coble's, on 4½ Street. I pay six dollars a week: the price at the hotel was two dollars a day. There are five congressmen at the same place. I am writing this in the hall of the House of Representatives, where I have got a seat, for the present, by the ill luck of Charles T. Torrey, who has been clapped in jail in

Maryland for being an abolitionist. I believe he went to take notes at a slavery convention, and was found with abolition papers, and arrested. I am sorry he is arrested, but am glad I got his seat."

To "The Journal" he writes (Jan. 18 and 28): —

"I do not know what idea is commonly entertained of the House of Representatives of the United States; but he who has a very exalted one is destined to be disappointed, should he, even for one day, witness its proceedings. Here are two hundred and fifty men, chosen from among their fellows for their superior wisdom and worth, and commissioned to make the laws of the nation. Look at them as you enter the chamber. There is nothing remarkable in their appearance. Some of them are longer, some shorter, than their neighbors. Some have more 'breadth of back and sesquipedality of belly' than the average, and others are more attenuated; but they do not look like better or abler men than you will find in the State House in Boston, or in a village town-meeting. You may expect decorum and order here, a grave and dignified debate, an anxious desire to do right. But, alas! all is confusion and turmoil. The speeches are filled with abuse and blackguardism. Members are scattered all about the floor, talking, whispering, laughing, or quarrelling: decency is unknown, and disorder is in the ascendant. Members rise with professions of patriotism and love of country, and revile their opponents by the hour together. They will talk beautifully and eloquently about their duty to their constituents, their love for truth, and their hatred of all chicanery; but truth, honor, and their country, may go to the bugs if they stand in the way of their party. As for ability in debate, I have heard better speaking and better argument in a country lyceum in Massachusetts than most that I have heard here. I mean not to say that there are not some men of great talent and exalted virtue here: I know there are, and I am proud to think that the Bay State sends her share of these. But, generally speaking, the character of the House is as I have described it. . . .

"I hear that the Rev. Charles T. Torrey, lately the editor of 'The Free American' at Boston, who has been in this city acting as reporter for several weeks past, has been arrested at Annapolis, in Maryland, upon the charge of being an incendiary abolitionist. I have not learned the particulars; but this is the way that I heard the story. What his incendiary movements have been, I do not know. Not only is the man who burns buildings an incendiary in the estimation of some Southern people, but also he who dares to express his belief that one man has no right to hold another man as property, that slavery ought not to exist in *free* America, and that the respectful petitions of citizens of the North should have a respectful hearing

by the representatives of the Union. If Mr. Torrey has done nothing more incendiary than to express these sentiments (and I do not know but he has), it is a *burning* shame that he should be imprisoned for it. We shall soon hear of the indictment and incarceration of the Independence Bell at Philadelphia, which proclaims liberty to the world and all its inhabitants.

. . . . . .

"Some gentlemen from Pennsylvania had petitions upon the subject of the abolition of slavery. Some of these came under the rule of the House, and some did not. Those that did, of course, were laid upon the table *instanter;* and the others were promptly laid there by vote of the House, upon motion of some one of the Southern members, generally Mr. Wise, who evidently wishes to be thought the champion of slavery upon the floor. Some of the abolitionists are very adroit in wording these petitions so that they may escape the working of the Twenty-first Rule. Citizens of Bucks County, Penn., petitioned that Congress would look into and investigate the laws of the States and Territories, and see if there was in them any thing conflicting with the truths of the Declaration of Independence, or the divine injunction that we should do to others as we would have others do to us. (I have not the precise words of the petition; but this is the substance.) But Southern members and Northern Locofoco machines seemed to think that it was no business of Congress if some of the States did defy the law of God and the truths of the Declaration; and so they voted to lay the petition upon the table. True State-rights men, these!

"Last sabbath I went to the Capitol to hear the Rev. John Newland Maffit, the famous Methodist clergyman, who has been recently elected chaplain of Congress. The large hall of the House of Representatives was crowded. The text was in the following words: 'For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.' I am at a loss to account for the popularity of Mr. Maffit. I was not pleased with his sermon. It consisted mostly of illustrations of the fact that there were often little causes for great effects; that

'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'

His illustrations of this he drew from every thing in nature and history. He spoke of the discovery, settlement, and independence of the nation, of the reformations, of the mission of Christ and his apostles, of the invention of printing and the steam-engine, of the origin of Bible societies and sabbath schools, of the great men in history, — all illustrating his truth. He piled figure upon figure, and metaphor

upon metaphor, until I was sick of it. His oratory was extremely flowery. He recited some parts of his sermon as you have heard ranting actors spout Shakspeare. The spouting of the reverend professor may have been better; but the speech was infinitely worse. Mr. Mafût may be a very sincere man; but his sermon gives no evidence of it."

The Washington correspondence was soon discontinued; and Mr. Robinson returned to Lowell to write for Clay and the unity of the Whigs. At the Middlesex-County Convention, "Whig principles" were indorsed in resolutions; but nothing was said against slavery. At an antislavery convention held in Lowell in April, 1843, Mr. Garrison called upon the Northern Church to come out from its Southern brethren, who upheld slavery, and "shake the dust from its feet, and declare itself free from pollution." In a report of this convention, Mr. Robinson dissented from Mr. Garrison, and wrote one of his first antislavery political articles. Then he thoroughly believed in the Whig party, and thought it was able and willing to abolish slavery. "Reform within the party" was his creed; and when, in 1843, the Liberty party appeared, he warned the Whigs against it as a "man-trap political party." "The Whigs," he said, "have gone uniformly for the slave; and theirs is the only party which goes to work constitutionally and practically to bring about good results."

In 1843 William Schouler published "The Lowell Offering," a magazine written for and conducted by factory-girls. Mr. Robinson was much interested in this enterprise, and was a frequenter of the Improvement Circle (a monthly meeting of the contributors to "The Offering") during the years of its publication. This magazine was first published in 1840, and was continued at intervals until 1846. Harriet Farley and Harriot Curtis (the author of two novels) were its editors; and Lucy Larcom and her sisters, Margaret Foley the sculptor, and others not so widely known, were among its contributors. When Dickens visited this country in 1842, he went through the Lowell Mills, and a

copy of "The Offering" was presented to him. He wrote of it as follows: —

"They have got up among themselves a periodical called 'The Lowell Offering,' whereof I brought away from Lowell four hundred good solid pages, which I have read from beginning to end. Of the merits of 'The Lowell Offering' as a literary production I will only observe, — putting out of sight the fact of the articles having been written by these girls after the arduous hours of the day, — that it will compare advantageously with a great many English annuals."

Selections from "The Offering" were printed in England under the auspices of Harriet Martineau, who was very much interested in its publication. The volume was called "Mind among the Spindles."

In 1845 came the annexation of Texas, called by anti-slavery people "the Texas iniquity;" and Mr. Robinson came out with what he afterwards called a "slashing and crushing editorial" against this crowning wickedness of the slave-power, and so committed his first act of insubordination to the Whig party.[1] An anti-Texas convention was held in Concord, Sept. 22, 1845, at which Dr. Elisha Huntington of Lowell presided. Stephen C. Phillips, Henry Wilson, E. R. Hoar, W. H. Channing, and William Lloyd Garrison, spoke; and strong antislavery resolutions were passed. The same month, Mr. Robinson went to Manchester, N.H., to edit "The American" (a Whig paper), along with John H. Warland, and "to write for Jack Hale, and rescue the State from the Locofocos." March 16, 1846, he writes that the Locofocos are beaten handsomely; and says further, that he thinks the Whigs had better employ

[1] In 1833, when South Carolina threatened to nullify on account of the tariff, Mr. Nathan Appleton was the stiffest man we had at the North, except old John Quincy Adams; but when Texas annexation came, in 1845, he, with Mr. Lawrence, caved in at the summons; and cotton paralyzed a very promising anti-Texas movement, in which Mr. Webster himself sympathized. I believe my first act of insubordination against the Whig leaders was an article in the Lowell Courier against the manifesto of Appleton and Lawrence. — W. S. R. in 1868.

him to go about reforming the politics of Locofoco States. John P. Hale was soon after elected to the United States Senate. In April Mr. Robinson returned to "The Lowell Courier," where he is described by a friend as "sitting on a damaged three-legged stool, pegging away intensely at some (no doubt) crusher, which he hadn't finished when we left."

As the result of the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico was declared in May, 1846;[1] and this aroused at once to action men of all political parties at the North, and changed their minds as to their duties towards slavery. At a Whig convention held in Faneuil Hall Sept. 23, 1846, Stephen C. Phillips, Charles Allen, and Charles Sumner, proclaimed the divorce between Conscience and Cotton. Mr. Robinson was a secretary of this convention, and, in his report for "The Courier," mentions Mr. Sumner's speech as thoroughly antislavery, to the full doctrine of which he desired the Whigs of Massachusetts to pledge themselves. Mr. Phillips offered some minority resolutions. Daniel Webster was brought in to talk them down; and few people who were present on that occasion will ever forget the scene. After this, the breach in the Whig party grew wider and wider, and finally led to the formation of the Free-Soil party in 1848.

In October, 1846, Mr. Robinson, for the first time, ventures to point out to Mr. Sumner his political duty, in an editorial in "The Courier."

"'I am no politician.' So says Charles Sumner, Esq., in a letter addressed to Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and published in 'The Boston Daily Whig.' This letter is upon the subject of the Mexican war and Mr. Winthrop's vote for the War Bill. We are not going to remark upon these subjects now, but mean to say a word or two concerning the position of men who are 'no politicians.' Mr. Sum-

[1] In 1847 the American Peace Society offered a prize for the best review of the war with Mexico. The New-York Gazette offered the following:—

CHAPTER I.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR — TEXAS.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE RESULT OF THE WAR — TAXES.

ner says he is one of this class: and we suppose he is; for we do not remember to have known him in the political field until the present year. Now, can he give any good reason for being 'no politician'? Is he not violating his plainest duty in not taking a part, and an active part, in the politics of the day? He is a man of distinguished ability, a good speaker, and a ready writer, capable of instructing the people of the State upon matters of national policy. He appears at a great crisis, as we all think, and seems to lament the decay of public virtue, the lack of firmness and manliness in the public sentiment of the times; but what has he done to make that sentiment what it ought to be? Has he, year in and year out, through dark and bright fortune, steadily fought the Whig battle of the State and Union against slavery and Locofocoism, which have just now plunged the nation into an atrocious and wicked war? Has his eloquent voice been heard against the annexation of Texas, the great wrong at the beginning, without which we never would have had this war on our hands and consciences? If there was no necessity for effort in ordinary years, did he in the dark days of 1839, when Locofocoism, and its ally, liquor-selling, placed Marcus Morton in the chief executive seat, or in 1842, when Tyler's treason paralyzed the Whigs of the Union, — did he in those perilous years use his voice and pen for the support of the Whig party? Not that we remember; and we have a very distinct recollection of the events of those days, and of the men who were true and active then. Mr. Sumner was true, we dare say; but was he *active* as he should have been?

"Now, we have a high respect for Mr. Sumner, particularly for his efforts in the cause of peace and antislavery; and it was from no lack of willingness, we are sure, that he has been backward in political matters, but probably from habit, and an exclusive attention to literature. But there are plenty of other men in the same condition, — 'no politicians,' — men who occasionally write for the hundred, but never for the hundred thousand. This thing should be remedied. Let not this class of men complain of the meanness of politics, while they sit quietly in their offices, and do nothing to ennoble it; and let them not complain of bad measures until they have done something besides vote against their adoption. For what, pray, did they receive superior endowments, if not that they might give the people the benefit of them? We are glad that Mr. Sumner has been brought into the field as a Whig speaker and writer, and hope he will continue there in that capacity; and we wish him the highest success in arousing the people to a sense of the infamy of the present war against Mexico."

In 1846 Mr. Schouler went to Europe, leaving Mr. Robinson in full charge of "The Courier." He writes to his

sister at this time, deploring that Mr. Schouler does not agree with him fully on the slavery question; and that he cannot say what he wants to, because he must not injure the property while his employer is away. After Mr. Schouler returned, he still had sole charge of the paper, and would not leave the office for a day, for fear something would get into it that he would not willingly be responsible for. "The Courier," during Mr. Schouler's absence, had made fame and capital for the proprietor; and, as his name alone appeared as editor, Mr. Schouler was supposed to be the author of some strong articles on "Black and White Slavery," "No More Slave Territory," &c., that caused him to receive an offer to go into "The Boston Atlas" in 1847. Writing to a friend about this matter, Mr. Robinson says, —

"Schouler thinks he can take the *world* on his shoulders. I should not have thought that I could have taken it. He begins on 'The Atlas' to-day; and I bear 'The Lowell Courier' on *my* shoulders. (*Sub rosa*) I think it was better than 'The Atlas' to-day. I don't think that paper, for some years to come, will bear such strong anti-slavery doses as I helped him put into 'The Lowell Courier.'"

To the same friend, who remonstrated with him upon letting others take the credit of what he did, he writes, —

"I lack the quality commonly and expressively called brass, assurance, impudence, confidence, boldness, or — what you will. Whenever I undertake to do a thing, I never fail to do it well; but I lack the confidence to think I am able to do it. How few people know, for instance, that I am here writing for 'The Lowell Courier'! Townspeople make me laugh almost every day or two (men I know by sight) by coming in and asking me where the editor is. I tell them I am editor *pro tempore*. I heard of a man the other day, who said, 'I thought the editors knew something; but they don't. I read a first-rate piece about the war in "The Courier" the other day, and supposed the editor wrote it; but, come to find out, John P. Robinson[1] wrote it.' Some one had told him that 'Robinson wrote it;' and he knew of no other but John P. What is fame?"

In recalling Mr. Robinson at this date, he is remembered

[1] This was the celebrated

"John P. Robinson. He
Says they didn't know every thing down in Judee."

as a modest, unassuming person, full of jokes and stories, and of the most imperturbable good-nature. He was short of stature, had a rosy complexion and blue eyes, and was a man most people would pass by unobserved. There are people, who, by the mere arrogance of their *personnel*, their bodily presence, delude you into the fancy that you have met a god. This sort of person is often disappointing: on further acquaintance, the soul you expected to find seems to melt away, and your god turns out a thing of brass and clay. There are others who do not impress you at first, but surprise you continually with new developments of character. They "open well:" they never disappoint you. Mr. Robinson was of this sort. He did not impress strangers. His unpretending manners deceived those who desired favors from his pen. He listened deferentially and silently to all that was said to him on such occasions, and sometimes gave the impression that he was convinced. The pen then became his interpreter; and the meaning of that was always understood. He had a hatred of pretenders and shams. His was a sunny philosophy, that turned every thing over to find a cheerful side. He was well satisfied with life as he found it. Whatever sharp things he wrote, there was no sharpness in him. Extracts from letters written in 1847 will illustrate the sunny side of his nature.

"I have had little troubles, which I know would seem very great ones to others (such as loss of years of labor); yet they never cost me an hour of sleep. I laugh them off, and go on my way, growing happier and happier every year, and sneering more and more at the schoolboy-days the poets tell about. My motto is, —

> 'Merrily, merrily, jog along
> The footpath and the stile-a.
> A merry heart goes all the day:
> A sad one tires in a mile-a.'

Away with Goldsmith's nonsense about the 'loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind'! It is the truest wisdom to laugh. Who would give up Hudibras, or Falstaff, or Dickens, or Tom Hood, for all the wisdom of Lord Bacon, or the good bishops and philosophers innumerable who have vexed the world's ear with their religious and scientific jargoning? Oh, give us those who make us laugh! — 'L'Allegro' before 'Il Penseroso.'

'Mirth, which wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his sides.'

I pray you, do not let the 'blue-devils' place their ugly claws upon you. They will take the roses out of your cheeks, and place wrinkles there instead.

"How many millions just such as we have suffered and lived and died, and no one knows they ever more than lived! 'There lived a man:' this is the whole history. What will be your or my little sorrows a few years hence, when our fate will be to 'lie in cold obstruction, and to rot'? We shall be of no more consequence than the generations which breed in the muck-heap, crawl for a moment, and give place to new ones. We are 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' What matters it what we do, or how we do it? 'Nightly we pitch our moving tent;' and the grave is the end of all our toils. Here we are in the world. We came into it naked, and go out with only a suit of grave-clothes, for which we have quarrelled and lied and stolen and murdered (it is possible), to see whether it shall be finer or coarser. A last bed in the trench, as the soldier has, is just as well as any other; or even the pauper's hasty burial. You speak of having troubles in such a melancholy tone. 'Ever,' says Carlyle, 'ever there is a dark spot on our sunshine: *it is the shadow of ourselves.*' Who knows but your dark spot is the same, and not the shadow of something else? I cannot help thinking that you have a tendency to melancholy and misanthropy, which must be a most unhappy state of mind. Such a state of mind betokens more strength than the opposite; that is, those who are always sunny are so because they are incapable of intense feeling. But still, if happiness is 'our being's end and aim' (which I don't, however, admit entirely), it seems as if it was the highest ambition — to be as this man, in the beautiful Arabic eulogy of Antar (quoted in one of Emerson's lectures): —

'Sunshine was he
In the wintry day;
And, in midsummer,
Coolness and shade.'"

CHAPTER IV.

FREE-SOIL EDITOR.

[1848–1852.]

"He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well with him: was not this to serve me? saith the Lord." — BIBLE.

In 1848 the real antislavery fight began. Zachary Taylor, a slaveholder, had been nominated by the Whig party for President, with Millard Fillmore for Vice-President. This action convinced the Conscience Whigs that they could no longer trust its policy; and they determined to break up the party which had shown itself incompetent to deal with the living question of the day. In June a convention of Free-Soil Democrats was held in Utica, which nominated Martin Van Buren as the presidential candidate of a new party to represent the doctrine of undying hostility to the further extension of slavery. The movement spread; and Free-Soil meetings were held in different States. J. R. Giddings came to New England from Ohio, and made speeches wherever the people would listen to him. He spoke in Lowell, in June, from the balcony of a house on John Street, at an out-door meeting presided over by E. R. Hoar and W. S. Robinson. At this time Mr. Robinson's prospects were good. He was the editor of a leading paper; his debts were paid; and he was expecting soon to be married, and to make for himself a home in Lowell. But for one thing, he would have gone forward in life without meeting with those vicissitudes which it is the duty of his biographer to record.

Says Socrates, "Wherever a man's place is, — whether the place which he has chosen, or that in which he has been placed by a commander, — there he ought to remain in the hour of danger." The freedom of the slave was as dear to Mr. Robinson as to any of those men and women who have given their lives to that great cause. He believed, with many others, that the true way to effect emancipation was by political action, and that the time had come to organize a new movement. He had refused to acquiesce in Taylor's nomination, and had written articles in "The Courier" to prove that the Whig candidate was neither antislavery nor Whig; the latter ground being tenable enough, but hardly sufficient of itself, he said, to justify bolting. Lowell, at that time and long after, was thoroughly Whig, and devoted to the cotton interest. All its manufactures depended on this product of slave-labor, and its wealth was employed in the support of the "peculiar institution." Mr. Atkinson had bought Mr. Schouler out in 1848, and Mr. Robinson still held the position of editor of "The Courier." His editorials had been too strong, and had gone too far, even for some of the Conscience Whigs, one of whom wrote to him in May, 1848, —

"I read your leaders of Monday with great interest, but with some degree of misgiving, and Wednesday with unqualified approbation. The Webster article has a good deal in it that may be justified on the ground that it is *God's truth;* but I was sorry you happened to say it just now. The truth is, we are trying to get up a Northern rally against both Clay and Taylor, and, in their divided state, hope to beat them, or have them beat each other."

Another Conscience Whig wrote to tell him, that, if he did not want to go in for the new candidate, he had better keep dark till after election, for fear of losing his position. His employers told him that he must write no more such articles as he filled "The Courier" with, because they would offend the Whig leaders. Two agents of the manufacturing corporations called on him, and told him that he could keep his position as editor of "The Courier," but that he must say nothing against Taylor; that he could still work for the Whig party, and let the "conscience" part of it alone.

Here is the key to Mr. Robinson's whole character, — never to refrain from speaking "God's truth" at the right time, and not to "keep dark till after election." This it was which prevented his life from calmly flowing

> "Round the cornfield and the hill of vines,
> Honoring the holy bounds of property," —

thus keeping the dead level of undisturbed prosperity. He left "The Lowell Courier" June 12, 1848, and entered at once into the service and counsel of the wise leaders and founders of the Free-Soil and Republican party. He felt, as he expressed it, that he had done right, — his duty; that all would be well; and that he had earned an additional title to the respect of all good men. Edward L. Keyes of "The Roxbury Gazette," in speaking of this matter, says, —

"Mr. Robinson of 'The Lowell Courier' is the first martyr to the glorious cause of anti-Taylorism; and in imitation of the heroic and Christian virtues of his Puritan namesake, like Massachusetts, he 'spurns the bribe.' He has turned himself adrift upon the world, rather than renounce Whig principles, and give the lie to all his former professions, by descending to the Stygian depths of Taylorism. The ability and energy of Mr. Robinson have given a high character to 'The Lowell Courier,' the chief honor and profit of which have been gathered by others. We thank him for the happiness we have derived from his heroic and noble example. The people will do him honor. We almost envy him the position he occupies. He can afford to set against him a lifetime of penury."

John G. Whittier, who was an early Free-Soil editor and leader, wrote in these words: —

Dear Friend, — I heartily congratulate thee on thy emancipation from the Taylor party. Is it not time that a district-meeting were called for the choice of delegates to the Buffalo Convention? I find Liberty men disposed to join heartily in the new movement, provided they do not surrender thereby *principles* which Barnburners and Conscience Whigs admit to be just and right. They will not contend about *men*. The Buffalo Convention ought to take its ground boldly and strongly; the bolder, the better. Nothing is to be gained now by compromise and evasions. The entire divorce of the government of the United States from slavery is the only consistent platform of action. Cordially thy friend,

John G. Whittier.

The Liberty party of which Mr. Whittier speaks was an abolition political party, that, unlike the Garrisonians, believed in *voting*, as well as talking, against slavery. It began, in 1839, by casting three hundred and seven votes, but made a gradual increase, until it became merged in the Free-Soil party and the Republican party; its ideas finally getting control of the country, and effecting emancipation in 1863. At the Free-Soil Convention in Worcester, June 28, 1848, of which Samuel Hoar of Concord was president, some of the best men of Massachusetts assembled, and, in a remarkable series of resolutions, committed themselves to the new movement. One of these resolutions, beginning "Massachusetts spurns all bribes," is supposed to have been written by Mr. Robinson, who was a secretary of the convention. Mr. Whittier, Mr. F. W. Bird, and others who have been written to on the subject, have confirmed this supposition. Mr. Robinson's first letter in "The Springfield Republican" was also written from this convention; but the "Warrington" letters proper did not commence until 1856, — eight years later. At this same convention, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Bowles (editor of "The Springfield Republican") met for the first time, though not on the same political ground; for, in separating, Mr. Robinson regretted that they were to part in politics just as they had met for the first time. "But never mind," he added: "we shall get together again; clever fellows always do." And they did, seven years after, — in 1855.

"The Boston Daily Whig" had been started by, or fell into the hands of, the Conscience Whigs, and was supported by them at a great expense for a long period. Charles Francis Adams was at one time its political editor, and, during its whole existence, wrote very able articles for it. Dr. J. G. Palfrey's remarkable series of articles on the "Slave-Power" were printed in this paper. In July, 1848, Mr. Robinson succeeded Mr. Adams as editor of "The Whig," and conducted it during the exciting Free-Soil campaign of 1848. This was the heyday of party enthusi-

asm, and subscribers poured in by thousands. In August, the paper was enlarged; and its name was changed to "Republican," because the name "Whig" had been appropriated by the new Taylor party, and it was found a serious injury to a Free-Soil paper to retain a name which was claimed by the supporters of Gen. Taylor. In "The Boston Republican," Mr. Robinson first developed his talent for writing short spicy paragraphs and squibs. He turned this lance against his opponents "The Post" (organ of Milk Street) and the "lying 'Atlas'" (organ of State Street). He bearded these lions in their dens, and defied the cottonocracy, and with untiring industry advocated the principles upon which his party was founded. Henry Wilson and William S. Damrell were the publishers of this paper at this time; and the latter, a little afraid of State and Milk Streets, on more than one occasion altered Mr. Robinson's editorials after they were sent to the printer. This coming to the notice of Mr. Robinson, he threatened to have the type distributed if it occurred again; and he tells of this as an instance of his *firmness*. No one in reading "The Republican" at that date would suspect that publisher and editor were not in sympathy, or that the editor was constantly annoyed throughout the campaign by the efforts made to bridle his pen, which expressed so honestly the convictions of the party and of the men for whom he wrote. Thus the campaign, as far as he was concerned, was fought, and successfully won; and, though none of the Free-Soil candidates were elected, he felt that a stand had been made at once and forever against the slave-power.

At the Buffalo Convention in August, composed of men of all parties who believed in "free soil, free speech, and a free world," Martin Van Buren was nominated for President, and C. F. Adams for Vice-President. On the morning of this convention, ten thousand people were assembled in the park at Buffalo; and at nine o'clock, the hour of the meeting, the number present had swelled to fifteen or twenty thousand. Prayer was offered by Samuel J. May of Syra-

cuse. At the great Free-Soil ratification meeting held soon after in Faneuil Hall, Charles Sumner reported an address to the people of the State, embodying the ideas of the new party. At this and other similar Free-Soil meetings, all the great men of Massachusetts who were identified with the Republican party at its inception appeared. There Mr. Robinson first met many of these leaders who were to be his intimate associates, and whose lifelong careers have made the annals of that party illustrious. In looking over "The Boston Daily Republican" at this time, it is not hard to catch the spirit which moved those earnest men to take such a bold stand for freedom; and the heart burns, and the eye fills, at reading their names. Most of them have gone to their reward, after having accomplished the great object for which they so nobly wrought. We have no such names in our politics to-day; and a reform greater than that of antislavery, long waiting for just such leaders, looks in vain to the "party of reform," because its counsels are ruled by men, not principles, and its creed is personal government, rather than a government of political ethics by and for the whole people.

Mr. Robinson's marriage, which had been deferred for some months by the uncertainty of his position, took place in Salem on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, 1848. He was accused by a newspaper contemporary of having at once "married a lady and a farm." Nothing could be farther from the truth than the latter part of this assertion; for, though of good New-England parentage, the wheel of her family fortune may be said, as in his case, to have reached the lowest point in its descent. In speaking of this lady, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, in his account of the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson in 1873, says, —

"It was in Lowell that the young journalist met his chosen mate, — one who, like himself, knew what it was to work and write. Miss H. J. Hanson had been one of those Lowell factory-girls whom Dickens saw and praised when he visited the city in 1842. She had known Harriet Farley, and had contributed to her magazine, 'The Lowell Offering.'"

Their acquaintance was begun in 1847, through the "perishable columns of a daily paper;" Miss Hanson having sent to "The Courier" what in those days was called "a piece of poetry." This was followed by other pieces, accepted, as the author was informed, "when good enough; for it will not do to let the editor step aside to make way for the friend." The acquaintance thus formed was followed by a friendship which culminated in marriage. After his marriage, Mr. Robinson continued on "The Boston Daily Republican" till February, 1849, when, the campaign-work of the paper being over, he was informed in a letter from Mr. Wilson that his salary would be cut down five dollars a week, and his name as editor taken from "The Republican." Mr. Wilson's letter was in these words: —

W. S. Robinson, Esq.

Dear Sir, — Much complaint has been made to us about the paper since the election, and a change would have been made early in December; but I endeavored to keep you. But, two or three weeks ago, I consented, on certain conditions, that a change should be made; and Mr. Smith, who edited "The Hartford Courant," was sent to and engaged. He is here, and will go to work next Monday at twelve dollars per week. I want to do the best I can for you, now the paper is in my possession; and I make you the following offer, which is the best I can do: I will give you fifteen dollars per week; and you can change any time, if you think it not for your interest, by giving me a few days' notice. You are to stand on an equality with Mr. Smith, — neither to appear in the paper as editors, but both to do what you can to make the paper what I want it to be. After a few days, I mean to be in the office all or nearly all the time; and I intend to organize a class of writers so as to make the paper what I want. I desire to have the control of it, but do not intend at present to have the name of any one as editor in it. I may engage Mr. J. G. Palfrey. No announcement need be made about the change. Mr. Smith expected to be the head in the office, but is satisfied with this arrangement. I feel friendly to you, you may be assured; but this is the best arrangement I can make. Let me know what you can do about it. Our expenses are many, and I don't know how we shall succeed: so I must get the expenses as low as possible. Yours,

H. Wilson.

Chagrined at such unexpected treatment after his success-

ful campaign-work, and unwilling to be reduced in position or to accede to Mr. Wilson's terms, he left "The Republican" at once, on the same day that he received the letter.[1] Many of the Free-Soil leaders (C. F. Adams and others) regretted that he was dismissed so summarily; and some Lowell members of that party, one of whom had said that he had made "The Republican" one of the best newspapers in the State, urged him to come to that city and start a Free-Soil paper. J. G. Abbott, John W. Graves, and others, at once raised a sinking-fund of five hundred dollars; and this sum, added to a few hundred dollars of his own, enabled Mr. Robinson to complete his preparations for starting "The Lowell American." During these preparations, the editor of "The Republican," having found that reducing editorial force does not raise the standard of a newspaper, made overtures for Mr. Robinson's return; but, determined to say what he thought to be right on the subject of slavery, he preferred to take his chance of a living in a paper of his own. He was welcomed back to Lowell by his old Taylor friends, who thought him "such a good fellow," and who deplored that he could not have gone for Taylor, and kept his good position there in "The Courier;" but they confessed he had a mind of his own. The first number of "The American" came out May 28, 1849, with the following prospectus: —

"'The American' will be a political paper, advocating the principles, and supporting the organization, of the FREE DEMOCRACY[2] of the state and the nation. A paper is *Whig* or *Democratic* when it makes the principles and organization of the Whig or Democratic party *paramount* to every other political situation. In this sense 'The American' will be a FREE-SOIL paper, inasmuch as it will make

[1] In the early part of 1849, the Republican fell into Gen. Wilson's hands, and the Emancipator became connected with it. The general became its editor. He can turn his hand to almost every thing, and, in time, would have become tolerably successful; but I do not think his editorial career brought him much applause. Perhaps my opinion was biassed by the fact that he did not retain me as editor. — W. S. R. in 1873.

[2] To please the different elements of the new Free-Soil movement, the party was called the Free Democratic party.

the question of FREEDOM paramount in all political discussions and action, — a question not to be postponed for four years, or one year, but to be insisted upon at all times, and at every political hazard.

"The majority of the people, however, have not yet seen fit to declare that the principles of freedom shall guide them in *all* their political action. It will be a prominent object of 'The American' to persuade the people that they are not doing justice to three millions of oppressed men in the Southern States, or to themselves as independent citizens of a free State, to allow the slave-power to continue its rule, to perpetuate its foul system of oppression where it now exists, to extend that system into new Territories, to monopolize the honors and offices of the country, and to wield its army and navy and diplomacy against the interests of freedom. We shall try to persuade the people that it is high time the rule of the slave-power was discontinued, and that they had better take hold and do at once what has got to be done sooner or later, so that they may have opportunity to attend to other national affairs which cannot be satisfactorily settled until slavery is disposed of."

There were in the State this year but twelve Free-Soil Democratic papers; and "The American" was the last if not the least of them.[1] The name "American" was a favorite one with Mr. Robinson, and was chosen (as he said in 1857) "long before it had been disgraced by connection with the bad doctrines and disgusting practices of the Know-Nothings. If it had lived to this day, instead of being taken from this world of sin and sorrow in its youth, its name would have been changed to avoid identification with the gang who soon after called themselves 'Americans.' Alas! how little we

[1] List of Free-Soil Democratic papers in Massachusetts in August, 1849, copied from the Lowell American:—

	EDITOR.
Republican, Boston,	Henry Wilson.
Spy, Worcester,	J. M. Earle.
Sentinel, Springfield,	George W. Myrick.
Republic, Greenfield,	
Courier, Northampton,	Henry S. Geer.
Freeman, Salem,	G. L. Streeter.
Democrat, Taunton,	A. M. Ide.
Democrat, Dedham,	E. G. Robinson.
Gazette, Roxbury,	E. L. Keyes.
Reporter, North Bridgewater.	George Phinney.
Messenger, Lawrence.	G. L. Beckett.
American, Lowell,	W. S. Robinson.

know, when we name newspapers or children, what occasion there may be for making a change in their designation!" This paper lived (and died) three times a week; and in it Mr. Robinson said exactly what he believed and thought on the great moral questions of the day. As he had no one to please or defer to but himself, he was not deterred by the "Stop my paper," and "Stop my advertisements," of timid souls, who thought he sometimes went too far. The arguments that "people must live," and "a man must not quarrel with his bread and butter," had no weight with him. To do the thing he thought right, to say the words he knew ought to be said, — this, for him, was to *live;* and, to such as he, any other living "would be true dying." The selections from "The American" in the succeeding pages will show the character of his writings during these years. He treated humorously the subjects of the day, and, in sharp and spicy paragraphs, held up to ridicule old abuses and the men who supported them. It was a model paper in beauty and purity. The editor took high ground, and tried to bring the people up to his standard. He published no advertisements demoralizing to the community or to the home. He would not help men cry down their runaway wives, believing, that, in nine cases out of ten, there was good reason for their flight. He advocated the cause of woman's enfranchisement two years before any legislative action whatever was taken upon it in the country. Besides his antislavery teachings, he advocated the secret-ballot law, so that the poor man could vote unchallenged by his rich employer: he did not believe in making voters of men, but in making men of voters. He urged Charles Sumner's claim as a leader and representative of the new party, and ventured then, as he did all through his political connection with Mr. Sumner, to point out to him what he thought to be the duty of a great leader of the people. "The American" at once took rank as a leading Free-Soil paper in Massachusetts, and helped, by its wise management, to bring the rising party into power.

C. C. Hazewell, speaking of "The American" in 1875,

says, "Its literary character was high; for Mr. Robinson was a wide reader, and had a power of selection rare in one so young. Its columns contain what is equal to a volume of matter, that can be read with pleasure, even at this time, when a new age has come upon the world, — an assertion that can be made concerning the contents of very few American journals." The English writers were quoted from; and the new poems of Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell, were printed successively as they came out. The thrice-wonderful "Biglow Papers" (as Mr. Robinson called them in 1875) first began to appear in "The Boston Courier" in 1847, commencing with a poem from "Birdofreedom Sawin" on the Mexican war. It is difficult, at this distance of time, to estimate the influence these papers exerted on the politics of the day. Without doubt they did as much towards the success of the antislavery movement as the poems of Whittier, or "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or even the Free-Soil party itself. Mr. Robinson relished the keen humor and sarcasm of "The Biglow Papers," and was never tired of quoting the sayings of Birdofreedom Sawin, who, he said, reads better the fourth or fifth time than the first. It is a matter of regret that the author of this keen analysis of the characters of his time did not try his hand on "Warrington," who was one of the most appreciative of his readers, and who did so much to bring before the public the choice parts of his wonderfully humorous productions.

On the 7th of March, 1850, Daniel Webster apostatized in his great speech of that date; and, the next July, President Taylor died. His election to the presidency seems to have done no great harm, and unconsciously to have been the means of great good, since it led to the formation of the Free-Soil party. He died just in time to defeat his destiny, and give his successor, Millard Fillmore, an opportunity to sign the Fugitive-slave Bill, and to make his name forever odious in the annals of his country. The Fugitive-slave Bill (Mason's), called the "Bloodhound Law," was signed Sept. 18, 1850; and a great Free-Soil meeting was held

in Lowell, Oct. 4, to help re-enact God's law against man-stealing. Mr. Robinson presided at this meeting; and Shubael P. Adams, Henry Wilson, E. A. Stansbury of Vermont, and William N. Brewster, spoke. There was great commotion in the community; and meetings were held all over the land to protest against the monstrous wrong, and manifest the people's abhorrence of the law and its authors. On the 14th of October a meeting was held in Faneuil Hall for the denunciation of the law, and the expression of sympathy and co-operation with the fugitives. Charles Francis Adams presided; and Frederick Douglass, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and others, spoke. The fugitives themselves held meetings to devise means for their own protection, and many of them fled to Canada for safety. Thinking it necessary that the people should be acquainted with the kidnapping law, and not having room in his paper for the whole of it, Mr. Robinson made a brief but correct synopsis of it; and headed by Daniel Webster's indorsement, "*To the fullest extent*, TO THE FULLEST EXTENT" (as the great orator had said), it occupied a conspicuous column in "The American;" and week after week it was commented upon by the editor, and held up to scorn and derision. On the passage of this infamous law, the slaveholders began at once to take measures to reclaim their *property*. A man-stealer appeared in Lowell, Oct. 2, 1850, for the purpose of capturing a very respectable man named Booth, said to have once been a slave in Virginia, who had lived in the city for several years. He, however, happened to be in Montreal at the time; and his friends telegraphed to him to remain there. The antislavery newspapers kept each other secretly informed when a supposed man-stealer was about; and by this means many a poor fugitive escaped, who would otherwise have been captured, and returned to slavery.

In the early part of 1851, three celebrated rescues of fugitives occurred, — that of Jerry McHenry of Syracuse (called the "Jerry Rescue"), the rescue of Shadrach, and the Simms case, both in Boston. These inoffensive men

were arrested, while pursuing their daily vocations, by men who were, or who represented, their pretended owners; and though one of them, Simms, declared that he had been free as long as he could remember, and that his father was a Spaniard, it made no difference. His claimant was believed, while his own testimony was counted as nothing. Wherever the man-stealer appeared, he could procure the warrant of any twopenny commissioner against any colored man; and the majesty of the Fugitive-slave Bill was enforced without judge or jury. The people became incensed at these outrages; and there was a general uprising of antislavery sentiment. A convention was called in Tremont Temple, April 8, 1851, of all citizens of Massachusetts, without distinction of party, opposed to the "Fugitive-slave Law." The call was signed by S. C. Phillips, Horace Mann, J. G. Palfrey, C. F. Adams, S. G. Howe, J. G. Whittier, and others; and resolutions were passed to the effect that it is "impossible to aid by word or deed in remanding a fugitive slave to bondage without aiding to rob him of an inalienable right, and thus sinning against Christian light and against God." At the November election of 1850, the Whigs were beaten by a coalition of Democrats and Free-Soilers; and "The American" came out with a leader on the "Death of the Whig Party." [1]

[1] This was premature, as it lived till 1854, when Know-Nothingism came up, and swept it out of existence. — W. S. R. in 1858.

There was an opportunity just before this time to give a little *dig* at a Whig postmaster, which was improved as follows: —

NORTH CHELMSFORD, June 14, 1850.

WILLIAM S. ROBINSON, ESQ.

Dear Sir, — Why do you persist in sending the American to Benj. Wilcox after having been informed that there is no such man in this place?

Yours truly,

Z. GAY, Jun., *Postmaster.*

[ANSWER.]

LOWELL, June 14, 1850.

Z. GAY, JUN., ESQ., POSTMASTER.

Dear Sir, — I am not aware that it is any part of your official business to become informed of the reason why I "persist in sending the American to Benj. Wilcox:" therefore I very respectfully decline to answer your interrogatory.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM S. ROBINSON.

During these great and stirring events, "The American" came out boldly, and spoke *God's truth* at the right time, though subscribers fell off, and corporations trembled in the balance. Lowell was still Whig to the backbone, and her sinews were of cotton. Her mills were owned by merchants anxious to keep peace with the cotton-planters. Many of the churches and the clergy were either proslavery, or would not leave their proslavery parties to vote with the party of free soil and free men. A Rev. Mr. T. in Lowell said that he would "vote the Whig ticket if it were steeped up to the hub in slavery." It was a hard fight for the poor editor to wage against this great wrong and all the "cotton lords" who supported it. The expenses of the office must be paid, and a little spared for home uses. To read the bold utterance of this independent journalist during these years, no one would suspect the struggle with poverty that was going on behind the scenes, nor yet the sensitive and delicate nature of the writer who wielded this stinging pen. "The American" was conducted in the most economical manner; for its editor's axiom was, that economy is honesty in people of small means. He felt that he was responsible, in part, for money belonging to others, which ought to be judiciously handled. He himself "worked at the case," and frequently put his articles in type without writing them out beforehand. He wrote all the editorial matter for "The American," and, with a little help at home, read all the proof, and made the selections.

On commencing housekeeping in Lowell at the time "The American" was started, Mr. Robinson had requested his wife to keep an expense-book; so that, if the paper did not succeed, the friends who had subscribed might know what had been done with their money. In looking over this book, I find that the whole expenditure for the family, during the three years and eight months that "The American" was published, did not exceed the average of four hundred dollars a year. This included, during those years, house-rent, fuel, and food for a family of four or five persons.

Not much money was spent for clothing; the editor's supply being hardly equal to the demand, and the wife's allowance being two calico dresses a year. She did her own work, and took care of her babies. Books, the principal need, were plenty; for they were sent to the editor for review. There was no church-going, for there was literally "nothing to wear;" and though "the baby's milk was (never) watered that your Helicon may flow," nor the chamber-doors taken down and burned to keep the editor warm while he wrote, he lived, as Thoreau said, "close to the bone," and, unhindered by the *impedimenta* of life, fought his way up the heights of journalism.

The steps by which we ascend or go forward are often ignored. And here let me not forget to pay a tribute to the mother (of the wife), without whose constant care and self-sacrifice this part of Mr. Robinson's life-work could not have been accomplished. It was through her help and her labor, at that time unrequited, that the family expenses were kept so low, and the paper saved an early death before its mission was accomplished. It is the fashion to decry mothers-in-law; but, to the last hours of his life, Mr. Robinson spoke of this one (still living, thank God! to read these lines) as being good enough to redeem the sins of a whole generation of mothers-in law. In poverty, in sickness, in prosperity, and in defeat, she was the same to him, — a *mother;* and her beloved face was one of the last upon which his kind eyes looked in life. It is such women as these, widowed or single, whom "God setteth solitary in families," who cement the domestic fabric, and whose influence is unseen, and oftentimes unappreciated till it is taken away and the walls of home begin to crumble.

It was in these years of self-denial that Mr. Robinson first tried to teach his younger companion the real meaning and duty of life, — that it was not to live for ourselves alone, or for those we love, but to forget ourselves, to aim at a higher life, and to do some one thing to make the world

better, wiser, and happier for our having lived in it. This was his creed then, and to the end of his life. The struggles of an antislavery editor of those early days can hardly be appreciated at this distance of time; and, if any apology is necessary for these glimpses of the home-life of Mr. Robinson, the excuse must be, that, in so complete and many-sided a life as his, the home-side can hardly be left out, or passed over lightly. He looked at what might be called deprivations philosophically, and the narrow economies of life did not trouble him. His own tastes and habits were simple; he knew nothing of luxuries; and to the appointments of home and person he was indifferent. During his whole life he practised in all things "that temperance which is modesty." To be at home in the presence of his family, with his books and his pen, — this was his idea of a feast and of riches; and to get his living honestly and squarely, as his ancestors had done before him, — this was his desire.

As I have said, the cotton lords were against him; and although kind and appreciative friends in Lowell and other places remembered him, sending money and subscribers (better than money), which gave relief to his *trusting* friends the butcher and baker, the struggle grew daily harder and harder. Among these friends was one old Concord subscriber, who sent annually a turkey (a *rara avis* at his table) to his "political guide, philosopher, and friend." Some friends of the New-England Protective Union sent him a barrel of flour "as a slight evidence of their desire to encourage *honest millers* in physics, ethics, and politics." Whatever other success such a newspaper as "The American" might attain, it could never be a pecuniary success; and, in spite of all such assistance, the struggle grew too hard to bear. At last, worn out by work at the case and at the desk, wearied in trying to collect bills and pay them, and of skulking down back-streets to avoid a creditor, he was stricken down by typhoid-fever, and did not leave his room for eleven weeks. This sickness was, without doubt,

caused entirely by business troubles. Business, so called, Mr. Robinson did not understand; and doing business without means, for an honest man to whom a debt is a daily horror, was enough to make him "sick and a-wearied."[1] Gail Hamilton says that "most authors are innocent of any business capacity, and entirely destitute of any practical ability." This applies very well to editors and newspaper-writers of Mr. Robinson's stamp. Such a one is as dependent on his daily task as the shoemaker or the carpenter: but he is apt to forget his pecuniary interest in the ardor of his calling; and, while he spins from his life and brain the material for his existence, he often does not exact a price from those who reap the reward of his labors. He sits in his office, "on his three-legged stool, pegging away," and is expected to be a fountain of information for everybody — ready to answer all questions, and write on every subject — for nothing. Men of other professions and occupations come to him (particularly about election-time); and, having imbibed what knowledge they require, they proceed to make those powerful speeches or *moves* which carry the elections of the day. "There's a divinity[2] doth hedge" a lawyer's or a doctor's office; and whoever comes within its sacred precinct to ask ever so small a question in law or physic is expected to pay for the privilege, since these professions have the people at their mercy. Do men of these or of other professions offer the editor for his opinion any part of the fees so easily earned? Yet he has earned their fee by the information given, as much as the carpenter who drives the nail,

[1] At the most dangerous period of Mr. Robinson's illness, he called his wife to him one day, and asked her to show Dr. Graves (one of the gentlemen who had helped him start the American) her expense-book, that he might see how little had been spent in the family since the paper was started, and that the money he and other friends had subscribed had not been paid for any thing outside the paper. When the doctor had examined the accounts, and had seen upon how little four people had lived (less than four hundred dollars a year), he looked very much surprised, and did not say one word.

[2] Mercury, perhaps, the god of conveying.

or the lawyer or doctor who imitates Bunsby in his opinion. The poor editor must go on, however (or did in "Lowell American" times), spinning, like the spider, from his inner consciousness, the webs in which others catch their prey.

CHAPTER V.

FREE-SOIL EDITOR (*Continued*).

[1852–1856.]

"Say not the struggle nought availeth;
The labor and the wounds are vain:
The enemy faints not, nor faileth;
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars:
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field."

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

On Mr. Robinson's recovery, his brother, anxious for his worldly success, wrote to him, advising him to commence the study of law. He said, "Before 1856, you will have a profession that will take care of you. Your present profession will not be growing any better, while the law will be more and more remunerative till you are sixty years old. If you look around you for the most comfortable people, you will find they are the lawyers." Mr. Robinson's opinion of what are called the three learned professions is well known. He once said, that the three professions, so called, were a curse to the community. The lawyer ruins you pecuniarily; the doctor kills your body; and the minister tries to kill your soul. The last-named is the least harmful, however; because the soul cannot be killed finally. "Great is the science and practice of the law," said he with some contempt; and although it was said of him that he was capable of conducting an argument with the ablest reason-

ers, and in applied logic was never known to be worsted, he yet preferred to follow his chosen vocation of journalism (not yet a profession), because he loved it, and was suited to it. Said he, "The editor's labor is next to the priest's and the schoolmaster's, if not before the former. I wish I were more worthy of it. I have no doubt, not the least, that my influence is greater through 'The Lowell American' than that of any five clergymen in Lowell through their pulpits; and I have no doubt that this influence is quite as salutary as that of the minister. The good editor is truly a great public benefactor; though, like other benefactors, he is not thanked oftentimes." Journalism had not then become the "third estate;" but he prophesied even then great things of the profession, and thought it destined to become the highest of all callings. He never regretted having continued in it; and unlike many who go to their daily writing reluctantly, as to a task, he resumed his pen each day eagerly, and with pleasure. If he had chosen to be "comfortable" in a money-making profession, his country never would have known the pen of "Warrington."

Mr. Robinson was elected to the legislature of 1852 on the coalition ticket. In writing home from the legislature, he says, —

"I am glad, on many accounts, that I am chosen; sorry on but few. I love my home, and do not like to be away from it; but I shall get a little money and much knowledge, and shall extend my acquaintance, and by that means, I hope, my facilities for getting along in the world. In case the newspaper should not afford me a good living, an extensive acquaintance among leading men will (if I behave well), perhaps, give me other chances in the world. Coalition works well. I voted for a Whig senator, knowing that the coalition candidate was a bad man; six or seven others did the same; and fourteen would not vote at all. I was amused at the readiness of some men to shrink from responsibility. The 'dicker' is not yet concluded; but it is pretty much arranged that the Democrats have the governor and lieutenant-governor, and the Free-Soilers the secretary of state and the sergeant-at-arms, and six out of the nine councillors. If this arrangement is carried out, the Free-Soilers will have a controlling power, and veto in all executive appointments. I am a member of the conference committee on the part of the Free-Soil party."

During the session of the legislature of 1852, Mr. Robinson wrote letters from the State House for "The American," and made a long report on the ten-hour law, in which he was much interested. May 4 he writes, "The vote was taken on the Personal-liberty Bill. We beat the Whigs and fogy Democrats by three majority; reconsidered, and beat them again by five; altogether unexpected, and took everybody by surprise." Mr. Robinson was a good speaker at this time; and his contemporaries remember to have been struck with his readiness in debate, — a power which he afterwards almost wholly lost. Feb. 22 he made a speech in the legislature upon the bill to amend the free-ballot law. If he had continued in the line of speech-making, life might have been made easier to him; but he had a contempt for "speechifying" and speech-makers, and, as he said, preferred to write speeches, and have others deliver them. He had the opportunity all through his life of hearing his letters quoted (without quotation-marks), and his opinions and witticisms given to the public, without due credit to their rightful owner. He says of this matter (in 1863), "One or two of my own productions of years long past are in print as speeches delivered by the Hon. Mr. So-and-So: and they may, for aught I know, find their way into some future selection of American oratory; and my boy may declaim his father's rhetoric with a glow of enthusiasm, which would be heightened if he knew to whom to credit it."

On Mr. Sumner's election, in 1851,[1] there had been great rejoicings among the antislavery people. He did not speak in Congress quite so soon as some of the impatient ones thought he should; and the editor of "The American," in whose house Mother Goose had begun to furnish household words, in a humorous article inquired about "the little boy that went after the sheep." Mr. Sumner's reason for this seeming delay was, partly, ill-health and the recent death of

[1] Mr. Sumner had just votes enough to elect him. Robert Rantoul, Mr. Sumner's predecessor, also had just votes enough at the time of his election.

Mr. Webster. His first long speech was sent to Mr. Robinson with the following note: —

SENATE CHAMBER, Jan. 28, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have sent you a correct copy of my speech, made yesterday, on the practical question of *lands*. My colleague[1] is now speaking on the agitating question of the compromises. On this subject the time will come for me; but it is not now.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

"The Lowell American" had great influence during its life in the councils of the rising Republican party; and many aspiring politicians came to the little house where the editor lived, to talk matters over, and get the voice of the paper in their behoof. Henry Wilson, who had found himself a more successful speaker than editor, came, a young aspirant for congressional honors,[2] with Anson Burlingame, to make speeches and talk over the situation, and devise measures, through party methods, for the abolition of slavery. In the room which served as parlor, library, and nursery, several gentlemen met one night in the fall of 1852. Burlingame had been speaking in Lowell, and probably Wilson; and they began at once in conversation to dilate on the wrongs of the slave, the indifference of the Whig party to the condition of things, and the need there was for immediate action. The young wife sat there, minding the baby in the cradle, and trying to make "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;" listening, with her soul on fire, to the oft-repeated tale — with which all antislavery people were then familiar — of the poor fugitives who had been returned to their inhuman masters. At the close of this exciting conference, which she had heard silently (for women in *those days* were said not to be capable of politics), one of the gentlemen, speaking to her for the first time during the visit, remarked — on the unpleasantness of the weather. Charles Sumner, just elected, also came here, a young man, to advo-

[1] John Davis.

[2] Defeated by the late Tappan Wentworth of Lowell.

cate the cause of freedom in Lowell. He was not then a handsome man, but had a noble presence. His head had the bold and upright poise of a young lion; and he had a fashion of tossing his hair from his forehead while speaking, by a motion of his head, that was very striking.[1]

Mr. Robinson's writings at this time did not evince the reasoning powers and analysis of character shown in later years; but they were extremely humorous. Mr. C. C. Hazewell says of them, that if he had adopted the spelling afterwards used by John Phœnix, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and other American humorists, he would have been the most famous of them all. By reference to articles written during these years, it will be seen that he did practise a little of the style of spelling used by those authors. In the Stebbins Biography will be found a reference to Misery X Roads. This may have suggested Confederate X Roads to Petroleum V. Nasby, P. M. But, while Mr. Robinson delighted in humorous writing, it was not his idea of true writing to amuse the people only, but to instruct and to guide them. He delighted in politics as "the science of government," and could not illustrate his thought by humorous writing and bad spelling. 1852 was the great Stebbins year, when this famous imaginary character was put up as an independent candidate for President in opposition to Scott and Pierce.[2]

Mr. Robinson had been re-elected to the legislature of

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[1] An ambrotype taken in Lowell in 1852, and now in possession of Mr. Robinson's family, gives an excellent idea of Mr. Sumner's looks at that time.

[2] In answer to a letter on the subject of the Carpet Bag and Ensign Stebbins, Mr. B. P. Shillaber writes, —

"With regard to Mr. Robinson's writings for the Carpet Bag, I know that he was much interested in the Stebbins contest, and contributed several of the best articles in favor of that puissant warrior's claims (that of the Saugus Nominating Convention, I particularly remember, was capital, satirizing as it did the doings of meetings of that character); and I recall the heartiness with which he entered into the spirit of the thing, seeing in it a capital satire on the rage for military candidates which prevailed at the time, two being opposed to the 'Hero of the Alamo' and of the 'Aroostic.' The creator of Ensign Stebbins was Benjamin Drew; and John C. Moore, Mr. Robinson, and myself were the only ones that I recall who helped on the myth."

1853 on the same coalition ticket with B. F. Butler; and in March of that year he writes, "I intend to be a candidate for clerk of the Constitutional Convention. I think I shall be chosen. Perhaps this will be a step towards the clerkship of the House next winter." May 4 he was elected, and writes, "I hope I shall do the work well, and get honor as well as profit. Home seems pleasanter than ever after these long absences; and the little baby shows new beauties (to say nothing of new stubbornesses) every day. I am glad she has got some temper, hoping we shall be able to control it." Mr. Robinson wrote letters to "The New-York Evening Post" from this convention. Of the Journal of the Convention, N. P. Banks (the president) said at the time, that it "was made better than any other ever made in the House; not as to penmanship, — there it is inferior to many others, — but as to style and fulness." Mr. Robinson, as clerk, made two copies in his own handwriting of the proceedings of this convention, — one for the printer, and a duplicate, in case any accident should happen to the one in the possession of the State.[1]

The year 1852 had been a very gloomy year for "The American." In spite of Mr. Robinson's legislative and other earnings, which had been used to pay its debts, the paper was slowly running down. Other newspapers, more suited to the tastes and politics of the people, were preferred to it; and the editor was at his wits' end to keep it alive. He was loath to give it up, because he thought the people needed its teachings, and their leaders its admonitions: so he struggled on, while the family grew larger, and its expenses increased to actually $464 a year. There was no thought of repudiating debts, or failing to pay them at ten cents on a dollar, until the pressure became very hard to bear. But, in spite of all this, the editor bade adieu to the closing year, and welcomed in a new one, in the following cheerful editorial: —

[1] This duplicate copy has been preserved, and has been presented, since Mr. Robinson's death, to the Town Library in Concord, Mass.

"GOOD-BY AND GOOD-MORNING.

"'Good-by, 1852! You brought us all something good, — to some, dear wives, dear children, dear friends, good books, choice companions, rare season of pleasure; and, if to others you brought afflictions, — as you *must* to some, — it was not your fault; and you brought consolations and solaces, which did all that could be done to heal the wound you made.

"'Good-morning, 1853! You are welcome. Hope you are well. How are Mrs. 1853 and all the little 1853's?' — 'All well; but don't detain me. I've a great deal to do. I have got my budget of joys and sorrows, cares and blessings, all ordered by the wise and good *Father*, who is too kind to tell his children in advance whether he has joy or grief in store for them. Let me pass on, or Susan and Walter will be impatient for the marriage-license which is peeping out of my bag. Alas! there is a sadder message for them; but they must not know it. Good-by, sir!'"

"The Lowell American" stopped just after the close of the year 1853. It had fought a good fight for nearly four years, and in it the editor had said his say to friend and foe. He had offended eminent men, liberals like himself, with whose methods he did not agree, and had lost their "patronage." No longer their "guide, philosopher, and friend" (for the State had gone back into Whig hands), still he was undaunted; for he had done his work well. "And so dies," said the editor in his farewell leader, "this living, independent, democratic, antislavery newspaper, and leaves not a political paper in all Middlesex County for nearly two hundred thousand people to read — neither Whig nor Democrat — which is not socially, morally, and politically dead in hunker trespasses and sins." An offended liberal stopped his paper in November, 1853, just in time; and Mr. Robinson answered the letter, giving a short account of his experience. The correspondence was as follows: —

W. S. Robinson, Esq.

Dear Sir, — My only motives for receiving "The Lowell American" at all were two: first, the hope that it would serve the antislavery cause; second, the good-will I entertained to its editor. Inasmuch as for some time I have ceased to regard it as valuable in the first light, and now I perceive the good-will not reciprocated, I trust you

will see the fitness of my asking to be excused from taking it. If there is any thing due on account of it, I will cheerfully pay it on your informing me of the amount.

I am very respectfully yours,

Dear Sir, — I have never looked upon my subscribers as *patrons* in any sense of the word, but have always recognized their perfect right to come and go at pleasure, without apology. You might as well have asked to be excused from again buying of your grocer or butcher. As you have sought occasion, where none existed, for disparaging my labors in the antislavery cause, I have this to say in reply; viz., that, for the last four years and a half, I have given all my time, all I have received from my paper, and two thousand dollars which I have received from other sources, to the work of establishing an antislavery newspaper in Lowell. If you, sir, have *done* more, of which I entertain considerable doubt, you have not, at any rate, sacrificed more. If I have not served the antislavery cause in any other way, I have preserved my own freedom of thought and of speech towards all men, whether political friends or foes. I am in hopes to be able to do this in future; and, although I entertain no fears whatever on that account, I prefer not to be under the slightest temptation, and therefore enclose with this the sum of one dollar and sixty-three cents, due to you on account, and remain

Very respectfully yours, &c.,
W. S. Robinson.

In January, 1851, "The Commonwealth" (not Mr. Slack's), a daily Free-Soil paper, was started. In it "The Chronotype" (Elizur Wright's paper), "The Emancipator," and "The Boston Republican," all were merged. J. B. Alley, Samuel Downer, and others, had, at different times, the control of it; and among its editors were Joseph Lyman, Charles List, Robert Carter, and Dr. S. G. Howe. In 1854 it was edited by J. D. Baldwin (now of "The Worcester Spy"); and, on the death of "The American," Mr. Robinson was engaged by him as assistant editor. From Mr. Robinson's Diary and Letters I am able to quote an account of this newspaper: —

"'The Commonwealth' exercised during its career more political influence than any other Boston paper: indeed, the political power of these antislavery papers has always been very great. The Whig party of Massachusetts was broken down mainly by the party which

they represented. 'The Commonwealth' sustained the coalition (against the Whigs), and did much towards making it successful. At last came political sorrows, and in battalions. The Convention of 1853 was defeated, and the State passed into Whig hands: these hands were, however, too weak to hold the reins; and Know-Nothingism came up in 1854, and swept the party out of existence. 'The Commonwealth' did not countenance the new party. Its proprietors got tired of the fight, and sold out to certain persons who proposed to establish a Maine-law newspaper. This they did, and called it 'The Telegraph.' Richard Hildreth became responsible editor; and among those employed in writing were Robert Carter and myself. 'The Telegraph' was the first paper to announce the names of the candidate nominated by the Know-Nothings in the secret senatorial and congressional conventions. Mr. Hildreth left after a while, and I had principal charge of it until after the election of 1855. In spite of remonstrances and lamentations, the paper opposed Gardner and Gardnerism; and, after the election (of Gardner) in 1855, it proposed to continue the contest; but one of the proprietors, who had become disgruntled by reason of the rejection of some of his Gardnerite lucubrations, dissented from this policy, and I was deposed.[1] I think it entirely safe to say that 'The Commonwealth' and 'Telegraph' have represented the popular opinion of the State on political affairs more nearly than any other paper in Boston. There was continual strife in the counsels of 'The Telegraph' between its founders and its writers;[2] the latter having very positive opinions on the jury law, which did not allow them to yield to the demand for its repeal. Two or three of the stockholders were actually driven out of the concern by its perversity on this question and on the subject of Know-Nothingism."

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[1] In an article on the Republican party, Mr. Robinson says, "This was written and published the day after Rockwell's defeat in 1855. It was an attempt to keep up the antislavery fight, for which, by the influence of William B. Spooner and others, I was afterwards deposed from the editorship of the Telegraph, though retained as a writer."

[2] The proprietor of the Telegraph said to Mr. Robinson in the early part of June, 1855, "In giving out copy to-morrow, avoid any thing of a party character. Orders are strict from headquarters on this point: your interest and mine are involved." As Mr. Robinson's idea of the "headquarters" of an antislavery paper was a little different from that of this timid proprietor, he paid no attention to what he called this impudent request, but went on publishing article after article in protest against Gardnerism. This frightened the owners of the paper more and more; for they feared it would not sell, if opposed to the governor; and they thought the editor might be more conciliatory, and only speak his mind so far as expedieney would allow.

In June, 1854, Antony Burns was arrested on a false pretext; his pretended owner, Charles F. Suttle of Virginia, having procured a warrant from Edward G. Loring, judge of probate of Suffolk County, and United States slave commissioner. "The Commonwealth," from which extracts will be found at this date, was full of this kidnapping matter. There was intense excitement over it in the community, and the antislavery people (or "agitators") were filled with sadness and indignation. To prevent the rendition of Burns, Theodore Parker preached; Sumner, Phillips, S. G. Howe, F. W. Bird, and many others, spoke; antislavery editors wrote; and men and women worked and prayed; but in vain. Massachusetts was humiliated. Guarded by armed police and military force, the disgraceful procession marched down State Street — amid the hisses and contemptuous outcries of the crowd, and in the face of the mourning flags[1] flung from many windows — to the revenue-cutter "Morris," ordered by Pres. Pierce to bear back into servitude this helpless man.[2] A movement was at once started by Mr. Robinson (by an article in "The Commonwealth"), which resulted in the removal of Judge Loring four years after "for disobedience to the Personal-liberty Law in permitting the kidnapping of Antony Burns." He could not be "conciliatory" when the "poor dumb bondsmen's cause," for which he had labored all his life, was trembling in the balance, and a party and a governor known to be hostile to all its needs were coming into power; and so he wrote on steadily for the removal of the unjust judge, for the defeat of the Know-Nothings, and for the cause of human rights. It was said of him at this time, that there was hardly any newspaper position to which he might not have aspired, if he had been less *rabid*, and more willing to be on the popular side, and (as the old song has it) "curchy, curchy, up and down,"

[1] Six were flung from the office of the Commonwealth.

[2] He was bought subsequently by some Northern people, and went to Canada, where he became pastor of a colored church in St. Catharine's, and died of consumption in 1862.

to public opinion. Perhaps the fact of his working very cheap — cheaper than a less scrupulous writer would have done — helped him to retain his position as writer, and to continue, as Mr. Hazewell said, to enliven "The Telegraph" with "his rich humor and sparkling wit."

The Know-Nothing or American party (as Henry Wilson calls it in his "Rise and Fall of the Slave-Power") was well described by Rufus Choate in a letter to a friend. Speaking of the "Hiss" legislature of 1855 (as the first Know-Nothing legislature was called, on account of the infamous transactions of a member of that name), Mr. Choate says, —

"Your estate is gracious that keeps you out of hearing of our politics. Any thing more low, obscene, feculent, the manifold heavings of history have not cast up. We shall come to the worship of onions, cats, and things vermiculate. Renown and grace are dead. 'There's nothing serious in mortality.' Bless your lot, which gives you volcanoes, earthquakes, feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky sights of the tropics."

In addition to Mr. Choate's numerous adjectives, this party might be called a paradoxical or seemingly absurd party. It was founded on prejudice of birth, and prejudice of color; and while it allowed none but native-American whites to hold office, or sit in its councils, it refused the least vestige of a right to all native-American blacks. Yet many antislavery politicians, for various reasons, were willing to join this secret organization, and be elected to office during its administration. With all its faults, of which secrecy was not the least, the Know-Nothing party "builded better than it knew" in one respect; for it helped to drive the last nail in the coffin of the defunct Whig party. At a Republican convention in Concord, October, 1856, a coalition was proposed between that party and the Know-Nothings. Mr. Robinson opposed this attempt, thinking that the Republican party was strong enough even then to stand alone; and he was so vexed at the course pursued by Henry Wilson at the State Convention (held in Worcester a little later), that,

when he returned home to Concord, he entered his house, and, before speaking to a member of his family, went up to an unframed picture of Mr. Wilson, pulled it down from the wall, tore it straight in two, and threw it upon the floor. This act created great consternation among the three little children playing together on the floor; for they had never before seen such an exhibition of anger from their mild-mannered father. In a letter to Mr. Wilson, published in "The Worcester Spy," Mr. Robinson gives his opinion of this disgraceful coalition. He thought it was "formed by men who threw away the election of 1856 by dabbling in the dirty pool of Know-Nothingism; or, if they did not do this, they pursued a cautious, timid, and time-serving policy." What was left of the Free-Soilers as a party seems to have been swallowed up by this and other coalitions; but its elements, being indestructible, re-appeared again in the "Straight Republicans," the nucleus of that great party which was to follow a year or two later, and find a name in 1859. Mr. Robinson never had the least affiliation with the Know-Nothings, whose secrets and whose tricks he hated cordially. He attacked them at all points, from the governor down to his lowest subordinates, and expressed his opinions in "The Telegraph" and in "The Springfield Republican," where the "Warrington" letters began to appear in 1856. He was more than reconciled that his name should not appear as the editor of "The Telegraph," since he could not say in it all he desired, as he had done in "The Lowell American." The party hated him cordially in return for his hostility; and the fight was so bitter at times, that Mr. Robinson was warned by friends that something malignant would be done if he kept it up. He replied, that he had "got the Know-Nothings almost killed off, and he thought he could finish them."

When Frémont was defeated in November, 1856, by James Buchanan,[1] the antislavery people were very much troubled

[1] Buchanan's administration has not a principle to its back; not even the poor one of rewarding its friends, and punishing its enemies. — WARRINGTON *in New-York Tribune in* 1858.

and disheartened about the final issue of the slavery question. Charles Sumner had been struck down (May, 1856) in his seat in Congress by Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina, and was thereby disabled from taking his noble part in the contest. Mr. Robinson was not so much discouraged as many others; for he saw the cause had gained a great deal with the people during ten years; and his axiom was then, as ever after, that the people are always to be trusted in all great movements. In 1856, besides writing constantly for "The Telegraph," he wrote letters for "The Fitchburg Reveille" during the session of the legislature, and went to Worcester for a few weeks to write for "The Spy." While there, his articles attracted much attention, and were thought to have been written by Judge Allen, on account of the "gun-metal" in them.

In August, 1854, to be near his mother, now old and feeble, Mr. Robinson had moved to Concord, Mass., into a house belonging to John Thoreau, the father of John and Henry Thoreau. He had always been very fond of his native town, and had kept up his interest in it, saying that it was a good place to be born in, and would be a good place to return to some time. On one occasion he said jocosely, that any thing, however feeble and uninteresting, that had the name of Concord upon it, would always be interesting to him; and it was indeed a delightful change for him to remove from the bustling City of Spindles to the quiet and repose of old Concord. He lived there during the years 1854–56 and part of 1857, and was employed at a stated salary in the profession that he loved. His family, including his mother and his mother-in-law, were comfortably provided for; and the old "Lowell American" debts were paid. Here the family were reclothed: a new Sunday suit was bought for himself (the first since his marriage), and leghorn hats for the two little girls, to their well-remembered delight, since they never before had worn any thing but sun-bonnets or "shakers." A part of a pew was hired in the Unitarian church; and all old enough (or not too old)

went to hear the preaching of Rev. Mr. Frost, the successor of Dr. Ripley. A short vacation was taken, the first for five years; and luxuries even began to creep into the house. Thirty dollars' worth of new furniture was bought for the parlor; and, when it was shown to this plain-living man, he said, "What a pity it is for people to work so hard for a few stuffed wooden things to set up in a room to be looked at! What does it all amount to? There is no happiness in it, nor no good, either."

Concord had now become the centre of progressive thought in New England; Hawthorne, the Alcotts, Ellery Channing the poet, and husband of Margaret Fuller's sister, and others, having made it their abode; and pilgrims had already begun to come from all parts of the country to visit the homes of these writers, and see Emerson, the wise master and teacher. Hawthorne had lived in the "Old Manse;" but at this time (1854) he was absent in Europe, having been appointed consul to Liverpool under Pres. Pierce, his personal friend. Extracts from a short biography of Hawthorne (written by Mr. Robinson in 1861) will give some account of his early Concord life: —

"In 1842 Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife came to live at Concord, in the Old Manse. Curiously enough, Emerson himself had once been an inhabitant of the Old Manse. In its rear was a delightful little nook of a study, in which he wrote 'Nature;' and he used to watch 'the Assyrian dawn, and the Paphian sunset and moon-rising,' from the summit of the eastern hill near at hand. The windows of the study peeped between willow-branches down into the orchard, revealing glimpses of the River Assabet shining through the trees. From one of the windows, facing northward, a broader view of the river was gained, and at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. It was at this window that the clergyman who then dwelt in the manse stood, watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations. He saw the irregular array of his parishioners on the farther side of the river, and the glittering line of the British on the hither bank; and he waited in an agony of suspense the rattle of the musketry. It came; and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle-smoke around this quiet home. Under the stone wall which separates the battle-ground from the precincts of the par-

sonage is still to be seen the grave of two British soldiers slain in the skirmish, who have since slept peacefully there where they were laid.

"While Hawthorne lived at the Old Manse, he had many visitors of mark; for his name had now become known. There were Lowell the poet, and Emerson, and Margaret Fuller, and Ellery Channing, who occasionally came to enjoy a day's fishing in the river. It was a kind of poet's life which Hawthorne led, amidst the sound of bees, the murmuring of streams, and the rustling of leaves. What was more, the Old Manse was said to be 'haunted;' and occasionally there came a rustling noise, as of a minister's silk gown, sweeping through the very midst of the company, so closely as almost to brush against the chairs; yet there was nothing visible. Hawthorne, in 1844, became surveyor of the customs in Salem; and thither he removed accordingly. He remained there three years, occasionally digging among the old archives of the place, amongst which he professes to have discovered the record of the story which he has so skilfully woven together in his 'Scarlet Letter.' Hawthorne went in as surveyor with the Locofoco or Polk administration; and he also went out with them. It is one of the evils of the popular system of governing in America, that, at every change of power from party to party, there is a clean sweep made of those in office, in favor of the adherents of the new dynasty. As head surveyor, Hawthorne had it in his power, on assuming office, to turn out the former officials, and supply their places with those of his own kidney in politics. But Hawthorne never could find it in his heart to dismiss the old veterans: so they vegetated on, each in his old place."

There were frequent opportunities of seeing Henry Thoreau, as he often came with his father to work on the land belonging to the house in which Mr. Robinson lived, or, as the children said, to "paint the handles of the trees." His meditative figure was often seen walking across the sunny meadows, with some live specimen of a "species" dangling from his hand, while (to use his own expression) "the sun on his back seemed like a gentle herdsman driving him home at evening." He sometimes called on Mr. Robinson. He was a great talker, sitting with his head bent over, and carrying on the "conversation" all by himself. On one occasion we had a visitor who had written several town histories, and was learned in Indian matters. Thoreau called while he was there; and, the conversation soon turning to

Indian affairs, Thoreau talked our friend dumb in a very short time. His book ("Walden, a Life in the Woods") was published in 1854, and drew many visitors to the little hut by the shore of the pond where the philosopher had lived on three cents a day, planted his beans, and written his immortal pages. The fact of his living so cheaply was much discussed in Concord, more even than the quality of his writings; and it was suspected by his incredulous townspeople that the "cupboard" of this disciple of Pythagoras was often replenished from his mother's larder. Said Mr. Robinson in his "Warrington" Letters, —

"It is fortunate for literature that Thoreau lived, and built his house on the shores of Walden Pond, when he did. If his birth had been postponed twenty years, we should never have had his most delightful book, and one of the most delightful of all American books. 'Walden' is as good of its kind as any thing in American or English literature. It is, on the whole, the best book ever written in Concord. He hated, or affected to hate, all crowds, and said the pleasantest place in Boston was the Fitchburg Railroad Dépôt, because it was the road home. What would he say if he could see Walden Pond as it is now, on whose banks he built his little house, and lived, raising beans on his farm, and charming the fishes with his flute? or, rather, what would he write and print, if pen and ink and the press were open to him? for I will not assume that he cannot see and talk as well as ever. The pond, six months ago, was more solitary than Sleepy-hollow Cemetery, where his body rests with Hawthorne, and others not so famous. Now the cemetery has the advantage of the pond; for the railroad trains frequently stop at the pond, and land their great picnic-parties, who, for the time being, make it the busiest part of the town. Thoreau professed to find his most entertaining company in the morning; for then nobody ever came to see him: and Mr. Emerson said of Walden Pond, that it was an excellent place for parties, especially parties of one."

Mr. Robinson thought Thoreau's poem "Sympathy" an evidence of true genius. Thoreau's mother was one of the most graphic talkers imaginable, and held her listeners dumb. In describing scenes of her early life, she once told of the shipwreck of a schooner upon which she was a passenger, on a voyage to Maine. The dark night, the sound of the waves,

the cries of the people, and all the tragic events, were related with a vividness which photographed it at once, a startling picture, upon the mind of the hearer. His father, on the contrary, was the most silent of men, particularly in the presence of his wife and gifted son. At the annual melon-party at his house,[1] to which Mr. Robinson and his wife were invited, Mr. Robinson was very much struck by this silence among his guests, and nearly convulsed the friends with whom he was talking by quoting from Emerson, *sotto voce*, —

> "The silent organ loudest chants
> The master's requiem."

The mother's family, from whom Thoreau seems to have inherited his genius, were very eccentric; and stories of their sayings are still current in Concord. One of these is worth telling. It relates to an uncle of Henry Thoreau, Charles Dunbar. "In 1800," says history, "a revolution took place in the administration of public affairs; and the Republican party, having become the majority, succeeded in elevating their candidate, Thomas Jefferson, to the presidency, in opposition to Mr. Adams."[2] People were very much excited over this election, and all the voting force was called out. For the first time, old men were carried to the polls in arm-chairs; and the children gathered round to see the curious sight. Unfortunately, there was a property qualification in those days; no man being allowed to vote unless he owned a certain amount of property. Charles Dunbar's mother had married for her second husband a rich farmer named Minot, who was very anxious that the young man should vote for Jefferson; and, in order to enable him to do so, deeded him a small farm in a neighboring town. He voted; and, after election-day, Mr. Minot wanted the property back; but Dunbar,

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[1] The melons were of Henry Thoreau's own raising.

[2] Republican really meant Democrat in 1801. W. S. R. says in 1875, "In Jefferson's day, the government really started off on the Democratic basis."

following the advice of Mr. William Cogswell,[1] his friend, refused to give it up. The case was brought before Squire Heywood of Concord, who said, "The property belongs to Charles Dunbar; for I made out the papers all right according to law; and, if he gives it up, it will be of his own accord and free will." He did not give it up, but lived on it alone all his life; and it finally came into the Thoreau family. Dunbar frequently came to Concord, and, when there, always called at Mr. Cogswell's house. On one of these visits, putting his head abruptly into the window (as usual), he said, "I could not have come to see you if one of my oxen had not died. I sold the hide and horns for money enough to come with: so 'there's no great loss without some small gain.'" Miss Sophia Thoreau, sister of Henry, and the last survivor of the family, died in 1876; and the Concord Thoreaus are now extinct. Mr. Robinson had little acquaintance with the other literary personages of Concord, except C. C. Hazewell, with whom he was always on terms of friendly intimacy. He was in the habit of dropping in at Mr. Hazewell's sanctum at all hours, sure to find him writing, with inky fingers, or reading, and "puffing the friendly cigar;" and many a brave article has been written on both sides of a question, inspired by the witty encounters between them. Mr. Robinson had a great admiration for the historical knowledge of his friend, who, he said, talked more freely of the family affairs of the Czar of Russia, and knew more about them, than he did of his nearest neighbor's. Mrs. Hazewell's knowledge of history was almost as accurate as that of her husband, and she sometimes was able to jog his memory a little. When the Czar had his silver wedding in 1866, there was a discussion between Mr. and Mrs. Hazewell as to the nationality of the Czarina. Mrs. Hazewell said that she was a Hesse-Darmstadt princess, and that was the reason for their keeping the day in such fashion. This Mr. Hazewell disputed; but, on looking in a book of reference brought for that purpose, his wife was proved to be right.

[1] Brother of W. S. Robinson's mother.

Of Concord as an antislavery town, Mr. Robinson wrote in 1874, —

"As I said, Concord was not an antislavery place; but some events in antislavery history have occurred there: for example, the capture and rescue of Mr. Sanborn (in the John Brown case) on a warrant from the United-States Senate, and the rescue of Shadrach. Old Dr. Ripley was as slow as any of the Unitarian clergy to accept antislavery doctrines, and his colleagues were 'conservative' men. It was more difficult to get the meeting-house for George Thompson than for the 'Washingtonian' Hawkins; and there was much opposition to both. Mr. Emerson, who never troubles himself about organizations, was not, I think, an original abolitionist, any more than Hon. Samuel Hoar (father of E. R. and G. F. Hoar), who had the name of being a conservative on the subject when George Thompson came up to disturb Dr. Ripley and the Concord pews. I may seem to have underrated Mr. Emerson's antislavery position. His first demonstration that way was his address on West-India emancipation (1843), which was pretty early; but before this, I think, his early essays, and his philosophy generally, were thought to tend to indifferentism on the subject." [1]

If not an antislavery town, Concord was a famous antislavery centre, and a dépôt of the "underground railroad," which carried so many colored citizens on their way to freedom. Shadrach had been consigned there after his escape in Boston, and was refreshed at the house of Francis E. Bigelow, the friendly blacksmith. Mrs. Bigelow's account of this historic affair is as follows: —

"Shadrach was arrested by his pretended master, with carving-knife in hand, while acting as waiter in a hotel on Court Street, and hurried at once to the Court House to be tried. On the alarm being given, the Court House was filled with a crowd of black and white

[1] Some extracts from a letter written to Mr. Robinson (Jan. 14, 1844) will show the state of feeling at that time on this subject: "To-night all our folks have gone to the Lyceum to hear Wendell Phillips lecture on slavery. We expect a small row; for it is understood Mr. Keyes, (father of John S. Keyes, lately United-States marshal) will reply to him. I hope he will; but he will get the worst of it, for Phillips has too many guns for him. They have already had some fuss in the Lyceum about his being invited to lecture on that subject.

"P. S. — Phillips's lecture is over, and no reply. Mr. Keyes was there, but said nothing." — H. M.

men, who moved forward in a body, and, surrounding Shadrach, carried him out, entangled in the mass. No one except Lewis Hayden knew him from any of the other colored men. He went out with the rest, and was soon lost in the crowd. He and Hayden coolly walked off toward East Cambridge, keeping in sight of each other on opposite sides of the street. Here they stopped at the house of Rev. J. C. Lovejoy, and proceeded thence to Concord in a carriage drawn by a black horse and a white one, and driven by a Mr. Smith. They arrived at Concord at three o'clock Sunday morning, and drove into Mr. Bigelow's yard. Mr. Bigelow, hearing the carriage, opened his door, and let in the poor fugitive, though the penalty was a thousand dollars, and six months' imprisonment, for 'aiding and abetting' a slave to escape. The blinds of the house were at once shut, and the windows darkened, to evade the notice of any passers-by; and breakfast was prepared in the bedchamber (by Mrs. Bigelow), on an air-tight stove, with the bureau for a table. Mrs. Brooks, an antislavery neighbor, was sent for, and came, accompanied by her husband, Hon Nathan Brooks. Mr. Brooks, though an abolitionist, did not go so far as his wife in advocating radical antislavery measures; and he had warned her that he should not countenance any such 'aiding and abetting.' But when he saw the poor fugitive, so frightened and forlorn, his kind heart made him forget the majesty of the law; and he did his part by furnishing Shadrach with a hat of his own with which to disguise himself, — the hat of a law-abiding citizen! As soon as Shadrach was refreshed (he was so fatigued with loss of sleep, and anxiety, that he could hardly keep awake while eating), Mr. Bigelow, in a wagon hired for the purpose, drove him to the house of Mr. Drake in Leominster, another station on the 'underground railroad.' From there he was carried to Fitchburg, and thence by rail to Canada. Meanwhile Mr. Hayden and Mr. Smith drove leisurely to Sudbury, stopped with friends there, went to church, and, after a good dinner, returned unmolested to Boston. When the trial came on for the rescuers of Shadrach, there was some difficulty in impanelling a jury. Mr. Bigelow was drawn once, and rejected; but afterwards, by some quibble of law, he was again chosen, and sat in the case. The rescuers were all cleared by the disagreement of the jury, Mr. Bigelow being the one who stood out, not because, as has been said, he was biassed by his feelings and action in the case, but because he conscientiously believed that the men tried as the rescuers of Shadrach had no more to do with it than all the rest of the crowd in the Court House; and he thought that the witnesses in this case must have perjured themselves." [1]

[1] Persons indicted in 1851 as the rescuers of Shadrach: James Scott, Lewis Hayden, Elizur Wright, John P. Coburn, Thomas P. Smith, Joseph K. Hayes.

A woman's antislavery society had been formed in Concord, in 1837, at the house of Mrs. Samuel Barrett.[1] It had seventy members at first; but when Mr. Garrison attacked the Church, calling it "the bulwark of slavery," the society was divided, and a new organization was formed of radical abolitionists who sympathized with Mr. Garrison, and, like him, were regardless of both Church and State.[2] This society was in active operation during Mr. Robinson's residence in Concord; and, though its membership was small, it met regularly, kept busily at work; and through it Concord was represented at the annual subscription festivals and the antislavery fairs. Mrs. Nathan Brooks, the president, was its chief organizer and inspirer; and it was through her efforts that the society was so long maintained. It met at the houses of the members, where a plain tea was provided, to which the gentlemen were invited.[3] The members of this society in 1857 were Mrs. Nathan Brooks, Mrs. John Thoreau, Mrs. F. E. Bigelow, Mrs. John Brown, jun., Mrs. Samuel Barrett, Mrs. Timothy Prescott, Mrs. Minott Pratt, Mrs. R. W. Emerson, Mrs. Jerome Richardson, Mrs. E. R. Hoar, Mrs. Simon Brown, Mrs. Lucy Brown, Mrs. A. B. Alcott, Mrs. W. S. Robinson, Miss Mary Rice, Miss Harriet Stowe, Miss Caroline Stowe, Miss Carrie Pratt, Miss Sophia Thoreau, Miss Ann Whiting, Miss Jane Whiting, Miss Ellen Emerson, Miss Martha Bartlett, and probably others whose names I have been unable to obtain.

The president, Mrs. Brooks (though a woman of property), desiring to earn herself the money used in the sacred cause, made cake by an unfailing recipe of her own, and sold it to her neighbors and friends: it was named for her,

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[1] Her son, lately deceased, left four hundred dollars to the woman-suffrage cause.

[2] The churches were very angry with Mr. Garrison; and at one time he could not find a place in Boston to speak in, excepting a hall controlled by the followers of Thomas Paine.

[3] It met at the house of W. S. Robinson, Jan. 27, 1857, when ten ladies were present.

Brooks Cake. At every "tea-fight" in Concord this cake was pretty sure to be found; and the gentlemen, who, in turn, entertained the Social Circle, were glad to avail themselves of this specialty of a member of the proscribed sex. This recipe played such an important part in the antislavery movement (by the money it earned), that I cannot forbear giving it here. When woman's work is recognized and valued as it should be, a new and good recipe will be as important a discovery as a "new figure of speech" or a new poem.

Brooks Cake. — One pound flour, one pound sugar, half-pound butter, four eggs, one cup milk, one teaspoonful soda, half-teaspoonful cream of tartar, half-pound currants (in half of it).

This makes two loaves; and, if such faithful hands and careful eyes as hers attend to its making, it will be fit for the banquet of the gods. This devoted woman lived to see the cause for which she so earnestly labored as successful as was always her recipe for "Brooks Cake." She died in 1868. Wendell Phillips pays a fine tribute to her memory in an article in "The Antislavery Standard:" —

"When, more than thirty years ago, I joined the antislavery movement, one of the first places I visited was Concord. Mrs. Brooks welcomed me to the old town. She was one, and a chief one, of half a dozen royal-minded women who represented the antislavery movement of the place. The famous men who lived there turned then only a tolerant eye on the cause, standing themselves at a civil distance. In kindly deference to wife or friend, they showed their faces, now and then, at antislavery meetings. Still it is but justice to say that it was the 'continual coming' of those untiring women that 'won or wearied' the noted names of Concord into sympathy with this great uprising for justice. We call others self-sacrificing and devoted; but she and her associates *lived* for their reform ideas. Faultless in domestic duties, making her roof so truly a home, still no work was too hard, no duty too absorbing, no gathering too distant, no cross too heavy, for her courage.

"How far her life sent its influence! I have been stirred by eloquence, and thrilled by many a brave act, behind which I saw clearly that half-score of earnest women, the *heart* of a famous circle, whose

brain has a wide realm. The debt which Stuart Mill is never weary of acknowledging to his noble wife is the same that the mind of Concord owes to Mrs. Brooks and her associates."

Her husband, Hon. Nathan Brooks, whose claims as a candidate for Congress Mr. Robinson had urged in his first editorials in "The Yeoman's Gazette," was a lawyer in Concord, and was very much beloved. He had a habit of carrying a lighted candle to and from his office in the evening. After his death, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, in one of his letters to "The Springfield Republican," speaks thus eloquently of his "modest but conspicuous worth:" —

"He chose, instead of public fame, the more quiet path of civil and social duty within his own town and county. He was the adjudicator of disputes, the administrator of estates, the depositary of trusts, the guardian of orphans, the just man, who, as Plato says, is a perpetual magistrate. When he walked the brief journey from his house to his office, Justice and Benevolence seemed to be patrolling the village street. The taper which lighted his steps in the evening walk to and fro, and which even the wind respected, was as august as the flambeau of a consul in the Via Sacra; for in him all the dignity of Law seemed embodied, with none of her austerity."

In 1854, when Missouri attempted to monopolize Kansas, and force slavery into the newly-acquired Territory, the anti-slavery people of New England tried to stay its inroads by encouraging emigration from the free States. A New-England Emigrant Aid Society was formed, and under its protection many families left their native States to find a new home in that far country. On the 19th of July, 1854, a company of twenty-four persons — the advance-guard of freedom — started from Massachusetts, and arrived in Kansas the same month. This company was followed by others the same year; and every Tuesday, for several weeks in the early part of the summer of 1855, the "emigrant-train" passed through Concord, on the Fitchburg Railroad, filled with men and women inspired by as pure an incentive to action as were the Pilgrim Fathers when they set sail for New England. They went to plant freedom in the most

beautiful portion of the country, doomed by King Cotton as a new field in which to perpetuate the monster evil. Abandoned by the government which should have protected them, these emigrants suffered untold hardships. Some of them were killed by border-ruffians; and others died of starvation, caused by the destruction of their crops. Of those who returned, numbers were invalids for years from the sufferings to which they had been exposed. "Bleeding Kansas" was a name well chosen at that time to describe this fair part of our land. Money and clothing were sent to them by towns and individuals, and every effort was made to encourage and assist the emigrants. Concord alone subscribed more than two thousand dollars, and the ladies of that town met together to sew for Kansas; for, in spite of difference of opinion outside the Church and within it, there was but one opinion with all true antislavery people as to the enormity of this attempt to force slavery upon the Kansas settlers. Among these ladies were the members of the old Antislavery Society, who continued to work for this and other progressive causes until the close of the war, when they re-organized; and the long-divided elements in Church and State came together as the Freedman's Aid Society.

Mr. Robinson's old schoolmates and friends speak of him during these Concord years with much tenderness. He had a cheerful word for everybody; and his bright sayings and repartees are still remembered, long after the events which prompted them are forgotten. He was very fond of children, and of talking and joking with them. One of his jokes, made at the expense of a little son of Judge Hoar, is often repeated. He asked the little boy how old he was; and, on being told that he was six and a quarter, he said, "You must take care, and not get *crossed;* for, if you do, you will only pass for five." Though his personal popularity was great, Mr. Robinson's political opinions did not find favor with some of his townsmen; and when a vacancy occurred in the Social Circle, and his name was proposed as

a member, he was tabooed in the club which his grandfather helped to found. He cared very little about the matter, however, attributing the slight, not to personal ill-feeling, but to opposition on political grounds. He might have retorted, like the old philosopher, —

"They deride thee, O Diogenes!" Diogenes made answer, "But I am not derided."

CHAPTER VI.

"WARRINGTON" LETTERS.

[1856–1862.]

"The State is like a great and noble steed, who is tardy in his motions, and requires to be stirred into life. If I may use a ludicrous figure of speech, I am a sort of gadfly, given to the State by God; and all day long, and in all places, am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. . . . If I had been like other men, I should not have neglected my own concerns, or patiently seen the neglect of them, all these years, and have been doing yours, coming to you individually like a father or an elder brother. Had I been paid, there would have been some sense in that; but not even the impudence of my accusers dares to say that I have ever exacted or sought pay of any one. And I have a witness of the truth of what I say: my poverty is a sufficient witness." — PLATO'S *Apology of Socrates.*

THE "Warrington" letters in "The Springfield Republican" began in 1856. Into them Mr. Robinson carried on his fight against the Know-Nothings, and accused that party of theft (as will be seen by the first letter) openly and persistently, — an accusation which was never successfully denied. The first of these letters are little more than legislative reports; but the writer soon acquired the habit of scourging corrupt members, and laughing at dull ones; taking refuge, perhaps, behind his own theory, — that "dull men, and even women, may be attacked with impunity, but none other." In these letters he found full and free expression for his knowledge of politics and literature, and gave unrestrained utterance to his thoughts concerning politicians, reformers, mankind in general, and public questions. Bishop Haven says (in 1876) of them, —

"They were strong in thought, curt in satire, and, though deficient in the aroma that classic scholarship sends forth, were not

without high claims as literary efforts. They were full of personalities. Men were not hidden behind the arras of compliment or general remark. Many of his personalities provoked bad blood; or would have done so, but for the seeming lack of all personality in the writer. He sat as judge, and weighed these men in his golden balances as imperturbably as Rhadamanthus decided the fates of those who appeared before his seat of judgment. Some of the victims impaled on his pencil spear writhed fearfully. Many were of such littleness, that such impaling alone has given them immortality, even as Pope's 'Dunciad' has kept many a dunce from oblivion. He struck the members of the very House he served,[1] if, in his judgment, they merited that fate. How timidly must they have opened 'The Republican' to see in what guise the 'Warrington' who sat before them, so seemingly cold and indifferent, had set them forth! Nor could one smile over his fallen neighbor; for he knew not the day nor the hour when he might not himself be slain. Said Mr. Sumner, 'He has the best French gift of "touch and go," of which About is the master.' He went out into all realms, — literary, political, reformatory, theological. He was as equally self-assured in reviewing theology as politics, literature as reform. He was, therefore, an unsafe, but never an uninteresting, critic. That he was faithful in much-needed plainness of speech is true. He irradiated the perishable columns of a daily journal with the ceaseless flashes of his poignant wit. He shot through them the piercing shafts of many a lofty principle. He was true to himself, and, as 'Warrington,' reproduced with startling exactness the very perfection of that character of Thackeray's imagination whom Thackeray would have rejoiced to have seen thus animated in flesh and blood, and doing his part in the columns of a Yankee journal."

Thackeray was one of Mr. Robinson's favorite authors. He thought him as great as Scott or Dickens, and believed that his works would be read more and more every year, and be standards long after more popular authors were forgotten. When a name was talked of as a signature to "The Springfield Republican" letters he was fresh from the reading of "Pendennis," and had enjoyed immensely the character of Warrington, that mental type of all jovial, sharp newspaper critics: the name was therefore selected at once as the ideal *nom de plume* of a newspaper correspondent. Perhaps the "stunning" qualities of Thackeray's Warrington (in which

[1] While clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

he was the exact opposite) attracted Mr. Robinson towards this character as much as "the strong thoughts, the curt periods, the sense, the satire, and the scholarship;" and then, too, George Warrington "wrote for his bread." The letters soon became widely read and quoted, and "Warrington's" opinion was cited on all the questions of the day. Many Massachusetts people, particularly in the western counties, were in almost Cimmerian darkness on the question of slavery; and these letters, during the first years of their publication, were said to have brought almost the only ray of light on that subject into the Connecticut Valley.

"The Springfield Republican" did not always agree with its "own" correspondent; and not infrequently a column would be seen by the side of the "Warrington" letter, explaining the divergences of opinion. This divergence was always frank and open, and conducted creditably to both sides. If the readers of "The Republican" did not agree with his views, they still read the letters, because they could not help reading what "Warrington" had to say. A story told me by a friend who returned from Kansas in 1858 will illustrate this. This gentleman had stopped at a little inn in Lawrence, and found a fellow-traveller sitting in the bar-room, reading "The Republican." He exclaimed, "Why, do you take that paper?" — "Yes," replied the traveller. "Confound him! I take the paper so as to know what that fellow 'Warrington' has to say. I don't believe what he writes half the time; but I can't get along without reading it;" and he showed my friend something which had specially pleased him. The question had been once asked "Warrington," "Would you interfere with slavery where it *is*?" — "Why," said he, "you would not interfere with slavery where it is *not*, would you?" His habit of writing was most simple. He never shut himself apart to wait for inspiration or the *divine afflatus*, but laughed at all such "nonsense." He almost always wrote his letters during the evening, in the common sitting-room, in the presence of his family, with the children playing about, or getting their

lessons for the morrow. The letter, when done, was read aloud, commented upon, and criticised. When a particularly good thing was written, it was read at once, and the humorous and satirical parts laughed over before the letter was finished. I have seen him writing as fast as possible, shaking with laughter at the same time. He seldom erased a line, or a word: for he had the power to assimilate, and keep packed in regular order, all the material he required; and, when he wanted it for use, he had only to "draw the cork," as he expressed it. His theory of writing was, that any person who can think clearly can write or speak without difficulty, and that practice makes the writer. He disclaimed the idea that any one needed an especial genius for writing, and said, "What right have we to demand that every man who writes a book shall be a man of genius? Geniuses are scarce: though Emerson's definition of a poet — 'a man without impediment' — seems to imply that all men except *stutterers* are poets; which I don't see." In letters of advice to a young newspaper-writer (in 1873) he says, —

"Write as you think. Begin at once on your subject, pack your head well with reading and thoughts, and then writing will be easy enough. No one can write well who is not a wide reader. Could you have written those charming letters to me if you had not been familiar with Carlyle, De Quincey, and Charles Lamb? Blessed be good books! They gradually and imperceptibly inform the taste. Reviews and editorials, like conversation and newspapers, keep the world moving, and so are of more practical use than books; but they are not books, and there's an end of it. Do you suppose you could write such splendid letters to your correspondents if you had only read cheap novels? Not a bit of it. By and by, after you are done drudging at newspaper-work, you shall be an author. You have escaped immortality, being switched off the celestial railroad on to a side-track leading to an old coal-yard. You shall be paid for it some day; if not here, then hereafter. Luther promised his dog, that, in the resurrection, he should have a golden tail. You shall have a harp for music, or a pencil for painting, or a chisel for sculpture; and I will be your delighted proof-reader and critic, and take the money for your golden books. Seriously, writing, to bright people, is a mere trick of the pen, and a knack which you will fall into. On all topics

you had better reflect pretty well. It is not always enough to discover fallacies on the other side: one must be careful to avoid them on his own, or, if he does not wholly avoid them, to speak with caution. The speaker who uses language for effect on the people before him, may with safety, and even with credit, be fallacious where the writer cannot. The newspaper quietly and surely indoctrinates the people; and in a large daily nothing comes amiss. But, on the other hand, nothing takes the place of tact, and capacity of imparting. Controversial talent is useful, especially in politics; but it ought to be joined with caution, and a knowledge of what can be said, and will be said, in reply. I do not (for one) believe in the notion, that it is the sole purpose of an editor, or writer for the press, to give the news of the day, and nothing else, and to squib any thing and every thing. It begets a habit of trifling and persiflage. It is sometimes hard to know what the truth is; but there is generally a right and a wrong side, and to write merely 'to fill up the time' is as bad as 'praying to fill up the time.' Doubtless you may feel called upon, or even obliged, to stray somewhat from the ideal; but that you will ever write what you *don't* believe I cannot suppose. I never do it; though I frequently have occasion to change my mind, and see, in looking backward, my mistakes, mostly as to estimates of character. He who has a reform on his hands must not shrink from personalities."

In 1857 Mr. Robinson commenced as correspondent of "The New-York Tribune;" and he wrote weekly letters and articles for that paper during that and the following years until 1861, and at intervals thereafter until 1869. There are about two hundred and fifty of these letters and articles, containing a complete political history of Massachusetts, from which selections might be made that would be invaluable for political reference. In them the prominent political events of those years are recorded, and the name of no man who took an important part is omitted. They are full of brief biographies of the men of the time, and contain some of the best of "Warrington's" writings. Selections from them will be found among the "Warrington" letters. These "Tribune" letters were signed "Gilbert." The editorials had no signature, and no doubt were thought to be Mr. Greeley's; for it used to be said that the subscribers of that paper thought Mr. Greeley wrote every thing in it. In 1857 Mr. Bowles of "The Springfield Republican"

attempted what was called "The Traveller Consolidation" by a union of the Boston "Traveller," "Telegraph," and "Atlas" newspapers. "Warrington" was engaged as a writer for "The Traveller" during the few weeks of its marriage, and he celebrated its divorce in a letter to "The Republican" of Sept. 9: —

> "'I saw three clouds at morning
> Tinged with the rising sun;
> And in the dawn they floated on,
> And mingled into one.'

"I am sorry to say that the marriage has not been a happy one, and that a divorce has got to ensue. The causes, which are numerous, will not all probably be made public; but they may be summed up in one word, 'incompatibility.' I believe the verdict will be the usual one in cases of railroad disasters; viz., 'Nobody to blame.' As a newspaper, 'The Traveller' has been good; equal, at least, to the most enterprising of its competitors, 'The Journal.' Its editorial articles have been numerous, generally well written and readable, and on subjects of popular interest; and its politics have been of the average Massachusetts Republican kind. Politically, however, it had a hard public to satisfy. There were, first, the old readers of 'The Traveller,' who were never schooled in antislavery politics or morals; second, the subscribers of 'The Atlas,' who were mostly old Whigs, some of them glad to get into the Republican party, and others driven in by stress of politics; third, the 'Telegraph' and 'Commonwealth' men, who for half a score of years had been impressed by such men as Wright, Carter, Bird, (what a conjunction of names!) Baldwin, Hazewell, Robinson, *et id genus omne*, with a righteous horror of hunkerism, especially Democratic hunkerism, particularly Whig hunkerism, and most particularly and especially Know-Nothing hunkerism, or Gardnerism; and, fourth, the new readers, the people at large, who might be attracted by the freshness of news, and independence of discussion, which the paper might furnish. Such a public who could satisfy? Mr. Bowles brought to his task great experience, admirable editorial tact, good manners, and good judgment. But, on the one hand, he hated the hunkers, and was suspected of having no partiality for the great idol of hunkerism, Gov. Gardner: on the other hand, he had too little faith in the political ideas and machinery of the radical Republicans to suit them. However free and easy these men may be in their politics and ethics, they are most intolerant partisans, and impatient of any thing that looks like leaping over the bounds they have set up. The opposition of 'The Traveller' to

the Kansas appropriation was the first and early offence given to these men. Old stagers in antislavery let 'The Telegraph' die because it was not so good a newspaper as 'The Journal,' which last year they were subscribing to very actively for the purpose of *encouraging* it in the antislavery course it seemed to be entering upon. Well, these men were mad at 'The Traveller' because it opposed the Kansas resolves, and impatient because it was not so strongly antislavery as 'The Bee:' so they turned the cold shoulder; and, when money was wanted to keep 'The Bee' from going headlong into the support of Gardnerism, it was raised by two or three old Free-Soilers, who thought, probably, they were doing a great thing for 'the cause.'[1] The whole story is summed up in the assertion, which is capable of proof, that an antislavery and independent daily newspaper of a high standard cannot be made to support itself in Boston.

"'The Traveller' experiment is still a subject of common talk among politicians and newspaper-men. Some hard feeling exists against Mr. Bowles, caused by his coming down from Springfield 'like the wolf on the fold' and destroying two daily newspapers, with all the opportunities which they afforded for employment. If a lively, enterprising, and New-Yorkish newspaper had been the permanent result, all would have been well enough; but to have 'The Telegraph' and 'Atlas' extinguished, and nothing but 'The Traveller' left, — this is rather too bad, I confess. But I am not disposed to grumble. The whole affair, in all its aspects, is rather laughable. The rape of the newspapers will go into history like 'The Rape of the Sabine Women,' or of the 'Lock,' or that classical elopement sung by Mistress Goose, when

"The cat ran away with the pudding-bag string."

Immediately after "The Traveller" returned to itself ("as though a rose should shut, and be a bud again"), "Warrington" was informed by the proper authorities of that paper that they had more writers than room; "and we must therefore ask you to close your term of service with us from to-day." There was now no consistent antislavery newspaper in Boston, and, consequently, no place for his pen. The politics of the State were not his politics; and its leaders, with the exception of Charles Sumner and a few others, were ruled by the Know-Nothing (or American) party. His

[1] Credulous antislavery people thought the Bee was the true antislavery organ, though they could not depend upon it from one hour to the next. — W. S. R. in 1857.

articles, he was told, would have killed any daily in Boston. "Out of work" is a sad thing for the bread-winner to say to his family when he comes home at night; and the carpenter and the mason are not the only useful people, who, when out of work, must be continually looking for jobs. Said Hawthorne, "In this dismal chamber fame was won;" and in like manner can the biographer of "Warrington" show out of what gloomy surroundings his life-work and fame were wrought. The domestic stages might be thus described: "While in this place, we starved; here we paid our debts; there we were comfortable," &c. It seems like repetition to write of all these trials and privations, now that the end is gained, and his work done, and so well done. But I tell them to illustrate the character of the man, and to show, if necessary, that self-interest and worldliness were never in his mind, when the good of others, and "other-worldliness," were to be considered. His regret at being out of work was less for the money he might earn, and the comforts it would bring to his family, than that he was obliged to be silent when he felt that he ought to be writing. "The public need it," he said: "they cannot afford that I should be silent." The late William S. Thayer, then of "The Tribune," writing to Mr. Robinson in 1857, says, "We should be glad to have you continue your letters. I think it not impossible something in the editorial line may turn up for your benefit in this vicinity, though I know of nothing at present. It is a shame to Massachusetts people that they do not do more to support the best editor they have." During these years (1857–59), when no newspaper-office was open to "Warrington," Mr. H. L. Pierce offered him a seat at a desk in his office, where he could sit when not "looking for jobs," read his papers, and do his writing. Both he and Mr. Pierce enjoyed this freedom of intercourse thus established. They were then and ever after fast and warm friends, and were associated together in many a good political work. Mr. Robinson often expressed his gratitude for the kindness of Mr. Pierce, who thought the favor all on

his side in the satisfaction at the opportunity thus given him for cultivating "Warrington's" acquaintance; saying that he was "more than repaid for any favor he might have conferred, by the juice he expressed out of 'Warrington.'"

Not being able to use his pen in Boston so much as he desired, Mr. Robinson tried other places. In answer to a letter to a New-York paper, asking for work, he received this reply from John Russell Young: "I don't think you can write any thing that we will want to print." He, however, got a chance to write for a California paper (for which he did not receive his pay), and also (in 1857) letters to "The Worcester Transcript," signed "Boythorn;" and, in the same and later years, he wrote short political articles for "The Congregationalist" and "Zion's Herald," which were extensively copied into other newspapers as "Opinions of the Religious Press." He furnished articles for "Appleton's Cyclopædia" (then being published), and revised the writings (usually a labor of love) of book-makers whose early education had not been acquired in the Concord schoolhouse. He selected the reading-matter for an almanac published by one Ayer, who demurred at the price asked for the work, and refused to pay it.[1] He also reported legislative proceedings for "The Advertiser" in 1858 and 1859. For all this writing the pay was extremely small, as it was, also, for the "Warrington" and "Tribune" letters, as I shall explain in future pages.

"The Straight Republican," a campaign paper, was published during the campaign of 1857 by Henry L. Pierce, Estes Howe, F. W. Bird, and others. Says "Warrington," "The Republicans who oppose Mr. Banks have issued a small sheet called 'The Straight Republican;' and they will soon be able to ascertain — what I believe they do

[1] He afterwards ran for Congress, and "Warrington" wrote a sketch of him. This was one of the things he shook with laughter over while writing. When done, and he had read it aloud, he said, "*At last* I have got my pay of Jim Ayer."

not yet pretend to know — the actual strength of their movement. They profess merely to desire to make a protest against the tendency of Republicanism towards Know-Nothingism." "The Straight Republican" was edited by "Warrington," and sent "free gratis for nothing" all over the State. One Republican to whom the paper was sent returned it, yellow wrapper and all, with "Too D——D STRAIGHT" written upon it in bold letters. "The Fate of the Straight Republican Party" will be found among the selections.

Mr. Robinson had moved from Concord to Malden in the fall of 1857; and in 1859 his fourth and last child was born, — his namesake, Warrington. His first boy, named William, also for his father, died this year, at the age of five years. Mr. Robinson was very fond of his children, and very indulgent to them; and the loss of this child was keenly felt. He had always joined in their games and plays, and been a child with them; but this loss made a great change in him, for then he first knew grief, and felt its heaviness upon him. He had not then come to believe in the immortality of the soul, but thought, as Emerson expressed it a few years later, that "the best proof of our immortality is the desire for it." A better proof came to the bereaved father later in life, when an inner growth revealed to him — what dogmas and creeds had failed to do — the certainty of another chance, a better life. But at this time the dead wall of uncertainty rose blank before him, and there was no way out. "Where is he?" he asked: "what has become of him?"

> "My truant wise and sweet,
> Oh! whither tend thy feet?"

Days were spent in vain speculation and questionings. Friends came and went, and left their shreds of belief. Said Catholic Annie, "He is safe: children do not sin till after they are seven years old." "Just ready for the kingdom," said one. And the minister read, "I shall go to him; but he shall not return to me:" but there was no comfort in it.

"Where is the creed," said he, "that can assure me where the boy is that but yesterday was here, and ours? In another world? What is that other world? It seems to me as if I had lived once before; and I hope I shall again. Perhaps people live on and on, in different shapes, in different ages. I may yet be a prince, or a philosopher, or a starving Irishman. I have a firmer faith that I have lived than that I shall live again; but I do not know why not the latter. Wordsworth expresses well the feeling of a previous life: 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.'" And at another time he said, "What right have we to complain that we cannot keep the child to be ours, to be proud of, as other parents are, and to grow up to do us honor? It would be pure selfishness to wish it. Nothing can harm him: and God, who brought him helpless into this world of sin and strife, will surely take good care of such little innocent souls when they leave it; and we can trust him in God's hands. For him there will be no disappointments nor sufferings as we suffer now. Let the other children do as they may, *this* one will always do well. We shall always have a good and perfect child. He is the successful child. Happy little boy! — lost, yet saved." Mr. Robinson's philosophy and patience under this severe sorrow illustrated his own thought expressed later in one of his writings: "What is called the consolation of religion in time of sorrow is but another name for insensibility. Infidels and philosophers put religionists to shame at such times."

In April, 1859, "Warrington" was candidate for clerk of the Commission on the Revision of the Statutes, and received every vote. A contemporary says, "The unanimous vote for Mr. Robinson is both surprising and gratifying. His uncompromising antislavery principles, making him the bitter enemy of all shades of Know-Nothingism, and the independent freedom with which, as a journalist, he has for many years discussed and denounced most of the politicians and political parties of the States, prove that the office and the vote are not the thrift which follows fawning, but the tribute

to capacity and honesty." In August, 1859, a situation was offered "Warrington" on the staff of "The New-York Tribune," at twenty-five dollars a week. Mr. C. A. Dana and Mr. Robert Carter (of "The Tribune") urged him to accept this offer. The latter wrote, "The great merit of 'The Tribune,' so far as connection with it is concerned, is its permanence. It has not the Boston habit of bursting up every six months." C. C. Hazewell and other Massachusetts friends thought it was a great chance for him, and urged him so persistently to accept it, that he accused them of wanting to get rid of them. To his wife, who thought she saw at last an opportunity for him to live at ease, and follow his favorite vocation, he said, "Don't hanker after the loaves and fishes." When it was urged that the name of being connected with "The New-York Tribune" would be of great service to him, he dissented, saying that Massachusetts was good enough for him. To Mr. Carter he wrote (Aug. 5, 1859), —

"I fear that the expense of removal, and of living in New York, tumult, breakage of connection, general change of condition, uncertainty, more or less, of suiting you and being suited, are such that I should not find any advantage in moving. This year has been a very good one for me, my employment by the legislative committee paying very well. But this will soon be over; and, in the uncertainty whether any more good jobs will present themselves, I am not disposed summarily to dismiss your kind and complimentary suggestion. If I could have a few days for inquiry as to cost of living, &c., and for some consultation with my wife and my friends, I should like it. It is fair to say, however, that the probabilities are that I should decline your proposal, though I acknowledge it to be liberal; and I thank you for it, not only because it has given me a lookout for work, but because it has flattered the self-conceit of one who supposes himself equal at least to the common run of Boston newspaper-men, but is kept out of his employment here, in his favorite vocation, because he holds opinions somewhat fixed."

Thinking it best not to dismiss such an offer without due consideration, Mr. Robinson went to New York to look about and see how a poor man could live there. While there, he went into one of those large brick institutions

(that have now become so common in Massachusetts) where his children would be obliged to go to school, if he lived in or near New York; and he did not like the looks of it, nor the idea of children being all herded together in such a manner. "Not at all like the Concord schoolhouse," said he. He thought there could be no individuality among such children, but that they would all be turned out after one pattern; and he much preferred a country schoolhouse. Mr. Bowles of "The Republican" had written to him, urging him to stay in Boston, as he would much rather have his letters written from that city than from New York. Mr. Robinson did not like to give up saying his say in his weekly "Warrington" letters; and this, with the expressed belief that Massachusetts was the best State in which to bring up children, decided him to let well enough alone, and stay in his native State.

The close of the year 1859 was a gloomy time for anti-slavery people; for John Brown had fought his battle at Harper's Ferry, with only God on his side, and lay condemned to death in a Southern prison. Thoreau said of him, "He was not learned in grammar, but in the humanities. He would have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, and righted up a falling man." Now that history has given the verdict in this case, there can be no doubt that John Brown's was the first gun fired to right a falling people, and that it drew the fire of the slaveholders in advance of the great battle of 1860. Emancipation seemed farther off than ever to the impatient ones, and many grew disheartened. One friend said to "Warrington," "What is the use for you to stand, with a few others, so opposed to all the ruling powers, sacrificing your worldly advancement, and your chance for usefulness as a writer? You are no surer of your cause than you were two years ago." To which he replied with his favorite expression, "The people are to be trusted. There is another day after to-day. Have faith, have faith!" In a letter to his favorite nephew, Mr. Robinson gives some political advice, and his first opinion of Mr. Lincoln: —

"The truth is, I have so many letters to write for pelf, filthy lucre, to 'The Tribune' and 'Springfield Republican,' that I am rather indisposed towards correspondence in general. But I have a sort of feeling that to you, as the son of the brother I loved so well, a little more courtesy is due than to many others. I see you take some interest in politics. I am glad of this; for it is an intellectual pursuit (or may be made so), and everybody ought to take enough interest in it to know how to vote intelligently. Then there is a good deal of fun and recreation in it, which we need. But, if I were in your place, I would try to read the newspapers and speeches on all sides, for the purpose of enabling myself to form my own opinions, rather than read them for the sake of taking their opinions at any rate. Partisanship is a good thing, and necessary; but let it be an intelligent partisanship, and not a stupid and blind one. This is my sermon. Now as to 'old Abe.' From what I know of him, I think well of him. He is more of a man than he has the credit of being, and I think he is as honest as the average of men. Honesty is not so scarce as intelligence. I think he has enough of both to carry on the government well. I was very much grieved over the failure to nominate Mr. Seward, and have no doubt it was a political blunder, as well as a grievous wrong to the mass of the party. But I was not much disappointed in the result. The convention did the next best thing."

June 10, 1860, Mr. Sumner made his great speech on the Barbarism of Slavery. He was four hours in delivering this speech; and it was said of it, that it posted the books on the slavery question up to this time. The whole South was inflamed by it, and Mr. Sumner was threatened with violence. "Warrington" wrote articles on the subject in "The Atlas and Bee" (Boston), for which Mr. Sumner wrote his thanks in the following letter: —

SENATE CHAMBER, June 10, 1860.

DEAR MR. ROBINSON, — I was full of gratitude to "The Atlas," and wondering to whose pen I was so much indebted, when I received your letter. Thanks.

The *cold-shoulderism* of the Republican press shows how little heart it has for one, who, after much suffering, was vindicating freedom of debate struck down in his person, and also how little of true instinct it has for the requirements of the time. Had I spoken tamely, I should have spoken unworthily; nor should I have done justice to the occasion, to the subject, or to myself.

A slave-master shows himself in Faneuil Hall, and, true to the

instincts of his class, falls into Billingsgate; and this is repeated by hunkers. But Republicans, so called, are not much better.

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

In 1860 "The Boston Daily Bee" was supported by radical Republicans as an antislavery newspaper. "The Bee" was an old established newspaper, having been started in 1842 by a company of journeymen printers. It did not meddle much with politics until 1849, when it supported the Whig nomination for mayor, John P. Bigelow; and it became a pretty steady Whig paper from that time. When Know-Nothingism came about, it rung the changes on the Pope, that Pagan full of pride, and the scarlet woman of Babylon, the great red dragon, and so on; most effectively mingling with its antislavery war-cries loud objurgations against old fogyism and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. After the union was dissolved between "The Traveller," "Atlas," and "Telegraph," the latter paper, like many divorced parties, went into nothingness; but "The Atlas" formed a sort of left-handed connection with "The Bee." This continued till the fall of 1860, when some radical Republicans took it, and the name of "Atlas" was abandoned, and that of "Bee" only retained.

It was short-lived under its new name; but, during that time, "Warrington" wrote for it, and crowded all the antislavery articles he could into its columns. Letters to Eli Thayer on "Squatter Sovereignty," written by "Warrington," appeared in the Malden local paper. Mr. Thayer was a candidate for Congress in the Worcester District during the campaign of 1860; and these letters, it was said, defeated him and his theory of settling the Kansas question by squatter sovereignty.

In August, 1860, John A. Andrew was nominated; and Mr. Robinson wrote of this event, "The 'Straights' had it all their own way; not 'too damned straight' this time, but a complete and glorious victory over Banks and the Know-Nothings, old Boston conservatism, and every thing

bad. I always had faith that we should come uppermost finally." In November, Pres. Lincoln was elected, and also John A. Andrew, our "war Governor." In December, South Carolina voted to secede from the Union; and very soon other States followed her example. At this time, Henry Wilson wrote as follows: —

DEC. 16, 1860.

DEAR ROBINSON, — Some of our friends here are weak; most of them are firm. Lincoln's firmness helps our weak ones; but we have signs of weakness here and at home. Out on all cowards! We are to have disunion: so all think here. The Northern doughfaces are trying to so manage the matter as to put down the Republicans by making the issue of letting the traitors come back by concessions. Our friends have a terrific contest before them. We need all the aid that fidelity to principle, firmness, and good sense, can give us. I hope more from the folly and rashness of the secessionists than I do from the wisdom and courage of our friends. It may come in a few weeks to blood. If so, let it come, be the consequences what they may. Armed traitors are around and about us; but I hope we shall do our duty.

Let me hear often from you about matters at home.

Yours truly,

H. WILSON.

In January, 1861, the Personal-liberty Act came before a committee of the Massachusetts legislature. This committee met in a small room in the State House to discuss the bill; and an attempt was made to report against it, for it had been the policy of some of the frightened "Union-savers" in other States to repeal this bill. Mr. Robinson, Wendell Phillips, and other antislavery people, on being informed of this intention on the part of the committee, crowded into the committee-room, and nearly filled it. Mr. Phillips and others made speeches, and demanded a public hearing, which was granted. "Warrington" wrote the memorial to the legislature on this bill, and also the report of the chairman of the committee. Feb. 1, 1861, the first number of "The Tocsin," a campaign newspaper, appeared. Elizur Wright, F. W. Bird, F. B. Sanborn, and Mr. Robinson, furnished articles for it. Its prospectus declared it to

be "published by an association of Republicans who are in earnest, and who will be heard;" and its motto was, "No more compromise with slavery." The six numbers that were published contained articles against the repeal of the Personal-liberty Bill, in favor of radical antislavery measures, and denouncing the Virginia Peace Commission. Virginia had called upon all States who wanted to adjust the slavery question to send four commissioners to that State to confer on the subject; "which means," said "Warrington," "to make slavery perpetual, and see what new degradation can be devised for the North to swallow." There was a meeting of merchants and brokers on State Street in February to choose a committee of four to instruct the legislature to respond to this call. The legislature very properly took no notice of this interference; but finally an order passed its branches, and seven commissioners were appointed. Many of the leading Republicans were opposed to this commission, among them F. W. Bird, G. L. Stearns, and Mr. Robinson, who said, "It is the duty of Massachusetts to stand firm, and shake hands politically with no slaveholders;" and they went to the State House, and tried to talk a contrary spirit into the legislature. Gov. Andrew was not in favor of the commission; but (says Mr. Robinson in his diary) "he afterwards caved in, as he did on the Personal-liberty Bill." Such campaign papers as "The Straight Republican." "The Tocsin," and afterwards "The Reveille," and other campaign documents, did a good work in their time. They were printed, and sown broadcast among the people, by a set of men who thought it important that the sentiments they advocated should be read. There was no political antislavery newspaper in Boston except "The Bee;" and the administration of the new abolition President and Governor was not heartily supported by the leading editors, who almost universally advocated a timid policy. The hunker and doughface element was in the ascendant. There was no pecuniary profit to any one in these publications; certainly not to the writers. The capital "Warring-

ton" made out of the larger part of his political writing of this kind was the same that he had made in "The Lowell American," — a name. Mr. Robinson wrote several pamphlets in 1861–62. The one best known and remembered, perhaps, is, "A Conspiracy to defame John A. Andrew," of which the writer said (in 1875), —

"This pamphlet was a savage attack on Mr. Saltonstall, in defence of Gov. Andrew. Doubtless Mr. Saltonstall has forgotten it. He has never thanked me for it; *nor did Andrew*, for that matter. It was one of my gratuitous works, though I believe the expense of printing was borne by others."

Everybody will remember how events crowded upon each other in 1861. Mr. Lincoln had been obliged to go secretly to Washington in February; five States had seceded; and the Southern Confederacy had chosen Jefferson Davis for its President. On the 13th of April, Fort Sumter surrendered; and the country was filled with excitement and consternation. Men enlisted at the call of the government, and companies of soldiers began to be formed. Political differences were forgotten, and anti- and pro- slavery volunteers paraded the streets side by side to the tune of

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave:
His soul is marching on." [1]

Gov. Andrew sent to England for a thousand Enfield rifles, and the soldiers soon went into camp. The Parrott gun appeared, and people flocked to see this new engine of destruction. One old man, on seeing it, remarked, "Them missionaries have converted a heap of people." Cotton was no longer king; and the North, that debatable land, was found at last. Whatever their leaders might believe, there was but one thought with the mass of the people, — to fight

[1] This song was said to have originated at Fort Warren, and was sung universally by the Massachusetts soldiers. The last line of the refrain was thus sung, —

"But *his* soul's marching on."

for the old flag, and save the country from dismemberment. Emancipation was an afterthought, forced into the conflict by the exigencies of the times. The rich and influential classes (with few exceptions) were for peace on any terms. To save the Union with or without slavery was the central thought even of Massachusetts. As soon as our troops appeared at the South, the slaves began to escape, and come into camp, where they were seized as contraband of war. On the alarm being given that the Union soldiers were advancing, the secessionists had told their slaves to go and hide in the woods, else the Northern soldiers would kill them. But they said, "We knew better. We thought we could run to you. We have been *praying for you since March.*" Southern traders and merchants repudiated their Northern debts, and there was no longer any interchange of products. Cotton rose to an enormous price, and the mill-owners of Lowell, Lawrence, and Manchester, began to suffer. Northern merchants would send no more breadstuffs South. A Charleston trader sent to Philadelphia for fifty barrels of flour; and this answer was telegraphed back: "Eat your cotton."

At a meeting of the Bird Club, June 7, 1861, Mr. Sumner said, "Gen. Scott has complete command of our army of a hundred thousand men. He is a tyrant in his methods of control. He lies on his lounge in his room (for he suffers from gout), and with a stick points out the desired places on the maps with which his wall is covered, and gives his commands. Some one asked him how he should treat Jeff Davis when he got him, and he answered by significantly clinching his right hand." It was said that the rebellion could be subdued in six weeks. July 21 the battle of Bull Run was fought, and the country at last saw what the war really meant. "Warrington" said, "There can be no peace and no compromise until the rebels are beaten in a great and decisive battle, or until they have beaten us in a great and decisive battle. The North and the South, the United States and the Cotton Confederacy, cannot live together,

whether under one government or two, on equal terms. One or the other must succumb; and to every man who talks of peace or compromise, or our 'misguided Southern brethren,' we must say with Hotspur, —

> 'This is no world
> To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
> We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,
> And pass them current too.'"[1]

The doughface was everywhere catering to the South; and as Henry Wilson said, while it was death for one of our soldiers to steal a secession chicken, a Massachusetts colonel was said to have sent a fugitive back to his owner, and the papers did not condemn the act. But recruiting went on in spite of doughface secessionists and a divided North. The secession element in the machinery of government is well illustrated by an extract from "Warrington" (in 1863) on the "secesh joint:" —

"A curious instance of the way the Navy Department blunders has been related to me. Perhaps you remember the 'secesh joint' in the machinery of the steamship 'Mississippi.' If you do not, let me remind you that this steamer sailed one day from Charlestown Navy Yard, and had got out a few miles, when she found herself crippled by the breaking of a joint in the machinery. Upon examination, it was found that the joint was made of India-rubber, carefully concealed from observation. One Quinn was accused of doing the mischief; yet he was allowed to leave the yard, and is now in the rebel navy, which, I venture to say, he does not furnish with India-rubber joints. He was, in fact, guiltless of this offence to 'The Mississippi.' There is now on file at the war department a letter from a most respectable man, who declares that another engineer, an Englishman named Green, confessed to him that *he* made the 'secesh joint.' He pretended, to be sure, that it was an honest piece of work, and the right thing to do. Now, where do you suppose this Green is? Superintending the repairs on the steamship 'Niagara,' at the Charlestown Navy Yard. It is all right, of course, but hard to understand."

It will be remembered that no attempt is made to give a detailed account of the great events of this time; but, in

[1] New-York Tribune.

order to show Mr. Robinson's part in them, it is necessary for his biographer to touch upon them; and, if I seem too minute in recalling all his writings during these eventful years, it is because of the desire to show where some of the "gun-metal" came from that was used in these and other stirring campaigns.[1] It was not alone the soldier at the front who fought the battle of emancipation.

In 1861 there was not a newspaper in Boston, except "The Bee" and "The Tocsin," that advocated the prosecution of the war and the abolition of slavery. "Warrington" tried in vain to get emancipation articles into several of the leading Boston newspapers. He wrote on steadily, however, for "The Republican" and "The Tribune," and tried to show the country its duty. His leaders in "The Tribune" advocated immediate emancipation long before it became the policy of the administration, and urged that the slaves should be called to fight in the war that was really waged for them and their cause. He said, "We don't deserve to beat while we ignore the black man, and the help that two hundred thousand black soldiers can bring us." [2] "The Tribune," though an emancipation paper, found many of his anti-slavery and war articles too strong for its columns; and they were not printed. July 8, 1861, the last "Bee" appeared with a rousing antislavery article (written by "Warrington" that morning), and a speech by Wendell Phillips; and, to use his favorite expression in such experiences, Mr. Robinson was "on his oars" again. For the first time in all his newspaper life, he felt discouraged. There was again no place for his pen in Boston; and he was obliged to be silent when he felt he could say so much to the purpose. He had been reading manuscript and doing other literary work for "The Atlantic Monthly" in 1860–61; but about this time he lost this occupation.

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[1] Appendix B.

[2] Mr. Robinson, with other antislavery people, was afraid that the South would emancipate first, before Pres. Lincoln saw it to be his duty. Who can say what the difference in the result would have been, if it had seen the issue first, and adopted this wise policy?

The children were now old enough to meet their father at night when he came home with, "Have you got any thing to do yet, papa?" He was for the first time obliged to borrow money to support his family. Some of the Boston merchants, in the fall of 1861, manufactured cloth army-mittens for the soldiers, and furnished them, cut out and ready to sew, to the Soldiers' Aid Societies and to individuals. Thinking that, when such articles as her husband could write were not wanted, it was high time some cheaper talent was called upon to help support the family, Mrs. Robinson secured some of these mittens, and made them at seventy-five cents a dozen. She stitched them on the sewing-machine, the mother-in-law pressed them, and the children turned them. Much of the army work was not done as it should have been; but the employer pronounced this work better done than it need to be. It may seem strange to Mr. Robinson's friends who know nothing of newspaper prices that his circumstances should have been so straitened when he was writing weekly letters and articles in "The Republican" and "Tribune," many of them two columns long. It is the duty of his biographer to explain this matter; and I do it, not in a spirit of complaint, but as an excuse for his poverty. I hope, also, that this explanation may be of benefit to any future "Warrington," so that he may be better cared for in this regard, spared such pecuniary struggles, and saved to do his work a little longer; for it is not easy to find another like him. "The Tribune" letters were five dollars apiece in 1861; the price being afterwards raised to ten dollars a column. The price paid for "The Springfield Republican" letters was two dollars apiece in 1856, and in 1861 four dollars a weekly letter, long or short. In 1865 seven dollars, and in 1867 (after "The Tribune" raised its price) ten dollars, a letter was paid. Finally (after 1870) twelve dollars was reached, which was the highest price the "Warrington" letters ever commanded. For much of his writing, as I have shown, he was paid nothing, gladly giving it without price as his contribution towards the cause of

freedom. He had such an humble estimate of his own labors, that he never complained of the compensation given him. I say "given him;" for he was seldom known to set a price on his writings, and took whatever was offered without demur. Let me say here, that he was always very thankful for the opportunity offered him in "The Republican" to say what he thought; and this was worth more to him than all else. It was considered somewhat wonderful that this newspaper should print what he said, when he spoke so plainly; but in spite of his fierce radicalism, and the complaints of subscribers, no attempt was made to mutilate or alter his letters until 1862, when Mr. Bowles was absent in Europe. The gentleman left in charge of "The Republican" then attempted something of the sort, which resulted in a spicy correspondence. From "Warrington's" answers to this gentleman's letters I have selected the following extracts: —

"If it be your object, as I presume it is, to drive me out of your columns, you can achieve it very easily, and need not make so many words about it. I am mindful of my obligations to my absent friend Mr. Bowles, and shall place the responsibility where it belongs. You cannot place upon me any such alternative as you mention; viz., that I must be subordinate to you (in the sense of agreeing not to 'neutralize,' or attempt to neutralize, the counsels of 'The Republican'), or that you must be subordinate to me. As I have never dreamed of making you subordinate to me, the first horn of the dilemma is wanting; and I should not only feel personally disgraced, but should consider myself a traitor to my country in her hour of need, if I could consent to drag along in the tail of 'events,' floating like a dead fish down the current, instead of trying, man-fashion, to create events, and make that public opinion which shall by and by, if not too late, drag Lincoln up to his duty. Events! — the protests of earnest men against treason and twattle are events. You advise me to look over my letters. I have no time to do so; but I know, without looking, that my opinions have been proved sound, and my predictions have been verified by results. I venture to say, that not in one single particular where I have differed from 'The Republican' have events failed to justify me, and to prove *it* in the wrong. I, and such as I, lead the people along; and you lag behind, and then take credit to yourself for being in harmony with the people whom you have tardily followed. I am obliged to you for expressing an interest in my behalf; but it is

not a matter of choice with me: I *cannot* keep silence, unless I am compelled to. I will add, however, that your policy as to me is an innovation; for, during the six or seven years I have written for 'The Republican,' I have quite as often run against, as in conformity with, its doctrines. I have reason to believe, moreover, that this fact constitutes the principal value of my letters to the paper in a pecuniary point of view. If I write, I must write as I think and feel and 'know.' In matters of taste and expression I will try to improve: but I cannot repress my conviction as to any party in vogue, or any man in power; for I am no man's man, — not even yours, my dear" —

CHAPTER VII.

CLERK OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[1862-1870.]

"Scriptural authority for my office. Palfrey's 'History of New England' gives an account of Cotton's draught of laws for Massachusetts in 1636. He endeavored to find biblical authority for most of its provisions. For instance, 'Every court shall have . . . a secretary to enroll all the acts of the court;' for which the authority is Jer. xxxvi. 10: 'Then read Baruch in the book the words of Jeremiah in the house of the Lord, in the chamber of Gemariah, the son of Shaphan the scribe, in the higher court.'" — WARRINGTON.

When the Republican party came into power, on the election of Mr. Lincoln, a great many men expected to get into office under the new administration; and Mr. Robinson was besieged by many of these office-seekers, who wished to obtain his signature to their petitions, and his indorsement of their claims. He was told by his friends that now was the time to look out for himself; that, for the asking, he could have almost any office in the gift of the Republican party. He, however, declined to ask for any thing; maintaining, now as always, that he "would hold no office to which he was not elected by the votes of the people." On this principle, he had, in several instances, refused proffered situations under government. Gov. Andrew had become interested in him, and was desirous of presenting his name as a candidate for clerk of the House of Representatives. In a letter to Hon. P. W. Chandler, he said, —

"I want to interest you, so far as may be, in the matter of the clerkship of the House of Representatives. I do hope we shall have a good, faithful, honest, working session, nobody's private or public

axes ground at the expense of the Commonwealth, and of just and unimpeachable legislation. One great thing is to get a true man for clerk. There is only one candidate who has yet, to my knowledge, appeared: that is *William S. Robinson*. He is a thoroughly honest man, of large experience in such work, and every way capable. Knowing last spring that Mr. Stowe was not to be a candidate again, I brought the subject to his and Robinson's attention, in the hope that we might, in the coming year, have Mr. Robinson in the service, where I am sure there will be nothing done by him unsuitable or wrong, and no effort unexerted to do right in his office."

Mr. Robinson had lived to see the party which he had labored and sacrificed so much to establish, at last in power. What did he ask of it in return for his services? or what did his friends ask for him? An office to which he must be chosen annually to serve the representatives of the people, and worth, at the most, sixteen hundred dollars a year, including an assistant's pay. Writing of this matter in 1872, he said, —

"In the year 1862, which was the first of my clerkship, my actual salary (i.e., exclusive of the pay of an assistant, paid by myself) was only sixteen hundred dollars. Then for a year or two, and until the work became insupportable, I did without an assistant, and received two thousand dollars. Obliged to employ help, the legislature paid for it. During the war, with a great number of others, we got twenty-four hundred dollars, by means of a percentage; and at last, under a bill 'equalizing' pay, they put us down, without remonstrance, to twenty-two hundred dollars, but, before the session was over, discovered the comparative injustice they had done, and set it at twenty-five hundred dollars. Then, for two or three years, came gratuities. One year, the Senate insisted, for a day or two, in voting its own clerk five hundred dollars extra, and in defeating the same amount which was moved for myself. The two salary bills in one year (one reducing the pay), making a real increase from twenty-four hundred dollars to twenty-five hundred dollars, were the ones Butler[1] went round blathering about in 1871 or 1872."

What would such eminent servants of the people as the gentleman last named have thought of a mere *bagatelle* like this? When remonstrated with for his modesty in being satisfied with so small a return for such great services, he

[1] Ex-Major-Gen. B. F. Butler.

replied, that he thought he could do more good in that position than in any other. He was elected clerk of the House of Representatives in the legislature of 1862, as successor of William Stowe of Springfield, receiving every vote but two, to the surprise of his friends, who expected some opposition from the conservative members. He was full of gratitude to those who had worked so faithfully for him. Among these friends were Henry L. Pierce, Z. M. Crane (who rode two hundred miles to help him), Caleb Waitt (a Democrat from his own town of Malden), Thomas Drew, and numberless others, including members of his "parish" from the western part of the State.[1] To his wife he said, "'The Springfield Republican' letters have brought us a harvest at last." The good fortune was talked over at home among the children. Said one, "*Now* I can go to Boston;" and another, "We can go to the beach again;" while the baby lisped out, "Kirk of the House! — he ain't Kirk of the House: he's *papa*." I never saw him so elated. The pressure of care was at once removed: he assumed all his old buoyancy of spirits, and was almost the same as before his little boy died. In this sudden accession of plenty the parents saw education for the children, and "a new way to pay old debts." Will it be believed that the wife spent the "wee sma' hours" in making the new clerk's old clothes look presentable for the opening of the legislature? He had had good occasion for some time past to practise his axiom, that "economy is honesty." He carried this axiom into the management of the pecuniary affairs of his office, whose expenses, it has been said, were kept at a remarkably low figure, considering the inflation of prices during his term. He resisted the attempts made to increase his own salary or that of other State-house officials on the ground that the people were taxed too much to support the government, and that the salaries of such officers were higher than they ought to be. In 1872, of this matter he writes, —

[1] Mr. Robinson was fond of calling his "Warrington" letters his sermons, and their readers his "parish:" he was always glad to think how much larger it was than that of most preachers.

"I believe that Mr. Gifford and I may congratulate ourselves that the salaries of the Senate and House clerks have been raised only ninety-five per cent in a dozen years or more, while the increase in other State-house salaries has been four hundred or five hundred per cent: and the other expenses appertaining to the offices which we filled, and which he now fills, are only twenty-five or thirty per cent higher; in fact, a smaller increase than in any other department. The stationery bills, I am quite sure, are no larger now than they were a dozen years ago; much less, indeed, than in 1855. Moses Kimball cut off the House knives some years ago, and I found no great difficulty in keeping the item out of the appropriation bill afterward."

Of Mr. Robinson as clerk, the speakers under whom he served bear testimony to his "consummate official service." In his valedictory of 1865 Hon. A. H. Bullock (then speaker) said, —

"I should be insensible to my own consciousness and recollection if I were not especially to declare how uniformly he has aided me, to an extent that has gone far to make my duties almost easy of performance. Whoever shall preside in this chamber, I can wish him no better associate."

Writing of this matter, Mr. G. H. Monroe said, —

"Mr. Robinson soon acquitted himself of any obligation to anybody by his course in this office. It was the State really that was favored. No legislative body ever had a better clerk. He was authority for years among the members; and was decidedly the superior, in knowledge of parliamentary law, to any speaker he ever served with, with, perhaps, one exception."

His bright and cheerful way of addressing the members as they came towards his desk is well remembered. He always had a repartee ready; was often seen joking with the speaker between his rulings; and it was suspected by some that he made a farce out of the proceedings of the Great and General Court. At the same time, he was always ready to lend his assistance to any member, give of his knowledge, and point out the best way to solve difficult questions on legislative matters. It would be impossible to cite the amount of clerical writing done by him during the eleven years of his clerkship. Besides the work belonging to his

office, there is no doubt that many bills and reports relating to legislative action in the great events of those years were drawn up and prepared by him. If his hand could be traced, it might be found in even more important documents.

In 1862 the weekly "Commonwealth" (now belonging to Mr. Slack) was started by the late George L. Stearns, who paid largely for its support during its first year, and used it to advocate the re-election of Charles Sumner, the adoption of the emancipation policy, and the enlistment of colored soldiers. M. D. Conway, F. B. Sanborn, and other writers, had editorial charge of it; and a radical anti-slavery policy was advocated, without regard to the supposed interests of public men. In 1863 F. W. Bird and others undertook to support the paper, and did so until it was given to Mr. Slack. "Warrington," though not employed upon it as a writer, contributed to its columns from the time of its starting, for very little if any compensation, — glad enough to get a chance to say his say again in a Boston newspaper. When its managers were looking for a suitable person to take this paper off their hands, here would seem to have been a chance to provide for a radical antislavery editor who had nothing to do at his favorite vocation. Mr. Robinson, however, never presented his claims; neither the position nor the paper was offered him: and "The Commonwealth" was finally given to Mr. Slack. "Warrington" retained his place as writer, however, for merely a nominal price. Among the articles marked in his scrap-book "Not paid for," those from "The Commonwealth" figure pretty largely. Many of his friends thought, at the time, that the paper should have been placed under his control, if given to anybody; but, probably on account of his lack of the so-called "business faculty," it was passed into other hands. He continued to furnish the fire[1] for "The Commonwealth" for a period of ten or twelve years, during which time the

[1] In 1865 the editor of the Commonwealth had an offer to go to Columbus, O., to edit a paper there, on the strength of some reconstruction articles in this paper written by "Warrington."

"Warrington" letters were copied weekly into that paper from "The Springfield Republican," or, as he said sententiously, "stolen without the permission of the author." For the privilege of republishing these letters, Mr. Robinson was never offered, and never received, a cent. He complained less of this, however, than that his letters were altered to suit the needs of an officeholder's organ. He expressed this himself in 1872: "My letters have been printed for several years in 'The Commonwealth,' but, for a long time past, in such a *garbled* way as to convey little or no idea of their original contents."

In 1863 Mr. Robinson became secretary of the Republican State Committee, and held that office until about 1868. During these years he wrote the addresses, memorials, and (his part of) the resolutions which usually emanate from that body. This was then an important office; for the times demanded that the documents of the State Committee should ably set forth the principles and policy of the Republican leaders. The party in Massachusetts had become as progressive on the antislavery question as even "Warrington" could desire; and these documents expounded most forcibly the doctrines upon which the party was established, and for which it labored. He remained secretary of this committee so long as the leaders of the party were in sympathy with his opinions: when that was no longer the case, he resigned.

The forming of colored regiments was among the great events of the year 1863. It was a pathetic sight to see the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (the first colored regiment) march through the streets of Boston, bound for Newbern, N.C. Three hundred of them, it was said, were fugitive slaves, mostly from the West. They had a cowed look, as if used to beseeching: they did not look among the crowd with the eager, hungry gaze of the white soldier, as if in search of a friendly face. Poor fellows! many of them had never known a friend. But here and there a colored woman, with proud and joyful look, walked by the side of her soldier. The lieutenant-colonel of this regiment said he did not see

that the black soldier differed much from the white one. They found fault with their rations; were inclined to shirk; some were lazy; and all wanted their pay, much after the manner of white soldiers. History has kept the record of how well they fought and died for their country.

It would seem that God was ready for our armies to be victorious, since the "iron-skin brigade" had hardly begun to fight when victory was ours. Grant advanced; Meade pursued Lee back into Virginia; and the cry, "On to Richmond!" uttered prematurely a year or two before, began to sound in earnest. "One Meade," as he was called, had commanded only one week, and Gettysburg was fought and won. "Was ever a reputation made so quickly!" said "Warrington." Vicksburg and Port Hudson surrendered, and all was no longer "quiet on the Potomac." The South grew poorer as the North became richer and more prosperous. Confederate scrip was given by the peck for a gold dollar, while money was plenty at the North with gold at 2.25. Fortunes were made every day, and "shoddy" began to be a significant word. The soldier sent home his pay; and families, that, before the war, had only the bare necessities of life, now revelled in luxury. While at the South almost every man and boy was a conscript, our quota was filled without a second draft, as "Warrington" had said could easily be done; and

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,"

was sung in every town and city at the North. Many a young man, trained from his cradle in antislavery principles, enlisted for the sole purpose of "getting one good lick at slavery." The people were right at last, and led the dominant party along the line of freedom. Even the conservative portion, who had so long objected to the needed medicine, were now willing, as it was coarsely expressed, to "swallow the negro." Pres. Lincoln's edict of emancipation had been put in force Jan. 1, 1863;[1] and the

[1] The edict of emancipation had been promulgated in September,

"peculiar institution" was becoming a thing of the past. No fault was found now with "Warrington's" writings. He had plenty of offers to write for newspapers; and, as events crowded upon each other, his opinion, said to be of more value than fifty newspapers, was eagerly sought and extensively quoted.

In May, 1864, Gen. Grant had made the declaration, which will go far to save his name from oblivion, that he would "fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," and was in hot pursuit of Gen. Lee. Atlanta was taken in September, and Sheridan was marching towards victory. Gold went down, provisions cheapened; and in December Savannah surrendered, and the "back of the rebellion was broken." Gen. McClellan had been nominated for President (in 1864) by the "Copperhead" party, in opposition to Abraham Lincoln. There was great political excitement over this election: frauds at the ballot-box (*then* a new infamy) were anticipated; and, to prevent illegal voting, the polls were guarded by armed soldiers in New York, Chicago, and other doubtful cities. The intense excitement at this time cannot be appreciated or described except by those who were witnesses. Women and children were as interested as legal voters; for it was felt by all that the fate of the country depended upon the continuation of Mr. Lincoln's administration, and the success of the policy of emancipation. When Mr. Robinson returned from the polls on election-day, he brought home a McClellan and a Lincoln presidential ticket; and, calling his children out into the garden, he

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1862. For the ratification-meeting at Faneuil Hall "Warrington" wrote the resolutions. One of them was as follows:—

"*Resolved*, That we rejoice with unspeakable joy that the cause of the country is now seen to be the cause of universal and impartial freedom; that liberty and union are henceforth and forever made one and inseparable by the glorious proclamation of the 22d of September; that the edict which gives freedom to three millions of enslaved men strikes, at the same moment, a fatal blow at the most wicked rebellion ever known in history. We thank the President for this great act, which is not less one of statesmanship and justice than of the most imperative military necessity. God bless Abraham Lincoln!"

stuck the McClellan ticket on a hook, and set fire to it, while the children gave three cheers for "old Abe," — "to teach them," he said, "their political duty in their youth." An anecdote will illustrate how the uneducated voter is misled by electioneering buncombe. A few days after election, an adopted fellow-citizen remarked, "I don't see as things are much higher since." — "Since what?" asked Mr. Robinson. "Why," said he, "they told me, that, if Lincoln was elected again, things would be so high, that we couldn't get any thing for our money: but it ain't true; for they ain't quite so high as they *was*." Mr. Lincoln was re-elected by a majority unexpectedly large, McClellan getting only twenty out of the two hundred and forty electoral votes. Gov. Andrew was also re-elected.[1]

Jan. 6, 1865, Charleston was evacuated, and the old flag once more floated over Fort Sumter. Wilmington had been captured, and Sherman was marching northward. March 20, 1865, the Rebel Congress adjourned *sine die;* and in May the Confederate President, Jeff Davis, was taken prisoner by Lieut.-Col. Pritchard of the Fourth Michigan.[2] The Con-

[1] In his inaugural of 1865, Gov. Andrew made a memorable suggestion with regard to a portion of the citizens of Massachusetts. He said, "I know of no more useful object to which the Commonwealth can lend its aid than that of a movement adopted in a practical way to open the door of emigration to young women, who are wanted for teachers, and for every other appropriate as well as domestic employment, in the remote West, but who are leading anxious and aimless lives in New England." By the "anxious and aimless" women, it was supposed that the governor meant the widowed, single, or otherwise unrepresented portion of the female citizens of the Commonwealth. This advice was kindly offered, no doubt; but it was received by those for whom it was intended as unasked advice is apt to be. Some members of the legislature, however, thought more favorably of it; and it was currently reported that a member of the Senate actually made the following proposition: "That the 'anxious and aimless' should assemble on the Common on a certain day of the year, and that Western men who wanted wives should be invited to come here and select them." Legislators who make such propositions do not foresee the time when those nearest and dearest to them may be classed among the superfluous or "anxious and aimless" women.

[2] Mr. Greeley, in his American Conflict, denies the story that Jef-

federates were about to arm their slaves; but it was too late. April 2, Richmond fell; and on the 9th Lee surrendered his army, and Pres. Lincoln went to the front. On Feb. 4, 1865, Abraham Lincoln had consummated the crowning act of his great and noble life by signing the amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting slavery forever. Gov. Andrew had ordered, that, as soon as the telegraph should announce that the President had affixed his signature, a hundred guns should be fired on Boston Common, and the church-bells should be rung.

The people of the North were filled with unspeakable joy and thankfulness. Great illuminations were planned; but the lamps of victory were not to be lighted, and the people used the "oil of joy for mourning." The good President was assassinated April 14 (1865), and by his tragic death the joy was turned to sorrow. But for him — he had gone, in the annals of his country, again and forever to the front. The war was now over, and in September our troops began to disband. The Fifty-fourth had proved itself as good a fighting regiment as if its soldiers had not been colored. It came home without its brave, young, fair-haired colonel, who was killed in the vanguard of liberty for the negro race.[1] In December the regiments paraded to the tune, "When Johnny comes marching home again," and delivered up their tattered colors, stained with the blood of many a fallen comrade, and returned to their homes and their vocations. In many cases, their old situations were open to them; and they took up the hammer, the trowel, the hoe, or the pen, as if they had lain them down but yesterday. Said Wendell Phillips, "There never was such a thing known before in the history of the world as so large an army of soldiers disbanding, and returning peacefully to the environments of civil life."

The soldiers had done their part well; and now came the

ferson Davis tried to evade pursuit by concealing his sex (and his offences) in his wife's garments.

[1] Robert G. Shaw.

time for statesmen and politicians to do theirs. The radical portion of the Republican party had no faith in Pres. Johnson, over whose conduct, both in public and private, they had good reason to mourn. Reconstruction must be considered, and all its difficulties and dangers must be met. At the Republican Convention at Worcester, in September, 1865, Mr. Robinson offered this resolution, which was the keynote of the situation: —

"*Resolved*, That the entire pacification of the country, and the restoration of order, is an object of the first importance, and one which requires the exercise of the most deliberate and cautious wisdom in order that there may be no necessity of retracing our steps; and we agree with the Republicans of Pennsylvania, who, in their recent State Convention, expressed the conviction that the people lately in revolution cannot safely be intrusted with the political rights which they forfeited by their treason, until they have proved their acceptance of the results of the war by incorporating them in constitutional provisions, and securing to all men within their borders the inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and we call upon Congress, before whom must speedily come the whole question of re-organizing the Southern communities, to see to it that the loyal people, white and black, shall have the most perfect guaranties for safety before any final steps are taken toward the re-admission of the revolted people of the South to their forfeited rights."

This was very extensively quoted and talked about; one gentleman saying before a Methodist Sunday school, that "the best gospel he had seen for a long time was the resolulution passed at the Worcester Convention."

Members of the legislature of 1863, in appreciation of his services as clerk, presented Mr. Robinson with a gold watch and chain. In response to the presentation-speech, he said, —

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, — I have endeavored, but in vain, to collect my thoughts together, somewhat jaded as they have been by the fatigues of the last two days of the session, sufficiently to make a suitable response to this gift and the kind expression which accompanies it. You will not expect me to make a speech. I had, indeed, applied to one or two young members of the bar, some of whom made such eloquent speeches on the Navy

Bill; and they had partly promised to make a speech for me: but they have failed to come. In this emergency, just as the speaker was concluding his eloquent remarks, I luckily remembered the burden of a German proverb, which I thought might serve as an excuse for myself on this occasion: 'Speech is silvern; but silence is golden.' I thought that perhaps it might have been made by the originator of it for some similar occasion, and intended to indicate that he who receives silver pitchers, goblets, and services, should make eloquent speeches, and he who receives watches should keep mum. I cannot fail, however, to add my testimony to that of the speaker as to the promptness and admirable manner in which the business of the session has been conducted, and to express the belief that the Blue Book, when it appears, consisting as it does of two sets, — public acts and private axes, — will be honorable to the legislature. With these remarks, sir, as complimentary as I am able to make them, and not more complimentary than the members of the legislature deserve, — to you, gentlemen, individually and collectively, and to you, sir, for the kind manner in which you have expressed yourself, — I return my sincere and heartfelt thanks."

The watch is inscribed as follows: —

"Presented to William S. Robinson, Clerk of the House of Representatives, by the members, Boston, 1863."

He was re-elected clerk in 1864, every vote being cast for him. Conscious of the ill feeling occasioned by his sharp censures upon individual members, he was every year surprised by the unanimity of the House in his favor, and wondered that some movement was not started to prevent his re-election. To show by how slender a tenure his bread and butter was held, I may say that every year the members of his family went through the same phases of mind when he said, as usual, "I may not be re-elected: I wonder I have held the office so long." The children always hoped that he would keep it until they were old enough to go to work. In May, 1864, by invitation of Gov. Gilmore, Mr. Robinson went to Concord, N.H., to assist in starting a daily newspaper, "The Concord Monitor." Gov. Gilmore wrote, that, if he had wanted a man to be the mere tool of a faction, he should never have applied to him. What he wished was to make a thoroughly "live" and independent paper, which

would be an uncompromising advocate of the Union cause and of the national administration. Mr. Robinson staid in Concord a month, until the paper was well launched, and then returned home, satisfied that the field of usefulness was not so large in New Hampshire as in Massachusetts. He said, "Massachusetts is the place for ideas, and the place to which men look for ideas. The men of ideas ought to stay here, I think; and I, as one of the men who write, ought to stay here also, and express their ideas."

In 1865 a movement was begun by Mr. Robinson's friends to use his name as candidate for secretary of state. Several newspapers urged his claims, and influential friends tried to persuade him to consider the subject. One of them wrote, —

"Give it your best consideration. It is a better place than yours. It is a comfortable office, in which you could make others do the work, and yourself have more time for literary work."

Though assured that he could get the nomination without any effort on his part, he refused to have his name used. He was disposed, as usual, to "let well enough alone;" and besides, he did not wish to do any thing to hurt Mr. Warner, the incumbent, who was his personal friend. It was jocosely remarked of this matter, that it would be safe to offer a premium for another man in the State who would let such an office as this go a-begging. In 1866 "The New-York Tribune" made "Warrington" the offer of ten dollars a column for weekly letters, and articles "to be written as often as you please, and as sharp and pointed as you please." He was receiving but seven dollars apiece for his "Warrington" letters, many of them over two columns long; and being anxious to educate his children, and pay for his home, he thought it his duty to accept this proposition. He accordingly informed Mr. Bowles of this determination; wrote what he called his last letter in "The Republican;" and on Jan. 1, 1867, began the "Warrington" letters in "The Tribune." Only a few of these letters, however, were published over this *nom de plume*, Mr.

Bowles having demurred to its use in the columns of "The Tribune;" and they were, therefore, continued without signature. Meanwhile, members of his flock were constantly inquiring at "The Republican" office for "'Warrington,' that long-Tom down in Boston Harbor;" and its editor expressed so many kind regrets at losing him, that he wavered in his determination. Finally his warm affection for his "parish," with whom he felt so much at home and in sympathy, decided him; and he returned to "The Republican," thinking, no doubt, as he afterwards expressed it, that he was "like Andrew Fairservice in this, — that, if the editor of 'The Republican' did not know when he had a good correspondent, I knew when I had a good 'medium' for communication with the public, and a tolerant, kind, and gentlemanly friend."

"Warrington" has been criticised for opposing what he called the narrow and impracticable policy of the prohibitionists; but, on the other hand, no one ever opposed "free rum" more than he, both in his writings and in his public and private life. In 1867, in opposition to the prohibitory law and the State constabulary, a free (*secret*) rum organization was started, called the "P. L. L.'s;" and this he was never weary of opposing. Its members threatened him with loss of office, if he continued the fight; and a sachem in their counsels called at his house one day to take him to task for something he had written. Mr. Robinson sat quietly, and heard his visitor talk, for at least half an hour, answering only, "I suppose so," or "I don't know;" the latter being a favorite expression behind which he hid his opinions. After the "sachem" left, the children, who were present during the interview, asked, "Why didn't *you* say something, papa?" — "I don't know," said he, smiling knowingly. The next week's letter in "The Republican" contained his answer.

At the election of clerk of the House in 1868, this party, as they had threatened, opposed Mr. Robinson. An old Know-Nothing enemy of his (a member of this secret order)

received eighty-one votes. "The Republican" said of the result of this contest, that it "was a handsome success for the indomitable 'Warrington,' who had not only the bummers of the P. L. L. faction down upon him, but some parties of high and low degree in official station who were incensed at the freedom of his strictures." The loss of his office, forever threatened, was again, for a time, prevented. Free criticism of parties, individuals, and secret conclaves, was not then considered by a majority of the members of the House of Representatives a sufficient offence to offset the good and regular standing of a member of the Republican party.

The woman-suffrage question was first presented to the legislature of Massachusetts at the Constitutional Convention of 1853 by a petition of Mrs. Abby B. Alcott[1] and other women, "that they may be allowed to vote on the amendments to be made to the Constitution." This request was a novel one, and, so far as known to the committee, was the first ever presented to any government or other political organization. The reasoning was able, and presented the case in an unanswerable manner. It was voted inexpedient to legislate upon the question, and the *reasoning*[2] was struck out by a vote of 108 to 44. This was establishing an unfortunate precedent with regard to this question; for from that time, whenever it has come before our legislative bodies, it has met the same fate, — to have all just reasoning and argument stricken out, and to be decided by unreasoning yeas and nays. Mr. Robinson's official connection with the enfranchisement of woman began in 1868, when, with the assistance of Mr. F. W. Bird (a member of the legislature),

[1] Sister of Samuel J. May, and wife of A. Bronson Alcott of Concord, Mass.

[2] The committee to whom the petition was referred made a report to the House, containing the *reasons* set forth by the petitioners, and the committee's *reasons* for refusing it. These reasons were struck out by a vote of 108 to 44, and "report that it is inexpedient for this convention to take any action in relation thereto" was all there was left of it.

he caused a woman-suffrage measure to be introduced into the House of Representatives, when it appeared for the first time in the orders of the day, and was defeated, one-third of the House only voting in favor.[1]

He continued all through his official life to draw the attention of legislators to this important subject, and to do all in his power to further its interests. He wrote memorials to the legislature, reports of committees, and helped secure committee-rooms for hearings. His position as clerk of the House gave him great opportunities to help at the right time; and, by wise management, he brought the subject out of the limbo of contempt to which it had hitherto been doomed by the representatives of the people.[2] While "Warrington" remained in office, the woman question always had a friend at court. Gov. Claflin, in his inaugural of 1871, was the first person to officially present to the consideration of the people of the Commonwealth the subject of woman's rights as a citizen. "Warrington" firmly believed in the political equality of the sexes, and surprised his friends by the soundness of his arguments, and the depth of his reasoning, on the subject. Many

[1] This year (1877) the Woman-suffrage Bill was defeated by a vote of 122 to 83, or a two-fifths vote of the whole House. This is a gain of one-fifteenth (or 6⅔%) in ten years; and, as a two-thirds vote is necessary to get a bill through the House, according to this calculation the woman-suffrage cause will be successful in about forty years. This can be seen by the following proposition: 6⅔%: 26⅔%:: ten years — and forty years will be found as the answer to what may be called this "Stebbins" problem. This would be disheartening, even if the premises were correct, and we were sure that the votes cast in its favor in 1868 represented the real opinions and convictions of that legislature. Mr. Robinson, in speaking of this matter, said, that probably not so many members would have voted in favor of the bill of 1868 if they had supposed there was any danger of its being carried. The *hopeful* signs, on the other hand, are, that the representatives of the people show more and more decision of opinion on both sides of the question. The little gain we have made in ten years encourages us to believe that we shall go faster by and by; the law of momentum being, that any moving body starting from a vacuum (the heavier the better) increases in speed as it advances in its course.

[2] It was moved by a member of the House of 1869 that it be referred to the Committee on Graveyards.

of them who did not view the question from his stand-point found it hard to appreciate his conviction as to its importance. In his early writings he had advocated the movement, and his later writings are still stronger in its favor. The last public action he took was in a committee meeting convened to devise new methods for advancing the cause of woman-suffrage. As he lost faith in the power of political parties for good, and as his belief in their leaders became shaken, he was more and more convinced of woman's capacity for government and self-government, and of the need that existed for her co-operation in public affairs. "No other cause," he said, "could supersede the woman cause in importance, any more than any educational movement could supersede the governmental question." A letter of political advice, written by him in September, 1875, reads as follows: —

"I wish you would tell Foster and Garrison that I think switching off upon the suffrage for tax-paying women a sacrifice of principle, and a very bad example to set to other States. Don't let us be led away to such *simulcra* of reform. It is all wrong. I would flatly vote against any such proposition. Even if it could be carried, it would not forward the general cause; for the tax-paying women would rest there, or a majority of them turn up their noses at their weaker sisters, and do as the tax-paying men of Rhode Island (for example) have been doing ever since their constitution was passed, — keep the non-tax paying men in the background. The true ground of principle is EQUALITY OF RIGHTS with man. Humanity is a unit: one glory and one shame. Democracy means *by*, *of*, and *for* the people; and the people are men and women subject to rules, as to age and residence, to be imposed only by general consent. This was the origin of the exclusion of women from voting, — general consent, even of women themselves, founded on the supposition that only an infinitesimally small number, if any, would ever want it, and the idea that they would always be in what was called a domestic sphere. Both these reasons are now gone. Large numbers of them now demand suffrage; and their sphere of operations and enterprise is widened, so that they not only have the *right*, which they always had, but an increasing fitness, for civil life and government, of which the ballot is but the sign and symbol. Don't let us abandon the fundamental idea for any idea that parties will help us from fear or favor, or that seeming gain to a part is any thing but a drawback to the rest. As for parties, they don't fear you or love you yet. It is quite impossible

that either party should ever grant presidential suffrage alone. If it passed an election, it would be overthrown by Congress or the courts. It is just what the court at Washington would require for tipping over the law. Don't vote for or aid rascals or quacks merely because they pretend friendship. The cause has not got rooted deeply enough in the minds of the VOTERS to make much head-way or mind-way at the polls; and there is so little experience in politics among the women, and so much dishonesty among party leaders, that the difficulties are very great. You ask if you shall go for a prohibitory or a labor candidate, provided he is for suffrage. By no means (if you take my advice), unless he has other qualifications. I, for several years, have scratched all unfit candidates; and I am too old, I hope, to advise any one to vote blindly, or to give pledges. I hold to my old opinion, that, if there is to be any meddling with politics at all, a new party, even if it does not get a hundred votes (and it would not get more), would be the best. Following the Republican party is like the sea-voyager who lashed himself to the anchor to escape."

In the Grant campaign of 1868, Connecticut was considered a very doubtful State. Gen. Hawley of "The Hartford Courant" was detailed by the National Republican Committee as a speaker for the campaign, and consented to serve on condition that "Warrington" should be secured to take his place on "The Courant." Mr. Robinson, desiring to increase his income for the purpose of sending his children to a private school, after much urging from Gen. Hawley and from a member of the National Committee, finally consented to go. He began work on "The Courant" Sept. 10, 1868, with a leader and some squibs against the Copperheads. The leading Democratic paper in Hartford the next day accused "The Courant" of having imported "an editor of the boiled-down, disunionist, old-style, brimstone, Garrison-and-Phillips school, from somewhere up in Massachusetts, named Robinson." He wrote home, "I am here for the hard and earnest work of the campaign; and if I feel well, and like to stay, I shall try to give the Copperhead papers enough to say." He staid in Hartford six weeks, and wrote, on the average, a column and a half a day. For this service he received two hundred dollars (including expenses); and, when Connecticut was saved to the Republicans, no doubt he thought himself well paid.

Mr. Robinson was not so much elated over the election of Pres. Grant as some of his more sanguine political friends. He thought it a matter of expediency; that, if the Republicans had not nominated him, the Democrats would have done so; that Grant would have accepted either nomination, and been sure of election in either case. Charles Sumner's election to the Senate for the third time was secured in 1868; and on this occasion he wrote to Mr. Robinson as follows: —

COOLIDGE HOUSE, Sunday, Nov. 8, 1868.

MY DEAR CORRESPONDENT, — I am happy in your personal sympathy on the recent election. The contrast between that first election to the Senate and the present promise is mighty. Few things like it in the life of a public man.

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

On Mr. Robinson's fiftieth birthday (Dec. 7, 1868), his friends, wishing to give him a substantial testimonial of their appreciation of his services, held a reception, in honor of the occasion, at the house of Mr. F. W. Bird, in Boston. Many friends who had been associated with him in public were there to greet him; and congratulatory letters were received from more than a hundred gentlemen. A few selections will show their character. Mr. J. M. Earle of Worcester wrote, —

"I could not deny myself the opportunity, presented by the proposed testimonial to W. S. Robinson, Esq., of throwing in my mite, as a token of appreciation of the ability, and steady, unwavering fidelity and persistence, with which he has advocated and defended sound political principles, from the time when he created a reputation for Schouler, in "The Lowell Journal," down to the present day. There have been times when it required no ordinary share of pluck, nerve, and moral courage, to stand firm in defence of the right; and he has always proved true."

Lieut.-Gov. John Nesmith, an old "Lowell American" friend, wrote, —

"Give him my thanks for his long and valuable services in the cause of right and justice, ever guiding public opinion the way it ought to go, rather than following it in the wrong, — a practice too common with writers for the press."

William Stowe of Springfield wrote, —

"We all love Bill, who know him. But, as Bowles observed, he has never abused many of us up here, and, of course, cannot expect a very liberal harvest."

Bishop Haven said, —

"He has declined offices that would have led to wealth, that he might keep his pen clear for the duty laid upon it. His party has grown rich and powerful; and its ablest penman still occupies the comparatively humble position of clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives."

Mr. F. B. Sanborn said of this birthday affair, in "The Springfield Republican," —

"The general feeling was, that an act of justice had been done to one of the men faithful to a good cause through evil and good report, and who owed his position and influence to no accident, but to his own talents, and force of character. The sting of his arrows was forgotten; and the men whom he had laughed at, and those he would laugh at hereafter, joined in commendation of the Middlesex Diogenes, whose name in English is 'Warrington.'"

The address, written by Mr. F. W. Bird, was as follows: —

William S. Robinson. *Dear Friend*, — We are honored in being selected to represent the friends who are gathered here, and many others who are absent, on this fiftieth anniversary of your birthday. Believe us, no mere conventional observance prompts this gathering. The close of half a century of your life presents a fit occasion, for which we have impatiently waited, for bearing testimony to our sense of public services, private virtues, and personal worth. For twenty years, or upwards, many of us have known you well. No twenty years in the history of Massachusetts and the country have been so full of great movements, — of movements especially testing the courage, the sagacity, the fidelity, of men so largely and intimately connected with public affairs as you have been. We are inspired with new faith in the permanency and beneficence of republican institutions, when we remember that you derived no aid for the duties you have done from academical studies or professional training. None the less assiduously, — all the more vigorously, perhaps, — you have drawn so deep from the wells of English undefiled, that you may well congratulate yourself that you wasted no precious years in the toilsome drudgery which precedes even the shallowest draught at the ancient classic fountains.

Our children, who will enter the land of promise after these forty years of painful wanderings through the wilderness, can never know the price their fathers paid for this freedom. You know how these perilous times have tried men's souls. We remember, if you do not, how bravely you have borne your part in this great contest. We remember, — for most of us were with you "out in the '48;" though some of us clung for a few years longer to the hope that salvation might come to our political Israel out of the Nazareth of the old parties, just as we were behind the farther-seeing pioneers of previous years, — we remember with what enthusiam you joined the devoted band who led a forlorn hope in Massachusetts in protesting against the subserviency of both the great political parties to slavery, and what yeoman service you rendered in the three-years' battle which rescued the old Bay State from her ignoble alliance with the slave-power. *You* bearded the lion in his very den; for, if there was one spot in Massachusetts where it was more dangerous than in any other to follow independent convictions, that spot was Lowell. Wealth, political preferment, social position, personal comfort, — all that, speaking after the manner of men, enters into the aspirations of a young man, — were at the disposal of the controlling dynasties: but you turned your back upon them all, though sorely needing them all; choosing rather to suffer afflictions with the votaries of equal rights, than to enjoy the pleasures of popular favor for a season.

We remember, when the tornado of 1854 swept over the State, how bravely you breasted the storm, cheerfully accepting banishment from public affairs, rather than to accede to the denial of equal rights before the law on account of race or creed; and, during the six years that succeeded that morbid paroxysm, — the *sequelæ* of the disease, more obstinate, and often more fatal, than the disease itself, — you kept the faith: and, when the re-action came; when the people of Massachusetts, with awakened traditions, convictions, and instincts, placed Andrew in the chair of Winthrop and Hancock, — we remember how large the share you bore in shaping the policy which gave to Massachusetts the five proudest years of her history.

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit. These things, and more than these, we shall always love to remember; and it is because we remember them that we are here to-night, in imperfect token of our appreciation of your services to the rights of man. Few men in the country, no man in Massachusetts, held so prominent a position as a journalist as you have held for the last twenty years. During that time you have discussed, freely and fearlessly, all the great public questions, more especially those of a political, social, and moral character, which have agitated the community; and no man has written so little which his friends would wish to blot, or taken so few positions from which he has been compelled to retreat. Your criticisms of

measures and men, though unsparing, have been so free from prejudice or ill-will, — so manifestly prompted by honest conviction, and so almost uniformly found, sooner or later, to be in accordance with the soundest public policy, — that you have never forfeited the confidence and esteem of any of the subjects of your criticisms whose confidence and esteem are worth preserving. Perhaps the rarest but most valuable quality of a public journalist is the criticism of the public acts of our political friends. It is easy and safe to attack our enemies: it is a brave but most salutary test of fidelity and courage to rebuke our friends. To this, the highest duty of personal and political friendship, you have ever been faithful; and yet there is no man who more fully possesses the confidence and regard of the public men whom Massachusetts delights to honor. Ever just to the earnest and true, your fertile and caustic pen has been the terror of pretenders, political, literary, or social, and of the false-hearted, high or low, till you have earned the right to boast, —

> "Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
> Men not afraid of God afraid of me."

Without reflections of unmixed sadness, and without forebodings, you enter the period of lengthening shadows. The struggles of early years are followed by the comfortable rewards of industry and frugality. Domestic life, so dear to your nature, offers to you all that is expressed by that precious word "home." The acquisitions of many years of varied studies, to be enriched through the maturer life upon which you are just entering, will ripen into a rich harvest for memory and meditation in the tranquil evening which follows a tranquil life. And now, old and dear friend, in behalf of your friends here, and of many others who have expressed regret that they are unavoidably absent, we present to you these inadequate tokens of our regard. I should be glad, if it were proper, to give the names of every friend who is represented in these gifts. Gifts! — payments, rather, of debts we all owe, which this testimonial feebly discharges. I shall be pardoned, however, for saying that this fund was made up of purely free-will offerings; and every contribution was prompted by sincere personal regards and cordial political sympathies.

Salve et vale! Hail and farewell! Farewell to the past, forgetting its rude experiences, and cherishing only its rich and blessed memories. Hail to the great hereafter, with its duties and responsibilities, its trials and triumphs. We have no misgivings as to your future. The great cause to which your life has been devoted will make ever new demands upon its votaries, and will continue to reward faithful service with its choicest benedictions. We pray that a kind Providence may add, for you and yours, all the needed comforts of worldly life; that as you draw nearer the shores of that broad

ocean we must sail so soon, with an unfaltering trust in the good Father of all, you may commit the keeping of your souls in well-doing to him, as unto a faithful Creator; and

> "When, soon or late, you reach that coast,
> O'er life's rough ocean driven,
> Oh! may you meet, no wanderer lost,
> A family in heaven."

FRANCIS W. BIRD.
ROBERT K. POTTER.
EDWARD W. KINSLEY.

BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1868.

To these complimentary opinions Mr. Robinson responded, expressing surprise at the exuberant generosity of his friends, and protesting that the importance of his services, and his merits as a journalist, had been exaggerated. He said that he himself could have written a more truthful account of what he had done than the gentleman before him. As for sacrifice, he was not conscious of having made any worth mentioning. He was certain that in the task of critic, which he had performed for some years, there were many compensations; and that he thought, on the whole, he had enjoyed it at least as much as those he had criticised. He supposed, however, that exaggeration was pardonable among radicals; and he was sincerely grateful for the friendship which would permit such kind things to be said of him. He thanked his friends, present and absent, who had shown their good-will in the testimonial, which he was proud to receive.[1] He loved his friends, and, like the ancient philosopher, would rather have a real friend than a horse or a dog, yea, than all the gold of Darius. He wrote, "Beautiful is patriotism; beautiful is a cold-blooded sense of duty: but, on the whole, I think that friendship — live, heart-to-heart loyalty — is quite

[1] The gifts to "Warrington," his wife, and family, were a marble mantle-clock, three gold watches, a silver watch, a thousand-dollar bond, and two hundred dollars in greenbacks. He was very much pleased at this demonstration on the part of his friends; and, while the substantial gifts were appreciated, the love and loyalty which prompted them were more in his thought.

as beautiful, and quite as useful in this world, hard enough at the best."

These were "Warrington's" times of power. It is not too much to say, that, during the years of his clerkship, few men could have held high public office in Massachusetts without his advice or suggestion, such was the controlling influence of his pen. He wrote men into place and position, who, but for him, would never have been brought to public notice. He was called the "Warwick" of Massachusetts. His was the power behind the throne, — sometimes the veto-power, — ever exercised unselfishly for the good of the people. It is difficult to estimate his influence upon his time, or the force he brought into the political affairs of the day.

Manomet is a small watering-place on the shore of Cape-Cod Bay, near Plymouth, where, during the clerkship years, Mr. Robinson with his family spent his summer vacation. He wrote of it as follows: —

"It is as good a place as can be found for a family refuge, where can be enjoyed fishing, bathing, bowling, clam-bakes, out-of-door sports and rambles, in-door music, cards, and charades, with an excellent chance to witness the old-fashioned but ever new-fashioned perennial practice of courting and love-making; where the whistle of the railroad-train or the clink of the canakin is not heard, but where the right to play whist is as unstained as the right to worship, which the Pilgrims found and left in the old town of which Manomet forms a part. Daniel Webster used to sail thither from his home in Marshfield, enjoy the fishing in the deep bay, and eat the famous chowders made by Mr. Holmes, father of the present proprietor. If it had not been for his hankering after the presidency, he might have been living now, and fishing in peace and quiet along these shores; his ambition for that empty office having not only cost him his life, but most of his early-earned honors. Research failed to gather any reminiscences of this great man. The skipper of the place, however, recalled that once Mrs. Webster came there with her famous husband, and, while sailing on the bay, dropped her handkerchief into the water, causing him (the skipper) much trouble in tacking and veering to reclaim it."

Mr. F. W. Bird introduced "Warrington" at Manomet in the summer of 1860; and he, with other political friends, was in the habit of going there during the following years.

Here a great deal of political planning was done. Said "Warrington" in 1868, —

"One of our choicest reminiscences of politics is the planning of the campaign at that place, with Adin Thayer, F. W. Bird, and one or two other radicals, which resulted in the nomination of Mr. Sumner for senator by the State Convention of 1862. This was a bold and somewhat risky plot, for such a thing had never been ventured on before, and, with Mr. Dana and the conservatives generally in well-known opposition, required, as we thought and still think, no little courage. J. Q. A. Griffin was thought a fit man for chairman of the committee on resolutions; and those who remember how successfully he met Mr. Dana's careful tactics and shrewdly-put arguments know how well the result justified the selection. The success of the scheme was due, however, of course, to the fact that the people, who were represented, were for Mr. Sumner by a large majority. The merit of the radicals was in knowing this fact, and determining that the popular will should not be frustrated by adverse management, and the popular impulse defeated in the succeeding legislature. This successful movement paralyzed the 'People's Movement,' which would have become, under a different policy, much more formidable. It put a stop to the milk-and-water system of 1861, which had already begun to be mischievous; and gave tone to the politics of the country in no inconsiderable degree."

The first gun in the Butler campaign of 1871 was fired from Manomet.

His practice of always speaking from his own identity, and calling people and things by their right names, caused "Warrington" to be called the most personal of writers. Speaking of personal and impersonal writing (in 1859), he said, —

"I call this impersonality talk all 'cant.' It is cant peculiar to two or three New-York papers. I would like to know why the press should be impersonal any more than the pulpit. We should think it odd, if, whenever we go to church, a voice should issue from behind the pulpit, and give us doctrine and morals, without letting us know from whose lips it came. We might be inveigled into listening to Kalloch while fondly believing that it was Father Taylor or Dr. Neale. He who has a reform on his hands must not shrink from personalities."

Mr. Robinson never felt the least ill-will towards the persons he criticised, or looked for any ill-will towards himself

in return. Of his many controversies with public men, that with his friend Bishop Haven will best illustrate this phase of his character. These two seldom agreed as to political methods; and the prohibitory question was always a bone of contention (in "Zion's Herald" and "The Republican") between them. But their hottest controversy was over the unfortunate Richardson and MacFarland affair. Dr. Haven took the ground that Mrs. MacFarland, however ill treated, had no right to leave her husband, or marry another man. He looked only at the common Bible-view of the question,—namely, "whom God hath joined;" forgetting the occasion when Jesus said to the woman who had had five husbands, "Thou sayest truly, the man thou livest with now is *not* thy husband." "Warrington" defended Mrs. MacFarland on the latter ground; arguing from the patent fact, that man, and not God, had joined MacFarland and his wife together. Haven accused "Warrington" of being a "free-lover," and of not keeping the seventh commandment; to which he retorted by calling the bishop an "assassin." The public, doubtless, supposed these two writers to be at swords'-points; but, instead, Dr. Haven, who lived in the same town, would almost every evening show his sonсy face at Mr. Robinson's door; and the two warm friends would fight their battles over again, laugh at what they had written, and congratulate each other on the tactics used in this pen warfare. One evening, one of Mr. Robinson's children refused his proffered hand on entering; saying, "You called my father a free-lover."—"He called me an assassin," retorted Dr. Haven, boy-fashion. "Well," was the reply, "I had rather be called an assassin than a free-lover."—"So had I," quoth the bishop. Upon that they shook hands. Then said Dr. Haven to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, "I am glad to say that free-love (as a practice) does not get into your house; for you are almost as completely one as if orthodox in all other respects."

"Warrington" had a humble opinion of his labors. He would not allow that any thing he did was more than "middling good." When asked why he did not publish a volume

of his letters, he replied, "They are not worth it: there are too many books already." He did not take credit for much of his official writing, particularly that which he did as secretary of the State Convention. Very few knew by whose hand those stirring addresses and appeals to the people during war-time were written. Of his domestic life during the years he held the clerkship, the annals are uneventful. Happy in being free from pecuniary care, with the columns of an influential paper open to him wherein to say what he chose, his opinions treated with that respect which position and office give, and his country at last on the right road towards its high destiny, he was satisfied. He never mentioned his early trials, but to laugh at them as "part of the discipline." His prosperity never changed the simplicity and modesty of his surroundings. When advised to make some addition to his furniture, or some change in his house, such as his neighbors thought indispensable, he said, "*We* should look well buying such things as those." He made a similar answer to his children, when urged by them to keep a horse for their use, and for his own health and recreation. He would never buy or own a dress-coat, even to attend the governor's *levées;* saying, "It is beneath an American citizen to take thought of dress-coats." He continued a free and natural man in all respects. He ate sparingly, and had no choice as to dishes. He seldom drank wine or spirits of any kind; never used tobacco in any form; and, as he pleasantly said, had none of the *small* vices. He believed in luck, and called himself a lucky man. He was also fond of repeating what a happy man he had always been; differing in this from most people, who are happy without knowing it, and who "never are, but always to be, blessed." His friend Bishop Haven thus described his personal appearance in 1865–67: —

"A lymphatic, shut-in man, smiling only round the mouth, which is carefully covered with hair to hide the smile; short, thick-set, with his head not unlike that of Irving's great Dutch governor, which Nature made so perfect, that she could find no neck to match, and so set it directly on his shoulders; high forehead; slightly bald; thin hair; ruddy of face; and the keenest political writer in America, and the best political writer since 'Junius.'"

His writings gave the impression that he was crabbed and hard, and new acquaintances were often surprised to find him so genial. Some one once called him a cynic; and he wrote, in reply, —

"I belong to no philosophic sect, unless the enforced practice of eating beans at the State House makes me a Pythagorean: so I protest I am wronged when I am styled a cynic. I might as well be called a hypothenuse, for any information or characterization the word conveys."

In 1866 he had bought the house in Malden in which he had lived for several years, and in which he died. He had been averse to buying a house, preferring to be unencumbered; so that, when he wanted to move, he could do so, without being, like the turtle, obliged to carry his shell on his back. But his landlord, Mr. Henry Amerige, had so urged him to buy, offering the house at a lower price than he had been offered by other parties, that he finally consented to become a landholder; and the price (thirty-six hundred dollars) was paid in a year or two. In the last years of his life, he often expressed his gratitude towards this kind friend, who, although not one to whom he had ever done a favor, had yet, with such solicitude, urged him to provide a home for himself and family.

Of the family home bought by the earnings of such a man as "Warrington" it can well be said, with Ruskin, "that our sons, and our sons' sons for ages to come, might still lead their children reverently to the doors out of which he had been carried to the grave, saying, 'Look, this was his house; this was his chamber!'"

CHAPTER VIII.

BUTLER AND BUTLERISM.

[1870–1874.]

"For an oracle says, that, when a man of brass or iron guards the State, it will then be destroyed." — PLATO'S REPUBLIC, Book III.

"WARRINGTON" in 1870 had attained to a position of comparative pecuniary ease. He had a home of his own; his children were being educated; his writings were appreciated; and he was blessed according to his desire "with honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." It was indeed time for a reverse. In 1869 the Republican party was in a good-boy condition: having learned its lessons, and recited them well, it was enjoying its rewards of merit. Discipline and order were maintained; but a new element was soon to appear, bringing confusion and demoralization into its ranks. This new element in Massachusetts was Major-Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. Pres. Grant had fulfilled his promise of a political peace; and there was no question in Massachusetts politics of more moment than the division of towns, the introduction of water, and the claims of candidates for office. "Their tameness is shocking to me," said "Warrington" of the politics of 1869. In 1870 the Butler fight really began. Wendell Phillips had been nominated for governor by both the Prohibitory and the Labor Reform parties. In one of his first campaign lectures (at Music Hall, Boston, Oct. 18) he made an unprovoked and bitter attack on the Republican party, on "Warrington," F. W. Bird, and other leading men who were its representatives. "Warrington"

sat in one of the front-seats of the lecture-room, listening to this attack. Before the lecture closed, he left the hall, went immediately home, did not sleep upon it, but took his pen to free his mind. In the next day's "Journal" appeared his first paper on "Wendell Phillips at Music Hall, — a Review," which was followed by four other papers on the same subject. He opposed the movement to make Mr. Phillips governor, because he thought it inimical to the interests of the parties who had nominated him, as well as to those of the Republican party. In his last speech before election, Mr. Phillips said, "Do your duty to-morrow, and in another year some of us will get out of the way, and give you an opportunity to elect a real governor."

This "real governor," so confidently predicted to come in 1871, was Butler, for whom Mr. Phillips was only a breaker-up of the ground. "The Atlantic Monthly" for December, 1871, contains an article by "Warrington," on "Gen. Butler's Campaign in Massachusetts," which gives an exhaustive account of that gentleman's raid upon the governorship. The limits of this biography forbid a detailed history of that contest, which can be better gathered from the above-mentioned article, or from the selections in the succeeding pages. I have been advised by well-meaning friends to say as little as possible about the Butler campaign. This campaign — a fight against the one-man power that he thought so dangerous to our system of government — was the crowning glory of "Warrington's" political life. I know full well what the "alarm, the struggle, the relief," cost him and those he has left behind; and it is my duty to say what I think to be right and just to him. I shall "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." "It was a fair fight," said he to the last day of his life. Whether the stab in the back, given after the fight ended, was fair play or not, I shall leave those to decide who are more familiar than I am with the tactics of political warfare.

In June, 1871, Mr. Robinson received the following letter from Butler. The note at the bottom is just as it was written by him on the original letter.

12, Pemberton Square.

My dear Robinson, — May I trouble you for a favor? I desire to obtain all the reports, documents, pamphlets, or other materials, exhibiting the condition of the punitive and reformatory institutions of the State for *two* years past. I also desire to get any reports of reformatory societies on the same subject. I would also like all I can have upon "compulsory education," including our truant system (*official or unofficial*). I am asking an immensity from you, but will reciprocate with the whole document-rooms of Congress, if you wish. May I trouble you so far as to send them? or, if you will notify me when the package is to be had, I will send my messenger for it. I am yours sincerely,

Benj. F. Butler.

William S. Robinson, Esq.

He made a lying attack on me in his first speech. — W. S. R.

At great inconvenience he attended to the matter personally, collected the desired documents from the various State departments, and forwarded them to Butler's headquarters in Pemberton Square, Boston. Butler's first campaign speech, containing the "lying attack" above mentioned, was delivered while "Warrington" was at his summer resting-place, Manomet, and was replied to from that place. After his return, he wrote a series of letters for "The Boston Journal," called "Gen. Butler Reviewed." Long articles on the same subject were also written by him in other leading newspapers. The "Warrington" letters in "The Republican" took up the strain; and, as fast as the "claimant" (as E. R. Hoar called him) spoke, "Warrington" replied. His pen galloped day and night, — some nights he only allowed himself five hours' sleep, — working steadily to keep the State from the hands of a man who represented the most vicious principle in our affairs, — the tendency towards personal government. His little son said, "What makes you sit up so late, father? Why don't you go to bed?" — "Oh! I'm writing a letter, my boy." — "For the papers?" — "Yes." — "Well, who are you pitching into now, father?" Bishop Haven, though on Butler's side, refrained from his pleasant habit of dropping in during the evenings, so as not to interrupt this work. One evening, as

he passed the house with a friend, he said, "There in that little house burns the only light in this State that Ben Butler is afraid of." A few leading Republicans joined in this opposition to Butler's claims. Our senators, Sumner and Wilson, issued a manifesto against him, to the effect that "they deeply regret and deplore the extraordinary canvass which Gen. Butler has precipitated upon the Commonwealth, and especially the attacks which he has volunteered against the existing State government and the Republican party of Massachusetts; and that, in their opinion, HIS NAME AS GOVERNOR WOULD BE HOSTILE TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY."

This course was urged upon them by "Warrington" and some of the leading journalists. D. A. Goddard of "The Advertiser," W. W. Clapp of "The Journal," and Samuel Bowles of "The Republican," declared that their papers would not support Butler as a candidate for governor. Mr. Sumner wrote the manifesto, showed it to Mr. F. B. Sanborn and to "Warrington" before it was printed, and carried it himself to the "Journal" office to be set up. As soon as the card appeared, Butler hurried down to the Coolidge House to remonstrate with Mr. Sumner, but could get no satisfaction. He went on with his campaign, making speeches every night, and in every speech attacks upon "Warrington," whom he with justice considered the leader of the opposition. The only ground he had to stand upon for these attacks was Mr. Robinson's fat salary (three thousand dollars a year), and the fact that he employed his daughter as his assistant.[1] All his researches into official documents had failed to discover any little peculation or other charge to bring against the writer who every day came out in the papers against him. By long acquaintance with Butler, "Warrington" knew exactly how to rate him, and where to attack him. When the prominent men of the party

[1] This was, probably, the first instance in this country of a lady holding an official position in a legislative body.

drew back, he stepped to the front, and drew upon his victim every arrow of his wit; so that he fell an easy prey to the rank and file when they came up, led by E. R. Hoar, Senator Dawes, and others. The opposition to Butler's raid (which was kept up every night until after the 20th of September) met with very little opposition, except from the newspapers, until within a short time before the Worcester Convention. His money ran like water, and found its way into Malden, where it hired a band of music, and drummed up recruits to the Butler Republican caucus to nominate delegates for the convention. "Warrington," who heretofore had invariably been delegated, was "forgotten to be remembered." On learning of this omission, he smilingly said, —

"They reckon ill who leave me out."

The Bird Club, that impromptu organization, rallied against Butler. Said "Warrington," —

"This club is composed of conservatives as well as radicals. But Butler knew that a great majority of the men who sat at its table held him at arm's-length, distrusted him; some of them despised and hated him. They can afford to be known as leading men in the army of defence which has routed Butler, and saved the State from a disgrace which would have lasted for a generation."

Butler was defeated in the convention by a hundred and seventy-nine votes. The feeling of relief in Eastern Massachusetts was very great; and no happier set of men than the Republicans had been seen for a long time: ten to one were rejoicing. "Warrington" received congratulations on all sides, and was profusely thanked by those who knew "that he was the first to take hold of Ben, and the last to let go." He had congratulatory letters, telling him that he had never done such splendid work before, or written so strongly, so well, and so effectively. His friend Gilbert Haven told him that at last he had "struck twelve." The newspaper folk were delighted at the defeat of this man who had defied them and despised the voice of "the papers." The faint-hearted ones, who had feared the influence of the

candidate's glib tongue over the people, were obliged to own that the pen was the mightier power. "Tools!" says Carlyle, "tools! Hast thou not a Brain, furnished, furnishable with some glimmerings of Light; and three fingers to hold a pen withal? Never since Aaron's Rod went out of practice, or even before it, was there such a wonder-working tool: greater than all recorded miracles have been performed by Pens."

In April, 1872, a new departure in politics was proposed; and a call was issued for a convention of liberals of all parties to nominate a candidate for President. In spite of the remonstrance of his friends, who told him that it would be at the certain risk of loss of office, "Warrington" signed the call for this convention. Mr. G. H. Monroe said of this act of his friend, that he "never knew of any one so absolutely fearless, and regardless of himself and his interests, as to sign such a call at this time." Of his opinion of the movement, he wrote, —

"I am satisfied that it is necessary, even at the risk of hazarding a Democratic triumph, to call, 'Halt!' I know that great numbers of Republicans think so. I know the young men ought to be led to better things than this personal Grant party propose to give them. . . . There should be a protest against this inevitable badness, and an attempt to reform it. The question of a new party was the same in 1848 and 1844. The war is over: we must get back to peace fashions; martial law must give way to civil government and the maxims of peace; and, if the full consummation is to be delayed till 1876, we ought to make a beginning now, so that it may not be postponed till 1880 or indefinitely."

When the Cincinnati Convention nominated Horace Greeley, "Warrington" was disappointed. He had no faith in Mr. Greeley's powers to establish a party of reform, or found one that would last a reasonable length of time; and said, —

"The nomination of Greeley throws the politics of the country into confusion. I don't believe the people of this country are ready to go through a presidential election for the purpose of confusion. So far as personal duty is concerned, every man can at once determine for

himself. I have all along thought Trumbull and John Q. Adams would have been the strongest ticket for Cincinnati. It seems to me a mistake to suppose both candidates should be Republicans. When Frank Blair appeared on the Cincinnati platform and dictated its nomination, or (take another theory, not contradictory, but collateral) when Fenton dictated a presidential candidate for the purpose of controlling the politics of New York against a senatorial rival, the reform movement was raided upon and captured. No blame to it. It was in its idea an honest and wholesome movement. The ship engaged in the honestest trade is as likely as any other to be taken by a pirate. The Cincinnati Convention was so taken. It was a sign that that way out of politics had, for that time, failed. It was a sign that the personal system had been able, not only to control the administration and all local and general politics, but to detail men enough to break up, for the time being, the attempt at reform. The movement was, for that time, at an end."

Pres. Grant was re-elected by a large majority. Many progressive Republicans who did not accept Mr. Greeley's nomination voted for Grant as the less of two evils, Mr. Robinson among them; though he afterwards expressed regret at having done so. Horace Greeley died shortly after the November election: "Gone in peace, after so many struggles; in honor, after so much obloquy."[1] "Warrington" was elected for the eleventh time by the legislature of 1872; only twenty-four dissenting votes being cast, — not so much opposition as he had expected. He had taken very little rest after the severe mental strain of the Butler fight; and, during this session (prolonged on account of the great Boston fire[2]), his health, never robust, began to show symptoms of decline. After the legislature adjourned, he made a short visit in Dubuque, Io., whence the letter was written to Mr. Sumner on "The Political Situation of 1872." Having signed the call for the Cincinnati Convention, he felt himself a little out with his party, though he had voted for the best of its candidates. He expressed the thought that he did not expect to have

[1] New-York Times.

[2] There had been an extra session on this account in November and December of 1872. It was at this extra session that the resolution of censure was passed upon Charles Sumner.

much to do with politics this year, except in the way of criticism and newspaper-writing.

Butler did not repeat his raid upon the governorship in 1872, being busy with weightier matters, one of which was the defeat of "Warrington" as clerk of the House of Representatives. By his frank criticism of Butler's public career, "Warrington" had incurred that person's hostility, who looked upon him with justice as the head and front of the opposition to his attempts upon the governorship in 1871. Being the only leading man of his opposers who could be reached with impunity, he determined to make an example of him. Rumors of secret machinations to accomplish his defeat reached Mr. Robinson, and he was advised to take measures to rally his friends for his support. He refused, saying, "If Butler's gang can defeat me, let them do so. I will not stoop to mix in their dirty work for twenty clerkships."[1] Few of his friends were aware of this secret league formed against him; and, when warned, they could not believe that Butler had the power to accomplish his designs.[2]

The legislature of 1873 met; and, when the balloting for clerk was over, Mr. Robinson stood up at his desk, as usual, to hear the result. The vote was announced by the speaker (64 for Robinson, 171 for Taylor), and was received (said a reporter) "by a loud clapping of hands on the part of the House." It took his friends completely by surprise, and threw some of the officers of the House off their guard. The sergeant-at-arms, Major Morissey, forgot his duty for a moment; and Mr. Robinson recalled him to himself, and set him right.

This undeserved affront was keenly felt, coming as it did when his health was impaired by years of hard service in

[1] A day or two previous to the opening of the legislature, he was met by a pretended friend, who volunteered the assurance that there was no movement against him. At the same time, this person was secretly working to accomplish his defeat.

[2] In the selection called Warrington on his Defeat will be found his own view of the subject, and an account of the political reasons and combinations which made this culmination possible.

building up and maintaining the very party which so ill treated him. He had found out, to his cost, that what he had said of the Republican party in 1861 was just as true in 1873: "As a party, we are not famous for standing by our friends. The moment an interested political opposition raises a clamor against any of our leading men, we acquiesce for the sake of peace and harmony." This legislature was also the one that refused to rescind the resolutions passed at the extra session of 1872, censuring Charles Sumner. Among the members who voted and worked against "Warrington" were several who have since fallen under the censure of the community; in fact, broken the laws of the Commonwealth.[1] Speaking of his opposers in 1875, he said, "I have no malice towards them; but I do know that I kept Butler from their throats, or helped to do it, in 1871–72; while every one of the State-house men (except F. M. Stone) sneaked out of the contest, or was at least very careful not to go into it very openly; and, when fight was made on me, not a hand or voice did I get, so far as I know. Of course, I do not include the under-clerks and subordinates, some of whom were friendly enough; though I never asked any thing of them."

Through an "under-clerk," a friend of Mr. Robinson, I am able to corroborate what he himself told me. This gentleman said, "After his defeat, many of his State-house friends hardly dared take him by the hand, or be seen talking with him, they were so afraid of having their own offices taken away, as the 'clerk's' had been. One of the clerks who had defended him was threatened, that, if he were not careful what he said, *his* head would be taken off as Robin-

[1] In a letter written in 1875, Mr. Robinson said, "Bardwell of Deerfield turns out to be a thief: he was one of my chief opponents in 1873. Edwards of Watertown, another, is under legislative censure for grabbing trial-justice-fees, or something of that sort. Both distinguished themselves also by speeches against Sumner. Best of Stoneham, another thief, was one of the military swashbucklers. Newton Morse, a defaulter and gambler, and E. D. Winslow, were of this clique. They are all tarred with the same stick."

son's had been." [1] I need not ask the reader to consider what it was to a man of Mr. Robinson's sensitive and confiding nature to go day after day to the State House, where he had been an honored and welcome occupant, and be met by such coolness on the part of his old associates. The "cold-shoulderism" of his party, and the defection of this portion of his friends, was far worse to him than the loss of office. His real friends were very much grieved at his defeat, and expressed their sympathy with him. Mr. Sumner wrote at this time the following letter: —

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1873.

MY DEAR "WARRINGTON," — Others may have divined my feelings; but I have never uttered a word, or hint even, on the action of the legislature. I am sure that the time will come when that measure now condemned will be hailed with honor. An acute politician has recently congratulated me upon it as the strongest move possible. I introduced it because it was right. Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. — Let me convey, though tardily, my regret that you, too, have fallen under legislative displeasure.

Henry Wilson wrote as follows: —

"I am surprised and grieved at your defeat. I had hoped and expected you would hold the clerkship of the House as long as you desired to do so. What do you intend to do? How are you situated? Can I aid you? If so, how? Let me hear from you soon. If I can in any way aid you, I will do so with all my heart. You and I have not thought alike always; but I have the deepest regard for you. As old friends are falling around me, those that remain grow nearer and dearer. If you will write me how you are situated, and what plans you have, it may be in my power to aid you; and, if so, you can command me."

He did not "whine, put finger in the eye, and sob," but, to all outward appearances, bore his defeat manfully. Only a few knew how deeply he was hurt. At home he was like one dazed and in a deep study: he could hardly be aroused to

[1] He was pursued by insulting letters, some of them in Ku-Klux Latin, after the style of those sent to Mr. Sumner from the South. Though he was not, as was Mr. Sumner, threatened with assassination, his beheading was the principal theme of these epistles.

take an interest in surrounding things. He fell sick at last, — not with any bodily disease, but with a mental sickness, — and went to bed, as he said, "to think it out; for I have been on a long cruise, and must lay up for repairs." In a few weeks he rallied, and, after eleven years of freedom from pecuniary anxiety, resumed his long-unused occupation, — looking for "jobs of work."

He thought of attempting something as a parliamentary lawyer, and issued cards announcing the fact. The result was, that, though he answered many letters asking his opinion on mooted questions of parliamentary proceedings, he never asked a fee, nor, with a single exception, ever received one. He had no connection with, nor money-interest in, any newspaper, apart from the "Warrington" letters. He was no longer in close affiliation with the party for which he had sacrificed so much, since he had, as early as 1872, expressed his firm belief in the coming disintegration of that body as a party organization. He was too old and worn out in the service to take up common newspaper-work again. He was not one to insist upon his claims to be provided for, and no one thought of offering a sinecure to such a fierce radical politician as "Warrington." Perhaps it was not possible to provide for him in this way, even if he had desired it; since Butler guarded the State, and, by his influence at Washington, held the keys of office: senators were elected, postmasters appointed, navy-yard and other offices filled, at his beck. Mr. Robinson was very much depressed during the winter from the lack of congenial employment: he missed the busy routine to which he had been accustomed. Coming down from the State House one day, he went into "The Boston Journal" office, where sat his friend Mr. Clapp, the editor. "He looked blue enough," said Mr. Clapp: "but I cheered him up, and told him not to worry about his bread and butter; that he might have a seat at a table in the office, and write as much or as little as he chose; and, though I would not agree to print every thing he wrote, I would pay him thirty dollars a week. He brightened at

this, and said, 'On those terms I'll sit there.'" He wrote for "The Journal" until June, when his health failed so fast, that he was obliged to go to Manomet for rest and recuperation. He returned home in July, and resumed his pen for the purpose of writing a pamphlet on "The Salary Grab." This proceeding on the part of members of Congress to obtain back-pay, and increase of salary, was condemned by "Warrington" from the first; and he lost no opportunity to denounce and bring to light the chief offenders.[1] Thinking that the people ought to know the facts concerning this enormous swindle of the public money, he wrote "The Salary Grab," and published it mostly at his own expense.[2] The Preface, which follows, will give some idea of its contents: —

MALDEN, MASS, August, 1873.

This book contains an accurate history of the great congressional theft of a million dollars (more or less) from the treasury of the United States and the pockets of the people, known as "The Salary Grab." I mean its *public history*, as it is contained in "The Congressional Globe" and other official documents, and not its private history, which, being unknown or conjectural (except to the parties concerned in the affair, or close observers of it upon the spot), I have not deemed it worth while to undertake to search out and relate. This account is authentic, if "The Globe" is authentic; and a full examination of its statements, a full analysis of its inferences, is hereby invited from all persons implicated in the offence, their abettors, or their apologists.

I have avoided as well as I could all doubtful or disputed ques-

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[1] At the Republican Convention of 1873 (or the Hamilton-hall meeting), he tried in vain to get a certain portion of the leaders to pass a resolution squarely condemning the whole grab. It was as follows: —

Resolved, That the recent Act of Congress, by which the members took from the treasury over a million dollars, thereby increasing the public burdens and the taxation of the business-men and the working-classes wantonly and unnecessarily, for the purpose of increasing their own pay, while their expenses had not been increased, — accompanied as it was by a clause putting into their own pockets ten thousand dollars each for work already done under a law well understood when they were elected, — is an act which merits the condemnation of the people throughout the country; and that we unite with the Republicans of every State, who have, in their conventions, with unanimity expressed their disapprobation of the same.

[2] Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

tions on which a possible defence could be raised; because my purpose has been to hold up to public condemnation the *proved guilty* persons, and not to mix up with them persons whose guilt is a matter of inference on account of the interest they had in the success of the theft. In accordance with this plan, therefore, attention has been paid, first of all, to *B. F. Butler*, who, as the record shows, was the leading spirit in the business from first to last; who reported the plan from his own committee; who moved to attach it to the Appropriation Bill; who was foremost in rallying its friends to its support; who was depended on in the delicate and difficult tactics of getting the bill into the Conference Committee; and who, as a member of that committee, put it through there. His prominence is known and acknowledged by the name familiarly given to the grab in debate, — "*The Butler Amendment.*" Attention has next been called to his accomplices, — Randall, Banks, Carpenter, and others; and, lastly (through the complete record of the yeas and nays), to the members who voted for it directly on every or on any occasion, and to the considerable number who aided it by their votes on collateral questions; such as suspensions of the rules, motions to adjourn at critical periods when the rogues thought an adjournment necessary, and so on. I have not analyzed the yeas and nays, preferring to leave that work to the people of the respective states and districts, who, knowing the parties concerned, can best judge of motives and of possible extenuating circumstances.

To expose *Butler* would be a sufficient reason for writing and printing this treatise. He seeks to become governor of Massachusetts, — a State hitherto respectable, and, up to at least *his* appearance in its politics, renowned in the history of the country. If the people want him, they will have him; but, if they want him, I, for one, am desirous that they should know what they are likely to get. The question is not, whether even he might not, if sufficiently tempted, do creditable things; whether even he, the chief engineer of a most discreditable public burglary, might not be provoked into reforming here and there an abuse: but the question is, whether there is any probability of this sort to compensate for the widespread public scandal to be incurred by the Commonwealth in electing such a man, and the risk of a permanent and incurable rottenness in all departments of the State. In addition to this reason is a desire to do something to aid the friends of good government in the other States, who are now trying to rescue the politics of the country at large from the demoralization, financial and governmental, which has followed in the train of the civil war. To the good-will of those who are engaged in this enterprise I respectfully commend this history, and subscribe myself their co-operative friend, WARRINGTON.

Butler had renewed his attempt on the governorship in 1873 at least a month earlier than in 1871. The organization against him in 1871 was delayed till a very late day (being an informal one two or three weeks previous to the convention); thus giving the public very little chance to know what measures were to be taken. In 1873, on the contrary, the opposition to him was as open as it was possible to make it. A meeting was held at Hamilton Hall in Boston, July 26, attended by about a hundred and twenty leading Republicans, who met together to protest against the "claimant," and devise means for his defeat. "Warrington" wrote the "Address to the People of the State," issued from that meeting. He returned to Manomet to stay during August and a part of September, but did not receive the usual benefit from his summer vacation. At the solicitation of a member of the Republican State Committee, who came to see him and urged the exigencies of the campaign, he came home, and went into harness again, to work for the party which had defeated him. Again burned the "only light in the State Ben Butler was afraid of;" and the ceaseless pen was at work. Long articles were written in "The Boston Journal" and other newspapers; and the "Warrington" letters did their work towards informing the western part of the State upon the subject. During the campaign he was approached by one of Butler's flunkies, who intimated, that if he would bury the hatchet, or refrain from writing against the would-be governor, hostilities towards him would cease, and that he would be provided for. In other words, to use his own interpretation, "Could you not refrain from fighting Butlerism, and let the state go to the dogs, as the country is going?" The time had come again for him to speak "God's truth" at the right time; and Butler found him, as in 1871, one of his most effective opponents.[1] Gen.

[1] In his time of health and prosperity he had said, "Write your heroism now, and then shut your doors, and throw away all materials for making confession of your weakness. By and by, when sickness and old age come, and mind and body decay, the men who talk thus

Butler was defeated by about the same majority as in 1871. His raid was much better organized than in that year; but the work of defence against him was shared more widely than ever before. Hamilton Hall was justified, and shown to have been a necessity. Butler was *bottled* for the time being, and "Warrington" was done with him.

After the severe work of this campaign, Mr. Robinson's health seemed entirely wasted. He had no regular employment except his weekly letters, and no abiding-place in the city. Election was over; the fight of the year was done. The lawyer could return to his brief, the merchant to his counting-room, the doctor to his patient; but, for the political writer, the time to lay down arms had come. He lost courage; and his health became so much impaired, that his friends were alarmed, and insisted upon his taking a long rest from all writing and pecuniary anxiety. To enable him to do so, they determined to give him a substantial testimonial of their regard; and, the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson occurring about this time (Nov. 30, 1873), that occasion was chosen as a fitting one for such a purpose. Old friends, tried and true, companions of many a well-fought field, brought or sent gifts, and messages of love and appreciation. Mr. F. B. Sanborn's account of this gathering is as follows: —

"Messrs. F. W. Bird and Edward W. Kinsley had undertaken to collect and select these offerings of friendship; and the list of donors was headed by Mayor Pierce with one thousand dollars. Others followed with less and lesser sums; the number of givers amounting to nearly a hundred, and the sum presented being more than four thousand dollars, given in such forms as thoughtful friendship and good taste prompted. The occasion was the silver wedding; but the motive for so handsome a testimonial was the knowledge of Mr. Robinson's most intimate friends that this pleasant anniversary found him in uncertain health, and unable to pursue with his accustomed vigor the profession of journalism, for which nature and habit have so well

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independently will send for the doctor and the minister, and die mumbling the catechism. The moral is, 'Write your heroism now.'" The "by and by" of which he spoke had not come: it never came to him.

fitted him. It seemed proper, therefore, that those who had maintained along with him for so many years, through good and evil report, and with all the vicissitudes of fortune that attend political warfare, the good old cause of freedom and progress, should remind him that a balance stood to his account on the books of friendship, which might as well be transferred now as at some future time when it might be less useful. It was felt that he had been our soldier all these years, working in the trenches and fighting on the ramparts of journalism, more for others than for himself; that when a movement was to be made, or a blow struck, against some fortified post of oppression or some impudent pretender to leadership, or when some ambush of the enemy was to be beaten up, Robinson had volunteered, or had been assigned to the most conspicuous service, and had drawn on himself the fire of the other side, while many a more selfish man would have kept in the ranks, and thought first of his own interest, and next of his duty to the cause. They remembered that he was turned out of his clerkship last winter, less for his own opinions than for those of life-long friends whom he was unwilling to desert and decry. This was a mean and cruel act, coming as it did at a time when Mr. Robinson's health was enfeebled by more than thirty years of hard work; and it did not, of course, increase the vigor of his body, or the buoyancy of his spirits. But, on the other hand, it did not swerve him from his course, nor make it any easier for the contriver of the salary grab to become governor of Massachusetts. Once more, as so often before, the pen of 'Warrington' became the most effective defender of good order, and the most trenchant weapon to defeat a troublesome demagogue. And, in all these labors of late years, he has found in his own home his best adviser and most appreciative critic. Looking back farther, they called to mind that there had scarcely been a noble enterprise, a wise and bold policy in national affairs, or a humane and progressive measure of state legislation or social agitation, which had not received timely, steady, and effective support from him during the last thirty years. The friend of Sumner and Wilson, of Banks and Burlingame, of Andrew and Schouler, Howe and Stearns and Bird, Bullock and Claflin and Washburn, and the other conspicuous men who have directed affairs in Massachusetts for twenty years past, he had never allowed friendship to blind his eyes, or restrain his pen, if he saw occasion to oppose his own comrades for the good of the people. Scarcely a man among the public characters who subscribed to his testimonial but had at some time smarted under his criticism, or, at least, encountered his reproof; but they bore no malice any more than he did. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend;' and though, as one of the subscribers said, 'Warrington' is in the habit of falling, like the scriptural rain, 'on the just and on the unjust,' it is only the unjust (for the most part)

that lay it up against him. Hence the hearty and to him quite unexpected warmth of response to the kindly appeal made in his behalf by Messrs. Bird and Kinsley.

"This cordiality was expressed by none in more touching terms than by Vice-Pres. Wilson, who, but for his being called to assume his high office in the Senate for the first time to-day, would have been with us at this festival. No longer separated from the comrades of many an arduous struggle by the unhappy discords of a year ago, Henry Wilson — re-united with Sumner, with Bird, with Robinson, and other companions — wrote this to Mr. Bird from Natick, just before setting out for Washington: —

"'My dear Sir, — I regret that it is not in my power to accept your invitation to visit our very dear associate and friend of so many years on the anniversary of his wedding. It would, I assure you, give me sincere pleasure to join with you and other friends in paying him and his wife this tribute of affectionate regard. . . . I send with this sum my gratitude for the long services of one of the best pens ever given to our sacred cause, and my respect, friendship, and love. May God give to our dear friend Robinson, his wife and children, health, and years of happiness, and the constant friendship of such friends as will be with them on this occasion!'

"The house was crowded all the evening with friends who had come to offer their congratulations, while messages were read from others who could not be present."

More than a hundred letters were received, containing friendly and congratulatory messages, from which the following are selected.

From Charles Sumner: —

"I beg you not to measure my sympathy with your object, or my regard for W. S. R., by this contribution. I wish it were a great deal larger. I cannot think of his constant, unfailing, and vivid pen, always for freedom and human rights, without admiration and gratitude. Such remarkable service deserves an honorable pension, placing our friend above care, and making him easy for the rest of his life."

From John G. Whittier: —

"I am glad of an opportunity to testify my high appreciation of our friend William S. Robinson, on the occasion of his twenty-fifth marriage anniversary. He has been a power in the State, and has done noble service to freedom and humanity. That he and his excellent lady may happily live to enjoy their fiftieth anniversary, is the wish, I am sure, of all their friends."

From Hon. John H. Clifford: —

"I enclose a trifle — 'would it were worthier!' — toward the testimonial of their friends, with a feeling so well expressed in the admonitions of an old but unknown English poet, which, if he has never happened to see it, 'Warrington' will value more highly than the slight token of my regard that accompanies it.

> 'Though *small* thy gift may seem to be,
> Withhold it not; for like the night,
> By countless *little* stars made bright,
> Thy offering, joined to thousands more,
> May brighten dwellings dark before.'"

From Hon. G. F. Hoar: —

"I remember with great pleasure and gratitude Mr. Robinson's early labors and sacrifices to the cause of humanity, freedom, and purity, his pleasant wit, and lofty scorn for all charlatanism and impostors, whatever their position or pretences."

And others, no less gratifying, from friends far and near: —

"I make my little contribution to you as a part of the debt the republic owes you."

"You are of that class of men who build up others, and not yourself; who furnish the ideas which make the capital in trade of many politicians."

"'Warrington' has become a household word in Massachusetts."

"Enclosed is my check; and say to Mr. Robinson that this is only a part of what is due from all such as myself for his long writing and unpaid labors in years gone by in the cause of right."

"If I could multiply my subscription an hundred-fold, it would not worthily represent the affectionate esteem in which I hold his great services to many a struggling cause, and for that sturdy independence which has made his voice not merely the echo of accepted opinion, but a trumpet-call forward."

Poems on the occasion were written by F. B. Sanborn and B. P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"). An address was read by F. W. Bird, to which "Warrington" responded, saying, —

"I can hardly find words in which to make reply to the many compliments which have been extended to me this evening, and adequately to express my gratitude for the many kind acts and sub-

stantial gifts of which I have been the recipient. I appreciate fully, however, the kindness which has prompted them, and feel deeply, also, your approval of my course. I do not think that I deserve all that has been said in Mr. Bird's address. His words, however, brought to mind more forcibly than ever the long feeling of fellowship which has existed between us during so many years; and he could indulge in a little congratulation. I desire to thank him, and to convey to him personally, as the oldest and most intimate of my political associates, and to convey to all my friends besides, my deep and heartfelt thanks for this complimentary expression of their friendship. I am rejoiced to see so many here to-night, — some, too, with whom I have had variances; and I can only, in conclusion, assure them all of the deep obligation I, and my family also, feel towards them."

Mr. Robinson's spirits were much cheered by this evidence of the affection of his friends, and for a few weeks he was quite himself again. But the blow had been struck too deep. As he expressed it, he had weathered the storm of last year's defeat; but he felt the shake of it in his timbers yet. He was urged to become again a candidate for the office of clerk of the House by some of his friends who were anxious to reinstate him; but, though assured that he had a fair show for election, he peremptorily declined, not feeling able to enter the contest, or go all over the ground again. It was thought that a long sea-voyage, and an entire change of scene, would be the best thing to recuperate his health and spirits. Accordingly, he engaged passage for himself, his wife, and his son, on board the steamship "Parthia," which sailed for Liverpool Jan. 31, 1874.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

[1874–1876.]

"The day is short, and the work is great; but the laborers are idle, though the reward be great, and the Master of the work presses. It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work; but thou must not, therefore, cease from it. If thou hast worked much, great shall be thy reward; for the Master who employed thee is faithful in his payment. But know that the true reward is not of this world." — TALMUD.

IN "Warrington's" Letters from Abroad in 1874 will be found his impressions of foreign life. He wrote very little during his absence, complete rest from his pen having been enjoined upon him by his friends. He carried letters of introduction to diplomates and distinguished persons in England and on the Continent, but (with one exception) did not present them, preferring to see the people with his own eyes, and to follow his own idea of sight-seeing. In London his party occupied lodgings on Craven Street, within walking-distance of the Strand and Fleet Street, the Temple, and the Inns of Court. When not driving to places of note in a Hansom cab, — that "London institution," as Mr. Sumner called it, which, for a shilling and sixpence, carries the sight-seer all over the vast city, — he delighted to follow in the footsteps of Dickens and Thackeray, and locate their imaginary characters. With George Warrington he threaded the Inner Temple: he found Dombey and Son on Cheapside; traced the footsteps of Samuel Johnson along the Strand, and, in memory of the great lexicographer, lunched at the chop-houses, and dined at the Bite Tavern. He was very

fond of London, which seemed to him like an old home again revisited. London is very homelike to an American: in many respects it is better than home, particularly to an invalid. Personal comfort, the fact that one must eat and sleep, is everywhere recognized. "More servants wait on man than he'll take notice of." *Ich dien* seems written in every department which caters to the stranger; and the neat-handed English serving-maid, Eliza*beth* or Sally, is found everywhere. Mr. Robinson preferred London and the honest stability of the English people — "whose yes," he said, "means yes, and whose no means no" — to the Parisians and their city, which, though wonderfully attractive, seemed showy and insincere. "London and Paris are enough," wrote Mr. Sumner to him on his departure. But he went farther, — down into Italy, whose repose and interest he enjoyed to the full; to Carlsbad in Bohemia, to drink its waters in his vain search for health; and back, by way of Switzerland and the Rhine, to London again. While in Paris, in March, the news came to him of Mr. Sumner's death. He was very much prostrated by this sad event, and sorrowed deeply with the country in the loss of this great and good leader of the people. His solicitude at the state of affairs at home was also increased thereby, and he found himself unable to keep from devising modes of political action. He said at this date that it was no use for his friends to send him out of the country to rest from political labor; for his head was full of politics all the time: he had studied the situation, planned the coming campaign, and might as well be at home, writing it out. For this reason he did not receive the expected benefit from his foreign tour. He was a student of men and politics; but his country and her needs were his first thought, abroad as well as at home.[1]

[1] This is shown by his letters. There is no hiatus between the last "Warrington" letter written before leaving home and the first one written after his return. The thread of political action is taken up just where it was left; and the letter of Oct. 27 (less than two weeks after his return) grasps the whole aspect of political affairs.

He had studied and planned the whole fall campaign. Parties and their movements were to him like chess-men advancing upon the board. He knew when it was time to call "Check," and did not hesitate (as of old) to lose a pawn, and capture a castle.

Some friends were disappointed at the meagreness of his letters concerning foreign countries. But he was one who must write about the thing which to him was of the most importance; and Europe was found wanting in the balance when weighed against the affairs of his own country. Writing from Carlsbad to his friend G. H. Monroe, he said of his health, —

"I suppose I am better physically, at any rate; though whether the mineral waters have done me any good, I do not feel sure. Perhaps it is the repose and regimen. But I have never been free of the feeling that I ought to be at work, more or less. And yet I don't feel up to a full day's work six times a week. Somebody ought to give me an office: even a sinecure would be better than nothing. But, after all, what can such a heretic and mischief-maker as I am expect?"

He was absent eight months, and returned by the Cunard steamship "Atlas," which sailed Oct. 1. The passage home was made very sad by an unfortunate accident which happened to one of the passengers, — the Rev. George D. Miles of St. John's Episcopal church of Taunton. Mr. Miles occupied the state-room adjoining Mr. Robinson's. In getting out of his berth (the upper one), the brass rod by which he was holding gave way; and he fell heavily upon the back of his head, inflicting a severe wound. He suffered great pain, and was confined to his berth the remaining ten days of the voyage. On the arrival of the "Atlas" at Boston, he was carried to the Massachusetts General Hospital, where he died. At the *post-mortem* examination, it was discovered that his neck was broken at the time of the fall. He had lived nineteen or twenty days in that condition.

Mr. Robinson's personal appearance on his return was very disappointing to his friends, who had hoped to see a marked improvement. His disease had steadily made

progress; and, though temporarily benefited by the change and rest, they sadly agreed that he was really no better. At the Bird-Club reception, given to welcome him on his return, he read sorrow and disappointment in the faces of the friends gathered there hoping to find the "Warrington" of old.[1] Though gratified at their hearty greetings, he felt, as he expressed it, that the money had been thrown away upon him, since he had not fulfilled the just expectation of those who had sent him away to recuperate and be ready to fight their battles again. He resumed his letters in "The Springfield Republican," and wrote for "The Boston Daily News" weekly letters and articles. This continual draining of brain-force was too much for him. He wrote with all his old vigor, and it reacted upon his frail body. On the evening of Jan. 20, 1875, after writing an article (for "The News") on Mr. Dawes,[2] he was taken sick, not with any new phase of his disease, or paralysis, or any thing of the sort, but with an increased weakness and pressure upon the brain caused by overwork.

[1] The following gentlemen were present. They are copied from the list as he wrote it on his return home.

F. W. Bird.

W. S. Robinson.	Prof. Bonamy Price of Oxford.
Gov. Talbot.	E. R. Hoar.
B. F. Robinson.	Edw. Atkinson.
Geo. H. Monroe.	Adin Thayer.
A. W. Beard.	Dr. O. Martin.
E. L. Pierce.	Thos. Drew.
Col. Henry Walker.	J. Botume, Jr.
E. P. Robinson.	Dr. Geo. B. Loring.
Henry D. Hyde.	M. F. Dickinson, Jr.
J. M. S. Williams (came in).	Chas. G. Davis.
Robt. T. Davis.	Wm. H. Fox.
Saml. Bowles.	F. B. Sanborn.
Asa P. Potter.	C. A. B. Shepard.
Elizur Wright.	Charley Field.
C. S. Wasson.	R. C. Dunham.
Wm. L. Burt.	Robt. O. Fuller (Cambridge).
J. M. W. Yerrinton.	J. A. Lane.
Chas. A. Phelps.	Willard Phillips.
	A. G. Brown.

Dr. Estes Howe.

[2] See Brief Biographies.

This illness was exaggerated. He was reported to be in a dying condition, and obituaries were written for the newspapers. When in a few days he was able to read again, he had the rare satisfaction (he said) of reading his own obituaries, and enjoying the good things said about himself. The one which follows, written by James Redpath, his neighbor and friend, touched him deeply; and he sent a letter of thanks, closing thus: "I am almost sorry I am not dead, if, dying, I might merit such words; but I'll do as much for you some time."

"WARRINGTON."

"William S. Robinson is lying on his death-bed." This was the sad news that greeted me last night. When his pulse shall be stilled, one of the bravest and truest hearts of our generation shall have ceased to beat. His death will be a public calamity. Always rare, his type is daily becoming rarer, if not in our scientific and literary, without doubt in our political life. For he had convictions, and he had courage; and without the breastwork of an assured social position or of an independent fortune, and without a band of devoted followers pledged and proud to fight his battles, he was as brave in the advocacy of his views, and as independent in his criticisms of politicians, as Wendell Phillips, or Gerritt Smith, or Gen. Butler. He feared neither majorities nor rank. He neither quailed before the wild beasts of public life; nor, like the lion that he was, did he "ever count the number of the sheep in the fold" when his conscience told him to attack it.

I have always regarded him — his circumstances taken into account — as the bravest public man in New England, without any exception, and without disparaging the other noble gentlemen who have fought for great principles and the outcast classes in this State. But it needs simply a brave spirit, with earnest convictions, to steel one's self against public opinion, when it is believed to be wrong, provided one's own bread and butter is safe from its attack. But, when a man is poor, and has a family depending upon his weekly earnings for support; when his position is constantly placed in peril by party action, and is one of the influences which politicians strive to control, — it needs the heart of a hero to criticise without fear and without concealment, and without equivocation in sense or phrase, the errors of the party, and the motives of its leaders. Not one man in ten thousand has this sort of pluck. "Warrington's" public life is a long and unbroken record of this spirit. He never was bribed to be silent; he never feared to be fearless. He smote wherever he believed that a

punishment was due. I have nowhere found a similar career in the biographies of public men; and I have never yet looked into the eyes of any officeholder who was worthy to be named with him.

In praising this heroic trait, I do not intend to accord to him either a spirit of judicial impartiality, or to extol his methods, or to say Amen to his judgments. Like all born fighters, he sometimes gave cruel blows, and hurt men as disinterested as himself. I knew him for fifteen or twenty years, and we had both public and private disputations without number: but I never found this man intolerant to any one in whose sincerity he had belief; nor, while always earnest to the verge or beyond the limit of bluntness, did he ever impatiently repel any candid presentation of opposing views. He hated shams with the fierceness of Carlyle. He detested hypocrisy with so intense a bitterness, that it often led him to strike without mercy whoever was found even near any one whom he believed to be insincere; but he never failed to honor both in public and private, and without regard to their creed, the men of his own type of character.

I shall always recall with pleasure the lively conversations I have heard and taken part in between Gilbert (now Bishop) Haven and Mr. Robinson. Whether theology or politics were the subjects, there were usually not two, but three, sides to the debate. The interviews were battles. If we happened to agree on a measure, we were sure to disagree about men. Once only, the fiery bishop and the fiery clerk overstepped the bounds of impersonal statements. I feared that it would sever their long and pleasant friendship, and the provocation on both sides was amply sufficient; but, to the credit of both of these sincere and strong men, I found it an easy task to renew their good feeling. I mention these talks to refute the opinion, so generally held, that Mr. Robinson was an intolerant man; which was as unjust as it would be to accuse a soldier of intolerance when firing against the enemy. He believed in fighting, and he fought well; and *during* the fight he was deaf to counsel, as a warrior *ought* to be. But before it, and after it, he was always a sincere and open-minded man.

I recall with no little satisfaction the fact, that while, during the first Butler campaign, we both wrote more than any other two writers on the press who were not professional journalists, and had many private controversies as well, no word passed to mar for one moment the long-continued kindliness of our personal friendship. More than any one man, *he* defeated Butler; and what was his reward? No one ever spoke of *him* as governor; and, when Butler's friends rallied to defeat him for clerk, the governor-elect did not utter one word in his behalf. He told me this incident, and said, that, as far as he knew, I was the only person, who had any influence whatever, who had gone out of his way to protect *him*. And I was on the opposite side. Well, it is like aristocracies everywhere: they grasp the prize, and

neglect the soldiers who fought *their* way to it, whenever they dare. The Hoars get the credit; the Washburns get the offices; the Robinsons get — the blows. It will be different by and by, I hope, when the people come to their own. Let me add one word about Mr. Robinson in his family. He has been my neighbor for ten years or more. His private life was as beautiful as his public life was brave. As husband and as father, he was above reproach. No scandal ever blighted his name, nor ever cast even a passing shadow over it.

Rough, brave, and honest warrior, true and sincere and tender friend, you have fought the good fight well; the world is better for your life and your sword; and among your saddest survivors will be many of us whom you smote with a valiant and terrible stroke in your days of battle. Farewell! JAMES REDPATH.[1]

BOSTON, Jan. 23, 1875.

"'Warrington's' Manual of Parliamentary Law"[2] was issued early in 1875. He had been engaged upon this work for several years, and had rewritten it several times, each time condensing it, until it was at least one-third smaller than the original manuscript. He read the first proof of this book to the members of his family, re-reading those portions which would seem obscure to persons not accustomed to the technicalities of parliamentary law; remarking at the time, jocosely, that he wanted to adapt the book to people of the *meanest* capacity. Mr. Sumner, speaking of it to the author, said, "It contains the cube root of parliamentary law." It was the aim of the author to give the principle, and not the details of practice; the "cube root," rather than the "rule of three;" and to place his readers on old Count Gurowski's platform, who said, when a trivial matter was explained to him, "*I, too*, know something." Had this book been more minute and verbose, it probably would have sold

[1] In a letter written by Mr. Redpath after "Warrington's" death, he said of this obituary, "I am glad he liked it. I had long wanted a chance to say what I then wrote; but no opportunity appeared. I wrote it with tears in my eyes. I was thoroughly moved. It was kept in type several days, in the expectation that he would die soon. At last, when the announcement was made that he would recover, the editors insisted on publishing it anyhow, which they did, much to my surprise."

[2] Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

better; but as it contains the principle of the law of assemblies, and principles are undying, it may sell better after ten years' time than at present. For the result of what he did, "Warrington" looked, not to the present, but to "another day after to-day." In answer to some criticism on the lack of detail in the Manual, he wrote, —

"I will not make a book of padding, sell it never so well; though I should be glad to improve this one, and probably could, in some respects. Some people think nothing is wise that does not confirm and strengthen their own ignorance. *N'importe.* George F. Hoar says I once gave him the gist of parliamentary law: 'Never put an ass in the chair;" and an ass is only a greater one for knowing the *minutiæ* of parliamentary law, as the pettifogger is the greatest nuisance in the courts, and the quack in medicine and in the pulpit. I don't think I shall do much more to the Manual than to attach a few forms. If the book is of any use to the people, it is to teach them *principles*, and how to act for themselves; not to perplex them with forms on matters of little or no importance."

In the Preface he says, —

"The purpose of this Manual is to furnish to officers and members of legislative and other deliberative assemblies, and to societies of all kinds, a concise and practical guide in what is called 'Parliamentary Law.' . . . But in a country and in states governed by written constitutions, and where deliberative bodies are controlled by innumerable statutes and rules, often to the last degree unnecessary and useless for the end they profess to subserve, this 'law' is far less important. It has been customary to say that 'rules' are for the protection of minorities. A better definition is, that they are for the speedy, fair, and orderly transaction of business according to the will of the majority.

"This work, at any rate, is written upon the assumption that members of societies, orders, municipal bodies, and legislatures, are on an equality. If, to use the language of the Massachusetts Constitution (Article IX. of the Declaration of Rights), 'all elections ought to be free, and all the inhabitants of the Commonwealth . . . have an equal right to elect officers, and to be elected, for public employments,' it seems to follow that all members of legislative and deliberative bodies ought to be substantially upon an equality; at any rate, that the minimum, and not the maximum, of power and influence ought to be put into the hands of committees and presiding officers. This Manual is prepared upon that theory. The House of Representatives at Washington has tied itself up with rules, so that its

speaker, who should be its servant, and of little if any more importance than any other member, is, in reality, the *second or third officer of the government itself.* Probably in a few years, when Congress shall have relinquished the attempt to make laws, not only for the National Government, but for states, cities, towns, and private corporations, or when it shall have put into hands of other bodies the duty of taking evidence and collecting facts on which to proceed in the making of statutes, the old practice will be resumed.

"I have deemed it unnecessary, and even a hinderance, to persons having occasion to use a book like this, to make a large volume. It has cost me a good deal of time and labor to make it small enough. But, with the object I have already indicated, the plan on which it has been prepared has seemed to me a tolerably good one. It is a mixture of rule, advice, and 'parliamentary' principle, founded on the experience and the obvious necessities of bodies governed by the 'parliamentary law.' As everybody knows, an assembly may, if it pleases, make rules for itself diametrically opposed to this law or principle. Those 'rules' are innumerable; and it is of no practical use to try to classify, illustrate, or mention them. Such of them as are based on correct principles will be found here. But, for the largest part, this book seeks to give the reasons for the ordinary and the best practice of the best ordered bodies. Given the *reasons,* and the practice adjusts itself; the assembly transacts its work speedily, and with proper regard to the rights of all; and officers are prepared to meet objections, and to answer questions with little or no hesitation. Without the *reasons,* members and officers have great difficulty in interpreting the rules, and in coming to just results without troublesome delays.

"I wish only to say, in concluding this Preface, what I have in the work itself tried to make clear, that, wherever I have left it in doubt whether the principle laid down may be considered authoritative, it should, if approved, be provided for by rule. It is, of course, understood that it is necessary to make a rule whenever the principle is departed from. *The rule governs; but, if the rule be obscure or contradictory, let it be tried by the principle.*"

This little volume is the only book "Warrington" has left which is at all indicative of the scope of his mind. During the last years of his life he had contemplated several books, — among them one on the "Life and Times of Charles Sumner," containing, also, his own reminiscences of political life, — and had made notes, to some extent, preparatory to a book on the Woman Question. He had thought of a

book of selections from his published writings, to be called "Pen-Portraits," or something of that sort; and, while at Northampton, wrote to his wife to look over his scrap-books, and mark any thing she thought particularly good. Nothing had been done by him, however, at the time of his death.

As soon as possible, "Warrington" resumed his pen, and wrote for the press at intervals until June (1875), when a few of his friends, becoming alarmed, insisted on his again taking absolute rest from all work. It was thought best that he should leave the vicinity of Boston, since there would be less inducement to write if away from customary scenes. Pursuing the advice of Mr. Bird and others, he went in June to a water-cure at Northampton, kept by Dr. Denniston. There he staid over four months, a long and lonely exile from his friends, his home and family, his books and the pursuits congenial to him, hoping to be benefited. Before leaving home, he had said, that, if he could know he should be no better, he would not go away, but would work so far as his strength would allow, and die in harness. "Can it be," he said, looking around his library, "that I am to leave all this work undone?" From Northampton he wrote, —

"I am about satisfied that it will not be profitable for me to stay here much longer. There seems no special change in me, and I feel much better contented at home. The doctor has some excellent ideas; but he don't know every thing, nor much about my case. I cannot stay a great while without signs of permanent improvement. This loneliness is pretty trying to one who likes intelligent conversation and intercourse so well as I do. What made me come here? I fear I always do the wrong thing. What an ass is a sick man to leave home! It is too bad to lose all this summer at home, and by the sea-shore at Manomet, with the possibility, besides, of at least earning my living, which I could easily do if I were at home, and under whip and spur of coercion, or some other stimulus or inducement. I almost wish I could get into the legislature this winter. I often think, that after I was knocked out of the procession in January, 1873, I ought to have fought my way back, and that I shall have to. Had I not better plunge into politics, and write again, and so plunge out of myself? Politics bother me continually. It is of no use to say they must not. I am as much in the midst of them as if

at home; and, deterred as I am from writing on them, they seethe in my brain continually."

In October he wrote, —

"I ought not to write so much; but I am chock-full of politics. Sometimes, and not seldom, I wish the Democrats would elect me, or nominate me for the Senate or House, so I could be useful again. What is the use of dragging along in my present way, lazy, because I I have no *congenial* occupation? I get low-spirited, because I *know* I am a good politician and legislator, and am good for little else. They knocked me out of my 'sphere,' and I fear I made a mistake in not immediately fighting to get back. Is it too late now? God knows, if there ever was a man of small ambition, and apt for usefulness, it is your servant and friend. My brain is active enough: I fear it has

> 'Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.'

My body is the trouble, and is 'servile to all the skyey influences.' The mind is the lord of the body, and, in turn, is enslaved by it; so that it is tit for tat. . . . You say you have reached Nirvâna. If you have reached Nirvâna, *I* have gone beyond."[1]

He came home from Northampton in October. Happy in being among his friends again, for a time he seemed to rally; but again the old story, told so many times, was repeated: "Out of work;" "No place for me." As he said, he had stepped out of the procession: it had closed up, and he was left behind. It is the common lot: let no man think he will be exempt. So soon is a sick man forgotten. Many will appreciate his feeling of being left, at his time of life, without the accustomed task, with idle hands, an empty purse, and fast-fading powers. At this date, I do not think he could have been saved; though, under the spur of some easy and congenial employment, his life might have been prolonged. Surely there should have been found a place for this servant of the people, this writer of other men's ideas (as he modestly styled himself), this founder of a

[1] "The Rahat who hath reached Nirvâna says, 'I await the appointed time for the cessation of existence. I have no wish to live; I have no wish to die. Desire is extinct.'" — MAX MÜLLER: *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. i. p. 285.

party still powerful, — some place where he could have felt at ease, pecuniarily at least, for the few days that were yet left to him. But it is not for such men as "Warrington" to grow old in the service, and retire forgotten upon the pension-list: they go "from the heat of battle, and in peace;" their labors cease at noontide.

He went to the State House a few times during the winter, and was interested in legislative matters. He was solicited to become a member of the "third house," and could have named his own price for such services; but he was not in the market for that sort of work. He read the newspapers, or heard them read, up to the day of his death; and took a keen interest in the exposure of corruption at Washington, and the woman-suffrage debates in the Massachusetts Senate. He wrote at intervals for "The Republican;" and an unfinished letter was published after his death. This was one of his best, showing how clear his brain was when free from the oppression of disease. He suffered no pain, but was weighed down by a continued sleepiness. He would drop asleep in the middle of a word or sentence, and, waking up, would continue without interrupting the context. He conversed on philosophical and political questions to the last. One of the last books he opened was a law-book, in order to decide some question of judicial proceedings. While reading, he fell asleep, and the heavy volume dropped from his lap: it was picked up, and held for him; and he continued his research. He did not of his own accord consult doctors; and, though he listened patiently to the many methods of cure prescribed by his friends, he tried few of them.[1] Heroic treatment was advocated; but he refused to be experimented upon, remembering the doubtful result of such treatment upon both Mr. Sumner and Mr. Wilson. His latest opinion of what the closing scenes of a sick man's life should be is well expressed in Matthew

[1] The look of pleased, far-seeing contemplation with which he regarded a sanguine friend who offered a new scheme of cure is one to be remembered. It was as if he said, "What, CURE ME!"

Arnold's poem, "A Wish." This poem, with one other, he carried in his pocket-book for many years, as here printed.

A WISH.

I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of Fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless when of my death he hears:
Let those who will, if any, weep;
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then, at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room;
The friends who come and gape and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom, —
All that makes death a hideous show.

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor, full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother-doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things, —
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels Death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he.

Bring none of these; but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
The wide, aerial landscape spread,

The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed;
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind — instead

Of the sick-room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath —
The pure, eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here.

As his disease advanced, he mourned that he had come to the end of all his labors when there was so much work to be done. He loved life, and often said, "This life is so good, that it seems impossible for it to be wholly interrupted by death." He was not one who talked much of spiritual things. He had small belief in creeds, in schemes of salvation, or in modes of faith. He trusted much in a higher Power, and sought to abide by the teachings of a pure conscience. He had not cherished an active belief in the immortality of the soul; being too busy, and too happy in the things of this world, to feel any drawing towards another. He could have said with John Sterling, "I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope." He did not often discuss the subject: it rested with him as it had been left when his little boy died; and his mind was seldom led to it by any conversation. It was a heavy sorrow to those about him to think that he might be leaving forever all the acquirements of life, and that his wisdom was to become as nothing.

A few weeks before his death, he sat one day, as was his wont, before his open fire, in a meditative posture, with his hands at rest. His wife spoke to him; and he looked up with the bright smile so well remembered by all who knew him, and said, "It is curious how the belief in the immortality of the soul grows upon you. As I have been sitting here, day after day, it has come to me; and I am sure of it, — as sure of it, and of living again, as I am that I am here, — *more* sure; for I don't know half the time whether I am here in the body or not. It is just like going into another room, — into *that* room" (pointing to the open parlor-door near him). "Why, this world and the next are joined as closely as my two hands" (opening them, and placing them together, one above the other, with palms reversed). "There they are, no break, NO BREAK between, no gulf to pass. I feel every day like one who walks by a hedge, and is looking for a gate, a gap to go through, to walk on the other side." After that, the subject was one of common talk, and was spoken of in the midst of every-day affairs. Frequently, when he was spoken to, he would look up, smile, and place his hands as I have described, saying only, "*No break, no break.*" God was very good to him. He had tried to lead the people to truth and right in this life: was it not given him, in some part, to lead them still farther, — to a belief in the life beyond, towards the great centre of Truth and Right itself? The desire of his heart was to help his kind, and lead them to better things. He is blessed indeed, who, in becoming himself assured through his own experience and insight of an immortal life, can help to show the people whom he loves that this world is but the anteroom to the life beyond.

The hope of immortality, of a continued individuality, is so vital to the thinking soul as it progresses, and to so few is it given to "grow into the belief" as "Warrington" did, that for the sake of the "doubting Thomases," the conscientious souls who must see the heavens open before they are convinced, I have waived whatever reluctance I have felt, and now give to the public my honored husband's expe-

rience. Before this inner growth, this revelation, came to him, he was troubled at the thought of leaving life, and those who had depended upon him; but, in the near vision of the future, he became reconciled. Like an overloaded ship, he was trying to make port through a heavy and troubled sea. One by one, the burdens, the cares, the ambitions of life were dropped overboard. The last heavy thought — regret that the companion of his life, who had borne with him the labor and heat of the struggle, and had enjoyed so few of its triumphs, must now be left to begin it all over again — at last followed the rest. The ship was lightened; and now with him

> "The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
> And every wave is charmed."

The pen that had been said to drop gall and wormwood was now filled with the "oil of gladness," and spoke only words of loving reminiscences of old friends. The wonderful contrast between the gentleness and sweetness of his nature and the acerbity of his pen was no longer visible. He could not even bear to hear those who had injured him criticised or spoken of unkindly. He was like a little child, at peace with all men. As the veil of flesh grew thin, he became, as he said, a *seer;* for he saw visions, and dreamed dreams. "I knew a man," said St. Paul ("whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth); such a one caught up to the third heaven." "Warrington's" chamber was full of imaginary visitants: his chair was surrounded by children and people, — fair visions unseen by those with whom he talked. They were not dead friends, or any that he had ever known; not even his beloved sister, or his little son, "the divine boy in the upper pastures." He was always awake when he beheld these visions, and could see them the same whether his eyes were shut or open. They were so common, that they were mentioned freely, as the advent of other guests would be. Often he said to friends present only this: "They're thick

to-day; they're thick to-day." On going to bed he would say, "I shall see ghosts to-night." But he was not afraid; for, like Coleridge, "he had seen too many of them."

One of his most singular visions was in the night, a few weeks before he died, which impressed him so deeply, that he woke his wife to write it down before he forgot it. While lying in his bed awake, the most beautiful colored drapery began to form around his room, and to droop down from the ceiling over his head, in the midst of which was a calm, grand face. He got out of bed "to explore," and went all round his room, past the three windows, and moved the drapery from side to side as he passed. This phenomenon was frequently repeated, always with the same appearance of reality. He was not under the influence of medicine; for he took none. He did not accept the theory of so-called Spiritualism, and was not deluded or deceived by the mystery of those singular visions, but philosophically analyzed, and logically explained, the phenomenon. He said, that, as the veil of flesh grew thin, the mental eye became accustomed to a nearer vision of the future, and could see clearly those inhabitants of the atmosphere invisible to a more earthly sight. To those accepting the theory of heavenly visitants, it may seem strange that no deceased member of his family, and no old friend, should have come to him; but to himself this was no mystery. "On the other side of the hedge, as here," said he, "in the scenes of their progressive life, friends may be widely scattered from one another and from us." Of his condition he wrote to F. W. Bird, Feb. 20, 1876, as follows: —

I don't know how I am, except that I am in a very *shadowy* condition of mind, especially o' nights, as one who walks along a hedge and sees through, or thinks he does. I feel a great indisposition to work, — largely laziness, but also a fear that I may go too far. Am very sleepy at times. Am seeing lots of apparitions and ghosts, but none that I think I cannot account for. I doubt whether I shall come in this week. Am at home all the time, and shall be glad to see you, or indeed any of my friends. Remember me to Monroe, Clapp, Sanborn, *et al.* Does Bowles ever come down? I should like to see him. Write. W. S. R.

About Christmas time, "Warrington" dined with his friends at the Bird Club, of which he was one of the original members. His last visit to Boston was to attend the funeral of Dr. S. G. Howe, also an old-time member of this club. His last published writings will be found among the selections. He died on the 11th of March, the anniversary of Charles Sumner's death, — the man, above all others, whom he most reverenced and believed in, and by whom he was so much regarded in return. His death was not unexpected. It was felt by his family that the feeble light might at any moment go out. He had been dressed every day, and had sat down stairs by his open fire. On the evening before he died, he went up stairs to his chamber as usual. He awoke several times, and drew up the curtain at his bedside to look out into the night. He was awake, and talking freely with his wife, not twenty minutes before the time when, holding the hands he loved best on earth, he fell asleep, and "was not; for God took him."

"As the last perfection of a work of art, may we not discern symbolic meaning? In that divinely transfigured sleep as of victory resting over the beloved face which now knows thee no more, read (if thou canst for tears) the confluence of time with eternity, and some gleam of the latter peering through."

CHAPTER X.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief: death cannot long divide;
For 'tis as if the rose that climbed
My garden wall had bloomed the other side."
UNKNOWN.

"LET me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." It is the life that has been lived that alone makes it possible to die such a death as I have tried to describe. After all the grasping, when the hands are empty, — as all must be at last, — it is the good deeds that abide, and hold fast, and fill all the space. We do not speak of him as dead. His spirit still pervades the chamber, the house where he dwelt.

"Warrington" had no public funeral. He was buried without honors. No eulogy was given, no resolutions offered from the House he had served, no long procession followed him. In the quiet manner he would have preferred, as befitting one of the people, all that was earthly of him was carried to its rest. At his house in Malden a few friends gathered, brought their floral tributes, and discoursed tenderly of their departed townsman and friend. He lay in his sunny library, all open to the day, side by side with his books, and the desk at which he had labored, and written so many brave words. Dr. Bartol of the West Church, Boston, spoke as follows: —

"My friends of this bereaved family, and of this company that is not altogether sad, there is some joy, some hope, in that we have been singing. I purposely sacrificed, this day, affairs of some public

concern, that I might, by my presence here, pay unaffected tribute to that man in that coffin, so fittingly laid in that place, by the desk where he stood so wearilessly; to pay tribute to a sense, long felt, of courage, patience, modesty, humility, with which he served the truth. Why should not the orator pay tribute to one who spoke so well? Why should not the preacher pay tribute to a journalist who preached sermon after sermon which arrested the attention of hundreds of thousands? and, if to a journalist, why not to one whom I ought to call the 'prince of journalists'? He has hardly left a peer, and no equal, on topics which for years have occupied his pen. His constant effort was ever to show these things — matters of public interest — in the light of truth and morality: such was the habit of the man whom we are here to respect, — to respect for his sincerity, an acute conscience, a sense of right. He was the 'Junius' of America; and this is not said at random, or by report, or with mockery, as a parrot, what other folks have said, but from conversance with the man's contributions to the public prints, from the close following of his literary productions, from communion with William S. Robinson. The fault found with his writings may be ascribed to the fact that his arrows of truth hit the mark. He drew his enemies' fire, because he drew their blood. He was the sheriff of the moral sense, the executor of the law of righteousness. His pen was tempered by a holy fire, and strengthened by conviction that antagonism to crimes and errors of thought and judgment was its only, its proper use. His creed was simple, and expressed in the words, 'God,' 'duty,' 'immortality.' It is somewhat surprising, in making this review of Mr. Robinson, how some of our best and greatest men are feeling the narrowness of denominational terms."

Dr. Bartol spoke very beautifully of the long line of illustrious personages who have moved beyond the "hedges" of this world, and included with the names of Andrew, Lincoln, Sumner, and Wilson, that of Robinson. "It is not the place or time to refer to his public career; but I cannot help remarking, that though Mr. Robinson had long and ably filled the position of clerk of the Massachusetts House, yet, in consequence of his unswerving fidelity to truth, he was not allowed to retain the office." Dr. Bartol closed the eulogy, which flowed from the depths of his heart, by a reference to the personal character of Mr. Robinson. Had his reward been equal to his talents, he would have been wealthy; but he left one of the greatest legacies to his family

in his character and name.[1] Hymns were sung; and prayer was offered by Rev. D. M. Wilson, Unitarian clergyman of Malden.

The funeral-services were continued in Concord, in the old parish-church, where "Warrington" had first heard Dr. Ripley preach; and Dr. Ripley's successor, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, addressed the assembled friends as follows: —

"You have brought what remains visible of your dear friend to the old home, where, amid social, literary, and political influences in his youth, I take it, very earnest and quickening, his character received its first shaping. You have brought him to that old church where he formed not a little that religious faith which was behind his intense moral and philanthropic activity and faithfulness, and which, in his last hours of feebleness and failing powers, gave him serene peace and trust. You have brought the dust precious to you, to bury in that soil where sleeps the dust of his ancestors for two generations, and that of his own child. It seems fitting so to do. Gladly, yet with sadness too, we receive back all that remains mortal to the place which has so many memories of his brave and strong spirit to cherish.

"Your friend was not simply a private citizen: in the true sense, he was a public man. True, his personality was not often put forth prominently. He did not hold, and he did not seek, many offices which brought him before the world; but he was a public man, in that, to the very core of his being, he was full of that public spirit by which he took a perpetual and fervent interest in all things which concerned the interests of the community, of humanity; and in that, with that weapon which he wielded with such consummate skill, — the pen, — he was perpetually laboring to advance what seemed to him the welfare and true progress of man. By his sagacious foresight, by his large knowledge, by his keen and pungent wit, by his undoubting faith, he took his place among large public influences. When you have excepted a few great names, it will be admitted that not many have done more to carry our good Common-

[1] In a discourse at his church on the following sabbath, Dr. Bartol said, "W. S. Robinson was the censor of our American sin and shame. He was a Theodore Parker, addressing a larger audience from a higher pulpit. Bitter was he, indeed, against corruption in any form. Doubtless he had faults; but his virtues were real. He was one, at least, who was not terrified by the tempers and the hate of the multitude. He inflicted a wound on that leviathan of sin that swims in our muddy pool of politics, and laughs at the shaking of a spear."

wealth forward in that glorious way of philanthropy and liberty in which it has travelled than he did.

"The thing which can be said first of his character is, that it was one of which we can afford to tell the whole truth. Like the great Protector, he could say, 'Paint me as I am,' with all the virtues and defects. One thing is clear: the objects which he set before him to forward were objects becoming a high-minded man to accept. To promote good measures; to elevate to power good men; to attack by every weapon of argument, of ridicule, of appeal, which wronged and oppressed; to unmask hypocrites, and to take away their power to injure, — these objects, according to the best of his discernment and power, he sought to attain. No one, however opposed, suspected him of wilfully sustaining any thing base or mean or wrong. However he fought, he always fought with a good conscience, and undeterred by any obstacles, — whether failing health, or risk of personal popularity, or opposition of friends; and, as it seems to me, he fought the fight with remarkable unselfishness. He did not ask much portion for himself, or much reward of any sort. He was content to live simply, and to *work* while it was day.

"That he sometimes erred in judgment, that he sometimes made attacks which were undeserved, that, possessing as few a trenchant wit and pungent humor, he frequently used them with undue severity, his dearest friends no doubt would admit. But, admitting all, his public influence was beyond peradventure great, wholesome, on the side of public righteousness, and not against it, — for man's true rights and progress. In personal relations he had great power of attaching people to him deeply, even people whom he had criticised and opposed. He was bright, cheerful, full of wit, full of knowledge, warm-hearted, faithful, trustworthy; and so he had a great circle of those who believed in him, enjoyed him, and clung to him in health, and quite as deeply in sickness and decline. We cannot go far behind the veil which properly secludes the private relations and home; but we can say he was faithful and affectionate in all its relations, a true husband, an indulgent and tender father.

"He was not faultless. No one would believe us if we said that. He had the faults, and he had the great virtues, of a bold, warm-hearted, sturdy nature, which had its own vigorous and conscientious belief, and which with the whole heart hated wrong and hated falsehood. And so it was not a life lived for nought. It accomplished and was accomplishing a vast deal which was good and valuable; which was for the increase of human welfare, and for the strengthening of things right and true. And now in its fulness, in its early autumn days, when with the ripening of years and the chastening of trial we might have expected a sweeter and richer fruitage than even in youth, in manhood, that life for here is closed. Regrets are

human; and yet with the human regrets mingles the divine and heavenly instinct, which tells that there is no testimony to immortality so clear, so touching, so indisputable, as what we call death of those who have in them intellect, affections, high faith, good purposes, whose full work is not yet. The work drops here from our nerveless hands, only that in the world seen by the eye of faith a nobler work may be taken up."

Prayer was again offered by Rev. Mr. Wilson, and hymns were sung. The beautiful hymn by Sir Henry Wotton, sung both at Malden and at Concord, is here given: —

How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend;
And walks with man from day to day
As with a brother and a friend!

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Upon the coffin plate was inscribed, —

WILLIAM S. ROBINSON,
"WARRINGTON."
Born in Concord, Mass., Dec. 7, 1818.
Died in Malden, Mass., March 11, 1876.
RESURGAM.

He had returned again to his birthplace. In the hollow behind the hill, where sleep the generations of his ancestors, and where he had played as a child, near the graves of his old schoolmates John and Henry Thoreau, and close to

where Hawthorne lies, tender hands of old friends laid him down by the side of his little boy. Twice winter has departed since he left us; but his chainèd feet no spring can loose, and to mortal ken his

> "part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills
> Is that his grave is green."

Many heartfelt tributes to his memory were published by his brethren of the press. The following are selected from among them: —

"One after another, the leaders of opinion in Massachusetts have been passing away since the close of the civil war, in which, through their steadfastness, and that of the people who stood behind them, our ancient Commonwealth became itself the leader of the whole country. John A. Andrew died first, in 1867; Charles Allen followed; then Charles Sumner; next Henry Wilson; and now we must record the death of their friend and fellow-worker, from 1848 onward, through the antislavery struggle, the war period, and the years of reconstruction, — William S. Robinson, the keen and honest journalist, the man of wit and conscience, who has for so many years instructed and entertained the readers of 'The Republican' with his inimitable letters. It was for them that his best words were written, and to them he spoke long and wisely. If he did not always measure the full force of his words, if his wit sometimes went too far for justice to follow, he was yet, in the main, just, high-minded, and discriminating; and no man was more free from that cankered vice of our times, — a self-seeking hypocrisy masked under professions of public service. He never committed nor connived at those easy sins of the politician by which the people are cheated and pillaged. He was sharp against knaves and fools, and sometimes against good men who had blundered over to the wrong side; but he was never false to the great principles of popular government. Friendship was with him no excuse for public wrong or political errors. He reproved the men who stood with him as faithfully as he fought against the other side.

"Of the many conspicuous services which 'Warrington' rendered to the cause of good government in Massachusetts, the greatest was, perhaps, his unsparing castigation of Butler in the memorable raid upon the governorship made by that person in 1871.

"It was then that our satirist won his highest glory, and had the right to make his own that boast of the English poet so often quoted concerning him: —

'Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
Reverent I touch thee, but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchman of the public weal.'

"His character was formed in an old-fashioned New-England community, and lacked some of the elements of culture; but he had disciplined himself to the work of a journalist, and had a right to the name of a literary man. He read many books, and read them well; but he was still more versed in the knowledge that comes without books, from the study and companionship of men. He was an encyclopædia of political knowledge, especially concerning Massachusetts, in which he chiefly interested himself. He was a delightful companion, and a warm friend; loved and respected even by those whom he had publicly censured, if they happened to be persons who could themselves discriminate between wit and malice, between severity and slander." — F. B. SANBORN, *in Springfield Republican.*

"Those who knew William S. Robinson intimately will mourn him the most sincerely. He was a man who exemplified in a marked degree the true spirit of personal loyalty. He was neither a flatterer of a friend, nor an apologist for the errors of those he respected. He was frank to a fault; and spoke his mind on paper and in conversation with so much freedom, that he offended those who did not see that his motive was pure. It was in his nature to say sharp things; but in his heart there was no bitterness. He was a critic without selfish purposes. He detested sham; and he was at times, perhaps, misled by the shadow rather than the substance; and many of his criticisms upon men and motives were often modified. He gave severe political blows; but he received the shots of his antagonists with Roman firmness. No one can attribute to him, through the active years of a long political life, any base or unworthy intent. Had he sought influence and wealth, he would have trimmed his sails to catch more propitious gales; but from boyhood to the grave he preferred 'his independent tongue and pen' to aught else that the world could bestow upon him. In his home, and amid that social life which he sought before his recent illness, he was the kind husband, considerate father, and genial friend. Many years will pass away before his memory will fade from the recollection of those who knew him when his mind was vigorous, and his shafts of wit were so potent and piercing to those who wore the armor of pretence and bigotry." — W. W. CLAPP, *Boston Journal.*

"The last time we saw W. S. Robinson in health was on the 15th of November, 1872; and had any one then told us that we, his senior by four years, should survive him, we should have considered the assertion absurd; for, in the conversation we then had with him, he was as animated and as racy, as vigorous and as richly humorous, as we had found him in 1843, when we made his acquaintance. He carried his fifty-four years well too, and bade as fair to learn what length of days means as any man whom we knew. There was, apparently, an amount of vitality in his constitution that did not admit of the thought that the calling of which he was so brilliant a member was so soon to lose him; and we were much surprised, when, in 1873, we heard of his illness. He had overworked himself; he having been steadily employed from his boyhood, and seldom having known an interval of real rest. As a writer, we think there never was his superior in American journalism; and his equals might be counted on half the fingers. Many of his articles and letters are as good as those of Albany Fonblanque; and a collection made from them, and properly edited, would be as good reading as can be found in Mr. Fonblanque's 'England under Seven Administrations.' It would, too, be a valuable contribution to the best materials for the history of American politics for the last thirty years, — an important consideration; for our political history perishes almost as fast as it is made, the chief cause of which is the lumbering character of most of the matter from which it should be written. But Mr. Robinson's contributions to that matter lie under no such reproach; for he brought to his work an amount and a variety of humor such as it is very rare indeed to find in any man, and a trenchant wit that is still more rare; and his style was a combination of keenness and vigor that reminded readers of the French of Paul Louis Courier. Had he been so situated as to be able to devote himself solely to the pursuit of letters, it is our firm belief that he would have won a permanent place among the great humorists of Europe and America. He was a very rapid thinker and a quick worker, of which qualities his conversation afforded, from the necessity of the case, better evidence than could be afforded by his writings; for they might, for aught that the reader knew, be painfully and laboriously elaborated: but such was not the fact, as he wrote with ease, and never was at loss for either ideas or words. He could strike hard blows with both pen and tongue; but he preferred the use of sharp weapons to that of heavy weapons, skill to force. He was the Saladin of his profession. Though not a learned man, — few journalists are learned men, — he was an uncommonly well-read man; and his reading embraced those writers who are by common consent admitted to be first-class humorists, — Rabelais, Montaigne, Cervantes, Swift, Fielding, Sterne, Sydney Smith, and others. Scott he held to be as great in humor as in all other respects;

and he placed him with Shakspeare. He was one of the early few who appreciated the genius of Hawthorne. With the literature of his own time he was very familiar; and probably no other American knew better the writings of Dickens and Thackeray, and the higher order of those authors who may be said to be of the schools of those great masters. He was fond of works of fiction, among which, he would pleasantly say, he classed biographies, and books of travels. His miscellaneous reading was both extensive and various; and as his mind was a wonderfully clear one, and his memory excellent, his reading's results were always available. He had not the slightest pedantry, being as free from that as he was from cant. In politics he was ever a liberal, and of the ultra stamp; always sympathizing with the oppressed, and aiding their cause to the extent of his powers and his opportunities. He did his part in the world well and nobly; and now he has, like the good and faithful servant that he was, gone to that rest which is the best reward of an honest, an honorable, an industrious, and a useful life." — C. C. HAZEWELL, *Boston Traveller.*

"For twenty years he was an almost constant contributor to the columns of 'The Springfield Republican;' and his letters during the antislavery struggle were widely read and highly prized: in fact, they were the only fearless utterances in behalf of freedom found in any journal in this part of the State." — H. L. BURT, *Springfield Telegram.*

"We are called upon, at last, to face the intelligence of a long-dreaded event. William S. Robinson is dead. I saw him in his coffin; and he had more his old aspect than I had recognized in him for two years. The unnatural marks that his disease had brought appeared to have all faded away since life had departed. I was impressed with a massive beauty in his brow which I had never before appreciated. His brave heart has ceased to beat; his active and acute mind has ended its earthly work. The labors of his life are over. He is lost to that public whom he so faithfully and so courageously served, and to those friends, who, knowing the kindliness of character and the strongly sympathetic nature that underlaid his keenly critical temperament, ardently loved the man.

"If ever a true man, in the broadest sense of the term, lived, it was he. Nothing was able to shake the absolute fidelity to conviction that was so distinguishing a trait of his character. In an age of servility among politicians, he never faltered: he was never even tempted. Few men needed money more. He began the world poor, and a large portion of his experience in it was a struggle with poverty. Money was open to him, not as a reward of dishonesty, — for no man ever dreamed of offering to him a money-bribe, — but as the

fruit of conformity to the opinions of the hour. His pen was a power that was worth the purchase of any party: the rewards of office and of position that might have been claimed by him who wielded it, it would be difficult to over-estimate. He had not to sacrifice any thing that most men would have regarded as essential, either: he had merely to accede to the prejudices of the hour among those with whom, in most points, he was in agreement. His sturdy sense of rectitude entertained not the thought for a moment. He continually risked such favors of fortune as came to him by his faithfulness to what he felt to be absolute truth. Ordinary politicians regarded his temerity with amazement. It is to their credit, however, that they respected an exhibition of manliness which they found it difficult to comprehend. He held the position, for many years, of clerk of a House of Representatives which he constantly criticised with merciless severity; and he lost it, at last, after partisanship had so depreciated the composition of that body as to elect to it men a majority of whom were capable of censuring Charles Sumner, while they refused to express disapprobation of the Crédit Mobilier frauds in Congress.

"While, perhaps, the fearless independence of Mr. Robinson was his most distinguishing quality, — a quality in which he was equalled only by Charles Sumner among those of the same generation in public life, — he possessed, also, a power as a writer that would have attracted attention to him in any era of our annals. His knowledge of the political history of the country was very thorough; and he had enjoyed the friendship and acquaintance of almost all the distinguished men of his own State with whom he was contemporary. He was unsurpassed in shrewdness of observation; he had a logical strength that was proof against almost any possible flaw in arguments in which he enlisted; his pungency in statement was so conspicuous as to pass into a proverb; and his wit was of the keenest character. It was used unsparingly in some instances, and it scathed without stint those who came within the sphere of his censure; but we do not believe even its victims ever doubted the honesty that impelled either his sarcasm or his scorning. There was never personal animosity beneath it. He saw farther beneath the surface of character than do most men; and he had a lordly hatred of wrong, and still more strikingly an intolerant spirit towards humbug, that would not be repressed. He must find expression for what seemed to him in need of rebuke. Friend as well as foe came under his condemnation, if he felt their action deserved it. Those who best knew him willingly submitted to his strictures. They learned to know it as only a faithful frankness, that never spared the utterance of truth because of personal sympathy.

"Were Mr. Robinson living, no man would more scorn indiscrimi-

nating eulogy than himself; yet we use the language of only simple justice when we say that few men of clearer brain, nobler heart, and purer purpose, have lived in this generation than him to whom this most inadequate tribute of a fervent friendship is paid." — G. H. Monroe, *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Bishop Gilbert Haven, his friend and townsman, wrote in "The Independent," —

"The memory of many rich hours in 'Warrington's' society stimulates this tribute. Shall not the spring flowers scattered on his couch to-day in Sleepy Hollow by the liberal and loving hand of his Creator be accompanied by a few equally natural, and not artificial, though of little worth, yet vitalized by love? In a great war, the soldiers that win fame are not always the fighters. The sharpshooter that dropped many a gunner at his post, and by his steady and sure shots picked off the officers, was often unnoticed in the gazette, and even unknown to the commander. Yet, but for his perilous and persistent aim, the day had gone to the enemy. So in life's great field of battle, whether of the Church or of less reforms, the real fighter is not always the most prominent. The man that wins the battle for Christ and humanity may never wear the general's buttons; but he is none the less the real general.

"It seems natural to think thus when the sharpest, steadiest, truest journalist in all the mighty battle for freedom passes away with a dozen or less sketches in the daily press, a page long, and a score or two of minor notices, as his only requiem. Mr. Whipple finds room for laudation of a journalist or two in his *Biographia Literaria* of the century, but fails to remember this most swift and sure of them all. Yet none the less for that omision will he be remembered. In the chosen few who waged to the end the glorious strife, his name will stand among the highest. His gifts were as peculiar as any of his fellows. They were his own. He was not a philosophic thinker, poet, politician, statesman, nor even editor; though many of the elements of the highest order of statesman, politician, poet, philosopher, and editor, entered into his composition. He was pre-eminently the political letter-writer. No such shaft fled from any other bow as those his arm discharged. They were deadly, but never venomous. His arrows were sharp in the hearts of the king's enemies.

"This work was not executed in malice, but, in his own conscience, undoubtedly, with the highest sense of duty. He was only testing every man's work of what sort it was. Like Socrates, he was trying it, not to show himself, but itself. He never dwelt long on one he blamed or praised. He flew from flower to flower, extracting poison as delightedly as balm. His religious views were anti-orthodox, as

might have been expected from his birthplace. He drank at the same fountain as his fellow-townsmen, Emerson and Thoreau, of the former of whom he was always a reverent admirer. Of course, such a culture is far from Christian; and Christian truth never seized upon his soul. His writings were never touched by that light supernal: they were 'of the earth, earthy;' though that earth was polished marble and precious stones. He was bewrayed too, by this defect, into too loose ideas of liberty, not in himself, — for a maiden purity was his lifelong trait, — but in society. Like Gov. Andrew, he got so deep in love with liberty, that he did not always discern its true metes and bounds. Mill's wild liberty, which was license and lawlessness, infatuated this seer and sayer. Yet even here were limitations; and the free-love abominations of the hour found no more stinging foe than in his piercing pen.

"His life was faithful according to its early light. Few men have ever lived who more completely verified the portrait of the poet's poet, —

'Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.'

His prejudices were sometimes his idols, which he worshipped as gods. His career is a stimulus and a guide to truthful journalism. He should be copied by the hundreds that control our press in honesty and integrity. If they lack his capacity, they will, after their measure, be honored and successful. Other evils which his pen never attacked yet remain. Let his conscientious zeal against what he accounted wrong stimulate every seeker of life-fame to a like honorable warfare: so will 'Warrington' be not a vanishing name, but a growing power in all the myriads of those who wield the mighty force of the press of to-day and to-morrow."

It is fitting that woman, in whom he believed, and for whose elevation he labored, should be permitted to lay chaplets of remembrance upon "Warrington's" grave. Mary Clemmer (in "The Independent") wrote thus of him: —

"There are faces, just to think of which, shut away in the darkness of the grave, from the glory of the world and the loving glances of their kind, is enough to make one shudder.

"As I trace these lines in memory of one I love, I feel impelled to lay a little leaf of praise on the new-made grave of one I never saw. I want to pay my tribute to the memory of William S. Robinson, if only from the fact that he belonged to that order of men, who, of all men in our country, are intellectually the most unselfish, who give the most lavishly, and receive, in return, the most abuse and the least

reward. There are irresponsible persons, who like to call themselves journalists, who make much undue mischief, no doubt; and their words were worthy the moral calibre of the men who last week, in the Senate, denounced *all* journalists as belonging to this class. Nevertheless, the fact remains, that there are many men, and a few women, who, turning from the allurements of letters as an art, pour their rich gifts without ceasing into the bottomless abyss of the daily press. Their rich vitality of brain and heart, consumed hour by hour in the columns of a daily newspaper, leaves no enduring trace in the world of art by which to build a monument to their name. They rarely live to be old; and, when suddenly struck down in what should have been their prime, the mighty critic calmly records, 'Only a journalist, — a mere newspaper-writer. He has written nothing that can endure.' No niche, however obscure, is left for him in 'The History of American Literature.' No less the seed of his thought is blown to the world: it blooms, and bears fruit, in the mental life of his generation. He is the maker and master of opinion; he is the kindler and quickener of ideas; he is the defender and stronghold of principle; he is the martyr of thought and of toil, cut down at his post, and with the utmost alacrity forgotten. No thoughtful person could have read the letters of 'Warrington' in 'The Springfield Republican' for the last decade without feeling that in themselves they were an education. 'Junius' never wrote more absolutely 'to the point.' You might differ none the less that you knew they were wise, prophetic, and illuminated with that calm, clear intelligence, that breadth of mental outlook, that amounts to an added sense, — a second sight.

"I am no haunter of graveyards: but I went to Mount Auburn, where Charles Sumner rests, on the hilltop, facing the rising sun, with a vision of Claude-like beauty at his feet, that must have given joy to his living eyes; I went to Sleepy Hollow, where Thoreau and Hawthorne lie; and the thought of these three sleepers was fuller companionship than can be often found amid the living. On a tree-shaded hilltop overlooking the sunny meadows of Concord is Thoreau's grave: its discolored headstone seems to tell that this offspring of Nature has been returned back into the elements again; that 'earth that nourished him' has claimed 'his growth, to be resolved to earth again.' On the opposite side of the path, a headstone a few inches high has inscribed upon it 'Nathaniel Hawthorne,' — no more; and a few steps farther on is the green plot that waits the form of Emerson, when that serene spirit shall take on immortality. In this high company, the comrades of his youth, in this place of peace, they have laid down the body of the tired journalist. His name may be 'writ in water;' but his essence survives in indestructible things. *Vale, vale!*"

Many kind messages were received, all bearing the same tribute of love and reverence for the dear dead friend.

"I wish I could recall the words of Dr. Bartol commemorative of Mr. Robinson. They were too good and fresh to be forgotten. I think you could not fail to have been made glad for that past true and noble life, and comforted at the hour when your beloved was at rest from his labors, lying in his pleasant, sunny library, among his friends. I had never thought 'Warrington's' pen too sharp, and have always rejoiced and confided in it." H. W.

"Every just and good cause has lost a fearless champion, and there is one less good man on earth." M. F. W.

"When an earnest, whole-souled man is taken out of this world, I have another argument that immortality is real. It cannot be that all the zeal, the ripe thought, the earnest purpose, and the spirit that worked only for good results, is suddenly stopped, to work and live no more forever. Life would indeed be a farce if this were true."

E. S.

In reviewing or summing up the character of a man, there is a side not often touched upon, — the side that women know. It was the good fortune of "Warrington's" wife to be able to read and listen to the estimates of his character, and make no mental reservations. His life always illustrated those principles of purity and steadfastness that his eloquent pen advocated. If the suggestions of such a life teach even a few of his countrymen, that to be a leader of parties and the people means something besides office-holding, worldly ease, and advancement, his biography will not have been written in vain.

"WARRINGTON" PEN-PORTRAITS.

"A man is not to be reverenced before the truth; and therefore I will speak out."

SOCRATES *in Plato's "Republic."*

"WARRINGTON"—PEN-PORTRAITS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FREE-SOIL PARTY.[1]

[Worcester, Wednesday night, June 28, 1848.]

THE WORCESTER CONVENTION.[2]

Mr. Giddings finished the speech he began in the afternoon, and was followed by Rev. Mr. Lovejoy of Cambridge (Liberty[3]), who made a very effective speech. He spoke a little against Van Buren, but coupled Hale and Giddings together, and brought out a great shouting. I am writing in the hall, which is crowded. The enthusiasm, as you editors say, is "tremendous." It beats the daytime out and out.

Charles F. Adams next spoke, and cut in sharp and keen, but with more good-nature than usual. Just now he is scorning those who voted for the War Bill, and has jerked out two or three sentences quite in the style of his father. The speakers say a good deal about "the late Whig party." Query: Will it be too late for supper next November, or not?

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[1] *The Free-Soil party* was, as its name denotes, the party of freedom and antislavery, and contained the radical elements of the Whigs and the Democrats, and absorbed the Liberty party.

[2] This was "Warrington's" first letter to the Springfield Republican. He wrote no other for that paper until 1856, when he assumed the *nom de plume* of "Warrington."

[3] *The Liberty party* were the Simon-pure antislavery men; not the Garrisonians, for they did not believe in voting.

Giddings made a good hit in his speech. He said he liked a good Democrat rather better than he did a good Whig (cheers from the Loco[1] section); "for," he added slowly, "the value of an article is greatly enhanced by its rarity." It was the Whigs' turn to shout now; and they didn't do any thing else. Very fair, wasn't it? C. F. Adams has just said the Whig party is so corrupt, that it is in the condition of one who is not to be believed on oath. Said he, "I am free of it. I am ready to go forward in this movement." He closed with the old words, "Live, or die," &c.; and the cheering was the loudest you ever heard.

Sumner followed, and is now talking. His speech is a thing of shreds, and happy; pretty much as his speeches commonly are. It has considerable effect. He compared the slave power to the Bastille: whereupon James Buffum of Lynn sang out, "The Bastille is a gentleman compared to it." General laugh, of course; though where's the wit?

Sumner is going into the heroics, Thermopylæ, &c. J. S. Eldredge is clapping; Elizur Wright, ditto: but I think it is rather deep for common folks. He read a letter from E. L. Hamlin of Cleveland, O., who says that all was union and enthusiasm at the Columbus Free-Soil Convention; that it was the largest since 1840; that the State Liberty Convention met the next day, but did little besides ratify the proceedings of the People's Convention; and that the Reserve will give twenty thousand majority for the Buffalo nomination.

The enthusiasm of the meeting is rising under Sumner's finely-turned and lamp-smelling periods. It is up to fever-

[1] Locofoco. The Locofoco party, so called, was the radical portion of the Democrats. At a meeting at Tammany Hall, the radical and the conservative Democrats quarrelled; and, at a most important moment in the debate, the conservative portion caused the gas to be turned off, leaving the hall in darkness; but the radicals produced their locofoco, or lucifer matches (as friction matches were then called), and relighted the hall at once. In derision, they were called *Locofocos;* but they proudly assumed the name.

heat at least. He says the war debt is a hundred and eighty million dollars. Isn't this setting it rather too high?

Elizur Wright has just burst out with an anti-tariff interlude, agreeably diversifying the scene.

Sumner is apparently closing, and is piling it up on the young men. He does up the transcendentalism of politics very well; but would he make a good vote-distributer? He is done; and calls resound for Edward L. Keyes, who comes forward, after a personal explanation from Elizur Wright, receives three nice cheers, and speaks well.

E. R. Hoar followed in a first-rate speech. He says he knows that Mr. Webster gives his cordial sympathy and respect to all who are in this movement, and that he has never aided in the Taylor movement in any degree.

RESOLUTION PASSED AT WORCESTER JUNE 28, 1848.

"*Resolved, That Massachusetts wears no chains, and spurns all bribes. Massachusetts goes now, and will ever go, for free soil and free men, for free lips and a free press, for a free land and a free world.*" [1]

[Boston Daily Republican, Oct. 5, 1848.]

RUFUS CHOATE ON TAYLOR.

The Taylor party will sacrifice the Wilmot Proviso in Congress, just exactly as they did in the Convention at Philadelphia, if it is necessary to their success.

With Rufus Choate, politics, like law, constitutes an exercise of the faculties of reasoning and imagination solely. To get a murderer acquitted upon a plea of somnambulism, or to get a president made by a process which will betray liberty with a kiss, is simply a trial of refined skill: it is nothing else. The people might listen as a jury would listen, all the while taking in an intoxicating draught, until the moral perception had become so completely blunted, that the individuals would be ready to consider murder and arson

[1] Written by "Warrington," who was Secretary of the Convention.

quite equivalent to Arcadian simplicity and virtue, and fraud and treachery no worse than truth and honesty; and all this would be, doubtless, held to be fair, *provided it succeeds:* but, unfortunately, there is a stern and calm tribunal remaining behind, at which the tricks of magicians, whether legal or political, do not avail, and where a single grain of truth, however infinitesimally small, outweighs a whole universe of error.

Mr. Choate's argument at Salem in behalf of Gen. Taylor, like his argument in behalf of Tirrell, told well at the time; but who that knows right from wrong will ever be able to look back upon either, and praise the moral nature of the maker?

[Boston Daily Republican, October, 1848.]

GEN. TAYLOR AS THE CANDIDATE OF THE LABORING-MAN.

It will be well for the *laboring-men* to think of these things, — the tillers of the soil, the mechanics, the manufacturers. Is it altogether the *best thing they can do* to give their votes for a man, who, when he wants an agriculturist, *buys* him; when he wants a blacksmith, *buys* him, pays several hundred dollars for him, uses him as long as he pleases, and then SELLS him again? Is the laborer of the Northern Free States likely to advance the cause of the laborer everywhere, likely to increase the "*dignity of labor*," which they talk so much about, by casting a vote for this Zachary Taylor?

Hosea Biglow somewhere remarks, —

> "Folks that make black slaves of niggers
> Want to make *white slaves* of YOU."

This is true. The man who buys Peter and Jack and Nelson, — *black men*, — to work and die for him, would just as readily buy Johnson and Thompson, and Smith and Jones, — *white men*, — if he could do so. What sort of a president is this for a free republic of laboring-men?

[Lowell American, December, 1849.]

THE PARTY OF FREEDOM.

There is one party, thank Heaven, that has only one face; and that is the Free-Soil party. Their object is undisguised. David Wilmot, Charles Allen, Joshua R. Giddings, and their associates, are understood: their fellow-members know precisely where they are, and what they demand. They are for freedom; they avow it; they pledge themselves to it at all times; they ask and expect no favor from men pledged to the other side: if they vote for or against a man or a measure, it is that freedom may triumph, not party.

No man is allowed to represent their position as different from what it is: there is no need of it; for every man, North and South, East and West, knows what they are, and what they want.

[Lowell American, April 22, 1850.]

THE CLAY COMPROMISE.[1]

Henry Clay is the man who is principally responsible for this mischief. Foote might have blustered; Webster might have apostatized: but, without Clay's management, the thing could not have succeeded. Something like half a million of people, more or less, in these United States, think that they were begotten by Henry Clay, and must implicitly obey or reverently follow him. Every word he speaks, every act he performs, is received by them with loud acclaim: Clay is infallible; Clay can do no wrong. His position as a *quasi* friend of emancipation in Kentucky has helped him in his diabolical scheme of compromise. He has taken advantage of the sentiments of his followers to give the victory to the

[1] Henry Clay was the "great compromiser." His three most important compromises were, 1st, the Missouri, in 1820; 2d, the Tariff, in 1833; 3d, the California or "Omnibus" Compromise, in 1850, so called because it contained or held several others, the most conspicuous one being the Fugitive-slave Law, which occupied a front seat. This was Mr. Clay's last compromise, because, as C. C. Hazewell said, "he died shortly after; and there is no compromise with death."

slaveholders. Professing in loud-sounding language that he would never vote to extend slavery another inch, it is his action, more than that of all others, which will give slavery a victory in this deadly contest. We humbly suggest that it is about time for the people of the North to stop idolizing this arch-devil of the whole conspiracy.

CHAPTER II.

THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE LAW.

[Lowell American, Oct. 23, 1850.]

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

The law itself is infamous, and not the interpretation of it. *Those who made the law* are responsible, and not those particularly who are willing to enforce it; though these last are bad enough. It is Webster, and Fillmore, and Eliot, and Hibbard, and Peaslee, and other Whigs and Democrats who sanctioned the law, that are to be held responsible for it. Will anybody pretend that Fillmore is not properly classed? Antislavery Whigs, how does your president look, packed (like the centre-mackerel in a close-packed barrel) between Clay, Cass, Dickinson, Webster, Foote, and Houston? — slaveholders or doughfaces, every one of them.

It is THE LAW which ought to be anathematized, — Webster's law, which he agreed to support "to the fullest extent;" Fillmore's law, which he "approved;" the law of the Whig and Democratic slaveholders and doughfaces who passed it, or dodged so that it might be passed: it is "*the law*" which must be repealed, and which must be resisted until it *is* repealed.

[Lowell American, Nov. 8, 1850.]

THE MAN-STEALING LAW: HOW SHALL WE CONDEMN IT?

One of the citizens of Lowell who went to Canada during the panic which immediately followed the passage of the slave-catching law has returned. He is in doubt whether it

is safe for him to remain here. If he cannot live here, he will go to England.

Just think of it, if you have patience to think of any thing. Here is a young man of good appearance, scarcely a shade blacker than the arch-devil Webster, who is at the head of the man-stealing conspiracy; well-behaved, capable of earning a good living, and in all respects as good a citizen as the average of men in the community. He has committed no crime. Crime! — he has shown himself to be worthy of liberty and equal citizenship by taking himself out of slavery into a land of freedom. He took no man's property when he fled. The legs upon which he walked were his own, and not his master's; the tongue with which he spoke, the eyes and ears with which he saw and heard, were his own, and not any other man's. He is guilty of no crime; yet, by the law of the land, he is liable to be seized at any moment, hurried before a commissioner, and, without a trial, sent back into the hell from which he escaped!

Is not this monstrous? Will *men* endure it, — men with hearts in their bosoms, men with Bibles in their dwellings, men pretending to be believers in the Declaration of Independence and the Sermon on the Mount? We will not believe it.

[Lowell American, Nov. 22, 1850.]

"CONQUERING PREJUDICES."

Daniel Webster advised the people to "conquer their prejudices." They have been remarkably successful in doing so. The Whig party held power in this State mainly because people were prejudiced in its favor; but, it having become Websterized, the people conquered their prejudices in its favor, and voted it out of power.

There were prejudices of thirty years' standing in favor of Daniel Webster; but when he set the people the example of conquering what were supposed to be his inveterate prejudices against slavery, and went in for the support of that institution, the people conquered their prejudices in his

favor, and cast him out in disgrace. These are cheering instances of success in conquering prejudices; and we hope Mr. Webster will be pleased with the docility and aptness of his pupils.

[Lowell American, Feb. 21, 1851.]

RESCUE OF SHADRACH.

We rejoice with joy unspeakable that the black men of Boston had the courage and humanity to attempt and successfully carry through that rescue, in spite of the majesty of law with which the United-States bloodhound commissioner had clothed himself. It was a glorious event, — the most glorious event that Boston has honored herself with for many years. The two hundred "niggers" who rushed into the court-room on Saturday, and bore Shadrach into liberty, have given an honorable name to Boston, which not even the Toryism of Webster, Choate, Curtis, Hallett, and Co., can make the people forget. That rescue will be cited fifty years hence, yes, twenty years hence, as one of the chief glories of Boston; while the memory of the Tories who clamor against it shall rot in oblivion.

Who are the "leading men" who are so indignant at the violation of law? State-street brokers and Milk-street jobbers who got up a "ten-cent" rebellion against the sub-treasury law, and would have been glad to see the post-office mobbed for requiring specie payments; men who hold mortgages on slave-property, and some of whom, quite likely, are guilty of being concerned in slave-trading; men who mobbed Garrison in 1835, and Thompson in 1850, and who have rejoiced at every proslavery outrage for the last twenty years; men who sanctioned the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war, because new markets were thereby opened; men who, with the most submissive temper, have seen their own seamen imprisoned in South Carolina, and have rejoiced at the mob-law which sent Mr. Hoar home to Massachusetts, because they dared not disturb the good understanding between the planters and the manufacturers,

— these are the men who are so struck with horror at the proceedings of an "African mob," which, actuated by a sentiment which does honor to human nature, gallantly seized a brother from the clutches of slavery, and sent him to a land of freedom.

Even now they are rejoicing because the grog-shop graduates of Springfield have hung in effigy an English gentleman[1] whose only offence is speaking against the darling institution of slavery, as he has spoken against slavery of every form at home. Is not the testimony of these men in favor of the supremacy of the law a very valuable testimony?

[Lowell American, April 14, 1851.]

HUMILIATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The unconstitutional and infamous enactment of a congress of drunkards, swindlers, and doughfaces, has triumphed not only over the conscience and the opinion, but over the constitution and laws, of Massachusetts. The law of 1843, forbidding State officers to aid in kidnapping, has been openly, boldly, and knowingly violated by Boston officers, under the orders of the mayor and the State-street power behind the mayor; and even the criminal process of the State has been suspended by the corrupt advice of the State and District attorneys.

For eight days, the criminal laws of Massachusetts were paralyzed and abrogated by the claim of a Georgia slaveholder to his "property." Slavery is stronger to-day in Massachusetts than it is in Georgia; for in Georgia the claim of the owner would have to give way to the criminal process, while in this State the criminal process yields to the property claim.

A man found in Massachusetts,[2] and claiming to be one of

[1] George Thompson.

[2] George T. Curtis yesterday issued a warrant against Alfred Sims, a fugitive from Savannah, on the application of Seth J. Thomas, the legal pimp of the slave-catchers. Police-Officer Asa O. Butman was considered the stanchest hound for the operation of running down the fugitive; and the business was confided to him in connection with

its citizens, is seized by an officer, who acts in violation of law, upon a lying accusation of theft; is hurried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution; is refused a jury trial; and, upon the oaths of two or three men who are by their profession scoundrels, is carried off into slavery. All sorts of tricks unauthorized by the law — volunteer acts of infamy (such as the trumpery process issued by Hallett to contravene the criminal process of the State) — are resorted to, to carry this inoffending man into perpetual bondage, to subject him to a life of unrequited toil, diversified only with the exercise of the whip and the branding-iron.

Who has done this? Not Massachusetts? No. The humiliation belongs to Massachusetts; but the infamy belongs to Boston alone. The chained court-house, the military array, the extraordinary police-force by night and day, — these things show that it was only with great difficulty that even in Boston the law could be enforced: nowhere else in the State would there have been the least prospect of success. It is only in the midst of a corrupt public sentiment that such an infamous law can be enforced; and the country is sound to the core on this question.

Perhaps it is too sweeping to say that Boston is responsible for this. It is a combination of the money and the

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augur-hole Byrnes, whose teeth it was feared might give out. Another hound, named Sleeper, was also engaged. Butman and Sleeper about six o'clock discovered Sims and another negro walking along Ann Street. Butman and Sleeper fastened their fangs to him; and the negroes showed fight. In the struggle, Butman was stabbed, — one account says in the groin, another paper says in the leg, — but whether in one of his hind-legs or fore-legs does not appear.

Having made the grab, the hounds forced their prisoner into a carriage, and drove off to the court-house. Another struggle took place here; but the fugitive was safely secured. Thomas Sims, the alleged fugitive, was brought up before Commissioner Curtis on Friday. Seth J. Thomas appeared for the claimant; and R. Rantoul, jun., Charles G. Loring, and S. E. Sewall, for the prisoner. Court Square presented an exciting scene. There were many people in the neighborhood. *Chains* were placed round the court-house; and Judge Shaw and Judge Wells were obliged to *crawl under the chain* in order to get into the court-house. — W. S. R. *in Lowell American*, April 3, 1851.

Websterism of Boston which is responsible, — the corrupting political influence of the most corrupt politician that ever cursed the country with his presence, combined with the base love of gain, which would sacrifice all law, and all conscience, and all liberty, for the profits of slaveholding trade. It is the fifteen hundred "*respectable men*," who, according to Tukey, volunteered to aid in carrying Sims back into slavery, who have done this. Their money corrupted the pulpit and the press; their political influence controlled the city authorities, and placed the laws of the State at defiance, that John B. Bacon might carry off his "nigger." Oh, what a triumph of Webster-Whiggery! What a victory of cotton over the conscience of the people!

[Lowell American, April 25, 1851.]

ELECTION OF CHARLES SUMNER.[1]

Glad, inspiring, invigorating news is that which we publish to-day. CHARLES SUMNER is chosen senator for six years from Massachusetts. An able, eloquent, and, what is better, a true, honest, and pure man, is chosen to represent the people of the State. Is that all? No. The triumph of one man, however able and honest, is next to nothing. The great triumph is in this, that the principles of the old Commonwealth have been re-asserted and vindicated after a year of darkness and doubt cast over them by the great treachery of the 7th of March, 1850. The honor of the State is

[1] Mr. Sumner was elected on the twenty-sixth ballot; and there were twenty-six candidates, including Mr. Sumner. Their names were, —

Charles Sumner, Boston; R. C. Winthrop, Boston; H. H. Childs, Pittsfield; Pliny Merrick, Worcester; Isaac Davis, Worcester; R. Rantoul, jun., Beverly; G. S. Boutwell, Groton; S. C. Phillips, Salem; Benjamin F. Hallett, Boston; G. N. Briggs, Pittsfield; John Mills, Springfield; Samuel Hoar, Concord; J. H. Briggs, Nantucket; Caleb Cushing, Newbury; Fr. Coggswell, Bedford; H. W. Bishop, Lenox; Isaac O. Barnes, Boston; D. Henshaw, Leicester; S. A. Eliot, Boston; S. D. Bradford, Roxbury; A. Walker, North Brookfield; N. P. Banks, jun., Waltham; G. P. Osgood, Andover; A. Nettleton, Chicopee; Charles Allen, Worcester; Horace Mann, Newton.

sustained: her banner is again borne aloft by a strong hand.

This is one of the great retributive events which make an era in a State, showing that the people are stronger than any man, or clique of men; showing that the people have principles yet, and are not to be led from them by any man, however great, or however much he has been trusted. It is in this view that the election of Charles Sumner is a great event, worth more than a score of presidential victories carried by accident, by a popular hurrah, or by a concealment of party issues.

[Lowell American, Aug. 1, 1851.]

THE JUVENILE MOVEMENT FOR MR. WEBSTER.

We have already mentioned the fact, that sixty of the boys at Groton Academy have signed a paper signifying that they believe Mr. Webster to be the great defender and expounder of the Constitution and Union, and that they desire that he shall be our next President. Dear little fellows! that is all they can do for the expounder; the law not allowing them to vote for several years to come. We hear that this juvenile movement is not confined to the schools. It is spontaneously spreading into the nurseries. The cradles and cribs resound with the praise of Webster; and many an occupant of a high-chair wields his rattle with vigor in enforcing his claims to the presidency. We are permitted to publish the following paper, which has been signed by a large number of spontaneous young babies in one of our most fashionable neighborhoods: —

"The sub-scrib-bers, itty babies, liv-ing in Low-ell, here-by sig-ni-fy to our faders and our muzzers, that we con-sid-er Dan-il Webster, who made the Spell-ing-book, the best man for the Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ty Tates. We un-ner-tand that he was a good itty boy, and is now a great big man, hav-ing pre-served his con-sti-tu-tion by the free use of cold water all his days, aid-ed by fre-quent and co-pi-ous draughts from the pub-lic teat. This ex-am-ple we fol-low; cold wa-ter

and titty being our chief sup-port. And we there-fore hope all itty babies will be Wigs, and sup-port the Ex-pound-er of these prin-ci-ples. We fling our di-a-pers to the breeze, and huz-za for Web-ster, the baby's choice."

(Signed by) JACK HORNER. JOHNNY BROWN.
TOT E. WIGGINS. KITTY PEASLEE.
SIS AUSTIN. CALLY SAMPSON.
BUBB HAWLEY. GEORGY BRIMMER, and
SUNY PERKINS. Sixty-five others.

[Lowell American, June 23, 1852.]

POLITICAL DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster — there is a political end to him, thank God! In the language of the elder Mr. Weller, "He has been took at last with that ere unawoidable fit of the staggers as we must all come to, and has gone off his feed forever." "I see him," continued Mr. Weller, "getting every journey more and more groggy. I says to Samivel, says I, 'Samivel, my boy, the Gray's a-going at the knees;' and now my predilection is fatally verified. And him as I never could do enough to serve, or to show my likin' for, is up the great universal spout o' natur." In the same spirit, State Street laments the political demise of Webster.

But there are hundreds of thousands of men who will rejoice at his downfall as in that of an enemy of the human race. On the 7th of March, 1850, he sold himself, and sold Massachusetts and the North, and has ever since been leading on what Rantoul calls a "national slave-hunt." All his speeches, all his letters, all his conversations, have had this one object, — the securing of slaveholding support for the presidency by his zeal and alacrity in catching runaway slaves. *He* made the Fugitive-slave Law, and *he* has executed it. *He* has carried terror and dismay into thousands of innocent families. *He* has entered upon a new *war* against the hunted and peeled victims of Southern oppression, and has urged on the bloodhounds to seize, and carry back into

hopeless bondage, men born as free as himself, and as worthy to be free.

What has he got for his efforts? Just what he deserved, — scorn, neglect, and contempt. Look at the record: —

Fifty-third ballot. For Webster, 21.[1]

Where is the Southern support for which the great apostate sold out? Not to be found. Not even as a compliment would the slaveholders vote for him. May such ever be the reward of treachery!

[Lowell American, Sept. 20, 1852.]

FOOD FOR POLITICIANS.

"May you eat dirt!" is a form of cursing in Turkey. But the same phrase — when the dirt is scraped up below Mason and Dixon's Line, and mixed with the sweat and blood of three million bondmen — may be set down as a form of blessing in America. Certainly this article of diet, so prepared, is and always has been wholly indispensable in the training of champions for our presidential scuffles. He who could gobble down the most of it with the greatest gusto would ever find the biggest crowd of backers among our Southern managers of the ring.

Frank Pierce, who brags of having stuffed himself with this unhallowed pudding ever since he could eat solid food, calculates to win the White House on that very ground. And thus we behold a substance which affords a byword of the bitterest scorn to Moslems, partaken of, as adding a relish to their daily bread, by ambitious politicians, and sanctimonious priests who pass for Christians; and it doesn't appear to stick in their throats any more than would so much treasury-pap or missionary-pie.

[1] Webster received six votes for President out of New England in 1852, not one across the Potomac; never got beyond thirty-two votes. — W. S. R. in 1875.

CHAPTER III.

THE WHIGS AND THE COALITION.

[Lowell American, 1853.]

LETTERS FROM THE STATE HOUSE.

Popular ignorance as to the Great and General Court is absolutely astonishing. As the procession to hear the election-sermon was passing along Washington Street, one of the on-lookers put the question to another, "Who are these?" He was told, "The members of the legislature;" and he then inquired, "Which is Gen. Pierce?"[1] Being informed that he had passed, surrounded by his aides, he hurried forward, caught a glimpse of Gov. Boutwell, and declared that "he looks jest like the pickters."

REPRESENTATIVE BUMSTEAD.[2]

"Fish, fish, are you doing your duty?" — *Arabian Nights.*

My friend Melchezideck Herringbone, Esq., the representative from Pig-whistle Four Corners, who is monitor of the Ninth Division, intends to offer an order to-morrow for an inquiry into the expediency of furnishing further protection to peanuts, *to the end* that these interesting little wegetables may be furnished with a thicker skin, to guard them against the inclemency of the weather and the teeth of rowdy schoolboys, against the peace of the Commonwealth, and of the statute in such case made and provided.

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[1] Meaning Pres. Pierce.

[2] For Representative Bumstead, continued, see Brief Biographies.

And Sampson Deodatus Bumstead, Esq., the distinguished and veteran legislator from Calf-Hollow Half-Acre, has exhibited to me the rough draught of an order which he proposes to introduce, looking to the repeal of the laws relative to alewives in Taunton Great River, — laws which he considers subversive of the rights of the finny tribe, tremendously oppressive upon fishermen, unjust to haddock and herring, against the spirit of our republican institutions, and inconsistent with the constitution and laws of the Isles of Shoals. When these orders are offered, I shall say more about them.

THE ABOLITIONISTS.

The abolitionists who met at the Melodeon have got through, and adjourned. I dropped in again on Friday, and heard an English gentleman, named Lowe, a few minutes. In the course of his remarks, he came down upon Meagher, the Irish orator, for what I could not very well understand. He classed him with Kossuth and Father Mathew, each having yielded to the influence of slavery.

Garrison, the sturdy, persistent follower of his glorious idea; Phillips, the eloquent orator, who might be — oh! such a splendid politician! Pillsbury, the indefatigable traveller and worker, the every-day sort of a man, who has the most forcible way of talking of any in the whole lot, to my liking; Parker, who likes to go and make speeches, but has too much common sense to follow all the vagaries of the others; . . . and Burleigh, who can prove by impregnable logic that two and two are *not* four, — all these people meet together year after year.

I admire to hear them, and have no doubt whatever that they have done more than any other equal number of men towards hastening the abolition of slavery, but don't accede to their claim that they have done *all*, or that nobody else *can* do any thing.

THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER IN 1853.

"The Daily Advertiser"[1] has published five or six columns of words urging the legislature to repeal the Convention's (Constitutional) law. Perhaps you will ask why, in a letter from the State House, I allude to these "repeal" articles. Because, I answer, every member from the legislature was furnished with a copy of "The Daily Advertiser" containing them; and the subject properly comes under my notice. I saw the pile of "Advertisers," wet, soggy, dull. I saw rash representatives, impelled by Yankee instinct for newspapers, yet not knowing what they did, seize upon them, and thrust them into their pockets. I saw others in the House undertaking to *read* the repeal articles. I watched the struggle going on in the mind of each reader, as shown in his puzzled, or amazed, or amused countenance. I saw the gleam of intelligence which lighted up the face of one good man, who, about half way down the second column, fancied that he had discovered something which he could understand, if allowed time to investigate it; and, again, I saw others giving up the contest in despair, and asking what kind of a paper it was, and what the editor was driving at.

It is one of the curiosities of journalism. Why is it called a *daily*, I wonder. We are apt to think of a daily thing as of something new and fresh, — a birth or bursting-forth, an effulgence, a gayety. Is "The Daily Advertiser" new or fresh? Nay, but very old and very stale. Is it a birth? Nay, unless it is in the sense of Wordsworth's line, —

"Our birth is but a *sleep* and a forgetting."

Is it a bursting-forth? Nay, but a bursting-up, rather. Is it an effulgence? Nay, but a fog. Is it a gayety? Nay, but a very specific gravity.

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[1] The Advertiser, in 1853, and long after, was hunkerish and bitterly proslavery, and, of course, opposed to all reforms in which Mr. Robinson was interested. When he could not convince, he ridiculed, his opponents.

[Lowell American, March 10, 1853.]

LETTER TO THE WHIGS (COALITION).

Brethren, I would not aggravate your condition: I would fain bring out of it profit to yourselves; and, to do this, I must not merely remind you of your defeats, and the apparent and immediate cause, which is your lack of votes, but also the remote cause, which is the lack of the confidence and respect of the people. And even this information will be of little practical use to you, unless you take measures to get the respect and confidence of the people in the future.

To recur to Sancho Panza: "The reason, Sancho," said his master, "why thou feelest that pain all down thy back is, that the stick which gave it thee was of a length to that extent." — "God's my life!" exclaimed Sancho impatiently: "as if I could not guess that of my own head! The question is, however, How am I to get rid of it?"

There *is* no way, O Sancho Whiggery, to get rid of the pain inflicted by this enormous coalition stick; but there is a way to avoid such another infliction. Behave yourself properly. Discard bad leaders, and refuse bad advice. Put not yourself in the way of the people; deny not to them the right of sovereignty. Claim not for your awkward squad in the State House a power greater than the sixty-six thousand people who voted for the Convention. Repeal not laws which the people ask to have retained. Use not mob-law. Abolish not the rules and orders. Legislate soberly and discreetly. Set not your faces against every thing that has an unwonted appearance. Be modern men, and not antique fossils. And with this advice I leave you.

[Lowell American, June 23, 1853.]

THE CONSOLATION OF ASSES.

It is said to be the only consolation of a mule, that his father was a horse. Now, although it is quite a waste of ammunition to allude again to the last communication of "C." in "The Lowell Courier," one expression of his is

worthy of notice, showing as it does his close resemblance to that long-eared species of animal. Says "C.," "The Free-Soil party has not even the shadow of a name in the records of the remote past;" intimating thereby that it is lessened in importance, and cannot stand up by the side of the old Whig party, which may have existed ever since the days of — the year A.D. 1828.

There is an excellent reply to this remark of "C." to be found in the history of ancient Greece. Iphicrates, one of the ablest of the Athenian generals, was the son of a shoemaker. Being engaged in a cause before the judges, he was taunted of his mean extraction by his opponent, who boasted of being a descendant of Harmodius. "Yes," replied the noble soldier with cutting sarcasm, the "nobility of my family begins in me: that of yours ends in you."

"C." may find, that, although the Free-Soil party has no name in the records of the remote past, the Whig party will be wanting of a being in the remote future. The power of the former begins with the present; and with the present ends the power of the latter. It is too late an age to find honor in being of that class whose chief excellence, like the potato, lies beneath the sod.

[Lowell American, Aug. 16, 1853.]

THE CON-STI-TU-TION EX-PLAIN-ED FOR LIT-TLE C. C.[1]

For Be-gin-ners.

Now, lit-tle boy, let us tell you some-thing which you do not know, be-cause you are a very sil-ly lit-tle boy. If the Con-sti-tu-tion is a-dopt-ed by the peo-ple, it will make no dif-fer-ence as to the sys-tem of rep-re-sen-ta-tion, wheth-er the pret-ty Whigs or the naugh-ty Free-Soil-ers and Lo-co-fo-cos get the le-gis-la-ture. The peo-ple can say wheth-er they will have the Con-sti-tu-tion, or not; and if they say they will have it, then the town sys-tem will go in-to ef-fect, no mat-ter if the Whigs should not like it, or if they should get the ma-jor-i-ty in the le-gis-la-ture.

[1] One of the editors of a Whig paper in Lowell.

And in the year eigh-teen hun-dred and fifty-six, which is three years af-ter this year (and you can count the months on your bless-ed lit-tle fin-gers and dar-ling lit-tle toes), the le-gis-la-ture will have to dis-trict the State, just as the pret-ty Whigs wish; and this will hap-pen just the same un-der a Lo-co-fo-co Free-Soil le-gis-la-ture as it will un-der a Whig le-gis-la-ture. For let us tell you, lit-tle Char-ley C., that the town and the dis-trict sys-tem in the new Con-sti-tu-tion are both so join-ed to-geth-er, that e-ven if you were a great man, and al-low-ed to vote (and we hope you will grow up and be large e-nough be-fore an-oth-er Con-sti-tu-tion is made), you would have to vote ei-ther for both or a-gainst both; for the wick-ed Free-Soil-ers and Lo-co-fo-cos have fix-ed it so that you can-not do oth-er-wise.

Now, lit-tle Char-ley, if you will stud-y hard all the week, and try to un-der-stand this, and ask your mam-ma to spell the long words for you, and your broth-er to point out the mean-ing of the hard words, then you can come a-gain, and we will tell you how it is that a man can sup-port the new Con-sti-tu-tion with-out aid-ing the e-lec-tion of a co-a-li-tion le-gis-la-ture; and, when you have got-ten this les-son per-fect, you shall have a nice piece of plum-cake, and the big boys will not any lon-ger laugh at you for be-ing a sil-ly, ig-no-rant lit-tle boy.

[From the Evening Post, 1853.]

DEFEAT OF THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

One of my good friends requests me to "write something funny" to cheer up the spirits of the prostrate coalitionists and constitutional reformers of this region under the overwhelming defeat which they met with yesterday. I will be "as funny as I can;" but ghastliness forms a considerable ingredient in our smiling, and bitterness in our wit, just now. I had prepared some very facetious remarks in partial anticipation of a different result. In connection with that result, these would make you and all men laugh; but "much remains

unsung," and must so remain. Abbott Lawrence going about the State drenching his pocket-handkerchief with tears at the bare idea of being disfranchised was a subject for mirth, to be sure; but Abbott Lawrence dragging his wallet and contents out to "feed" forty-one perambulating Whig orators formed quite another picture. To hear John G. Palfrey and Charles F. Adams hounding down a Constitution they must have known was infinitely preferable to the old one was calculated to bring a satirical smile upon the faces of those who knew that their real object was to revenge themselves upon Henry Wilson; but the spectacle of hundreds of honest men gulled by their sophistry was not agreeable in any sense of the word. The man who has his doubts about the intelligence of the masses — the laboring-classes — might be excused, if he inwardly chuckled over the sight of "The Boston Pilot" trying to lead Irishmen into the jaws of a Boston aristocracy as remorseless as the one they had left Ireland to get rid of; but the success of this effort, as manifest in the vote of Boston, Lowell, Charlestown, and other places, must have deprived the cynic of even the poor satisfaction of a sneer.

It would take a dozen letters to give you an account of all the causes of this disaster. I shall merely enumerate them; and here they are: —

1. The city of Boston. 2. Abbott Lawrence's wallet. 3. The Roman-Catholic vote. 4. The entire party opposition of the Whigs. 5. The rum vote. 6. The hunker "Post" influence. 7. The temperance vote. 8. The treachery of the Free-Soil leaders. 9. Caleb Cushing's interference. 10. The cry, "Free-Soil Constitution." 11. The cry, "Wilson is to be Governor." 12. The conservatism of the people. 13. The blunders of the Convention. 14. The indifference of the voters. 15. The opposition of Harvard College and the Unitarians. 16. The opposition of Andover and the Orthodox. 17. The opposition of "The Pilot" and the Catholics. 18. The opposition of "The Investigator" and the infidels. 19. The opposition of the

old-fogy Whigs. 20. The opposition of the liberal Whigs. 21. Hatred of niggers and Free-Soilers. 22. The opposition of the large cities. 23. The opposition of the small towns.

Abbott Lawrence, the millionnaire, and ragged Simon, the town pauper; Father Brownson, the Catholic, and Nehemiah Twang, the Puritan; John G. Palfrey, the representative of Harvard College, and Peleg Jenkins, who is opposed to common schools, and thinks Jackson is still President; the Hon. Alonzo Stiff from Beacon Street, and Sam the bully from the Black Sea; Narcissus Yardstick, the counter-jumper, and Jonathan Harrowtooth, the farmer in the back settlements; Charles F. Adams, the abolitionist, and Caleb Cushing, the crusher of abolitionists; George S. Hillard, with his cologne bottle, and Moses Mudlark, skipper of the scow "Betsey;" Hudson, who fastens all his audience to their seats (asleep), and Lord, who drives them all away (disgusted); Standstill, the conservative, and Venture, the radical; Blifil and Black George; tag, rag, and bobtail, —

> "Some in rags,
> Some in tags,
> And some in velvet gowns," —

all united to vote down the new Constitution.

The result appears to be this, — that the coalition is completely dead; the secret ballot law and ten-hour law are prostrate, the Free-Soil party disheartened, and the Democratic party good for nothing; constitutional reform will not be heard of again for many years; the fogies will frown down all attempts at agitation, whether by Democrats or liberal Whigs; the Whig party remains in the complete control of Boston, and the money-bags of Boston rule the State.

CHAPTER IV.

WORKINGS OF THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE ACT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

[Boston Daily Commonwealth, June 3, 1854.]

RENDITION OF ANTONY BURNS.

ANTONY BURNS was taken Wednesday night, May 24, 1854, in Court Square, between six and seven o'clock, and kept in durance all night in the Court House. The next morning, about nine o'clock, he was brought before Commissioner Edward G. Loring for examination. S. D. Parker, Esq., appears in behalf of the man-hunters, and used documents purporting to be from the Circuit Court of the County of Alexandria in Virginia, which set forth that Charles Suttle of Alexandria, in that State, is the owner of Antony Burns. It was alleged, in substance, that the man under arrest is this Burns; that he ran away from his owner; and that the hunters mean to take this man back to Virginia, there to be held and treated as a chattel.

In the name of outraged liberty, we thank the men, who, in Faneuil Hall last Friday night, gave expression to their feelings on the subject of the slave-hunt. We honor the feelings which led to the ill-timed attempt to rescue Burns. We call no man a criminal who spoke in the hall, or who assailed the Court House.[1] Not until we can condemn the

[1] On the night of this assault there was a meeting in Faneuil Hall, called to order by Samuel E. Sewall, presided over by George R. Russell, and addressed by Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, and John L. Swift. I quote from p. 35 of a book called "Antony Burns; a Story:" "John L. Swift, a young lawyer of fervid oratory, next addressed the

men who threw the tea into Boston Harbor, or who mobbed the Austrian Haynau, or who drove Ward the murderer out of Louisville, can we condemn as criminals the men who have been visited with the denunciations of the proslavery press, and who are now under arrest, or in danger of arrest; and, when we consider who are the men who reprove these for violent language and action, we are still less disposed to join with them.

Who is Suttle? A Virginian slaveholder, who has never known any other law than the lynch-law, by which his system lives. Who is B. F. Hallett, his legal adviser? A man who has got his living ever since we ever heard of him by defending law-breakers; a man whom we once heard compare the keeper of a tippling-shop to the Revolutionary heroes of 1776, *because* the man had violated the fifteen-gallon law. Who composed the guard of poor Burns as he passed down State Street? A gang of the most audacious, law-breaking ruffians to be found in the whole city.

The deed of shame has been done. Boston is again disgraced. Massachusetts is prostrate to-day at the feet of the

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assembly. 'Burns,' said he, 'is in the Court House. Is there any law to keep him there? If we allow Marshal Freeman to carry away that man, then the word "cowards" should be stamped upon our foreheads. When we go from this cradle of Liberty, let us go to the tomb of Liberty, the Court House. To-morrow Burns will have remained incarcerated more than three days, and I hope to-morrow to witness in his release the resurrection of Liberty.' Phillips and Parker spoke afterwards; Phillips a second time, for the purpose of restraining the crowd, who were greatly excited by Parker's words and by the turbulent spirit of the night. The great orator had got his audience well in hand, when suddenly a man at the entrance of the hall shouted, 'Mr. Chairman, I am just informed that a mob of negroes is in Court Square attempting to rescue Burns. I move that we adjourn to Court Square.' A formal vote was not waited for; and the next instant the whole mass was pouring down the broad stairs, and along the streets towards the new theatre of action." I take pleasure in making this contribution to the history of a most picturesque event in the antislavery annals, — one of the landmarks in the war of resistance to slave-driving tyranny, which finally became a war of aggression and extermination against slave-drivers themselves. Swift's part in it only makes more conspicuous his after-defection. — W. S. R. in 1866.

slaveholders; yes, at the feet of *one* slaveholder. The infamy of yesterday will leave a stain upon her history forever. Dear as are the memories of Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall and Liberty Tree, honorable and cherished as are the lives of Otis, Quincy, and the Adamses, let no man boast of them now. We are but serfs, pliant, supple menials of the slaveholders, the "niggers" of the Union. Slavery says to Massachusetts and Boston, "I command you to catch my negro slave, and return him to me;" and Boston obeys her. Our governor, our mayor, and military force, yield to the demand. All business is suspended for a week, that we may obey the bloody behest. Our courts are interrupted, our anniversaries are forsaken, our trade suffers to a vast amount, our laws are prostrate, — all that Col. Charles Suttle may have his twelve hundred dollars' worth of negro flesh. We say our laws are prostrate. This is literally true. For eight days there was no law of Massachusetts which could be enforced in Boston, if it conflicted in any degree with the *property-claim* of Col. Suttle. A claim worth twelve hundred dollars at the utmost, an issue no greater than many which are tried daily in our courts, and not of half so much consequence (to the claimant, we mean) as cases which occur every month or week, was of so sacred a nature, that the laws of a sovereign State all had to give way to it.

The people of Massachusetts are deeply moved by the results of the past week. This feeling exhibits itself first in the usual methods. The slave-hunter, Commissioner Loring, has been symbolically hanged, burned, and buried in various places. With a slight disregard of the "fitness of things," in other places, Hallett, who is worthy only of tar, and Thomas,[1] and Parker, who would be sufficiently honored by a *kick*, have been also suspended in effigy. The women of Woburn have transmitted to Loring thirty pieces of silver, of the smallest known denomination, indicating to him by this act the views which they hold of the enormity of his

[1] Seth J. Thomas, counsel for slaveholders.

conduct in sending to a slavery worse than death an innocent man. We must be allowed, while admitting the appropriateness of this gift, to protest against its being followed to any great extent. We object even to the addition of *ninety cents* to the legal fee of ten dollars which Loring has received for his inhuman job. These demonstrations of feeling are honorable to the people. There is a sense of burning indignation at the disgrace into which Massachusetts has fallen in these days, — fallen so low as to be the jeer and laughing-stock of Virginian slave-drivers. Better than this, there is a stern feeling, that, if we do not before long *resist*, there will be no liberty left for any man among us; a knowledge forced upon men by the events here and at Washington within three months, that now must the trial come between slavery and freedom; that the great enemy of our peace has obtained an advantage by the passage of the Nebraska Bill, which, if followed up, will place the whole nation in absolute submission to its will, and leave no alternative but *serfdom*, or *separation*.

One word must, however, now be said. Edward G. Loring is the chief culprit. Not a single man who has been engaged in the business of seizing negroes, from Grier to Ingraham, from Kane to Curtis, has behaved worse than Loring. With a question of identity, on which the evidence was conflicting, he has allowed Burns to be returned to the untold and half-imagined woes of slavery upon evidence wrenched from him (if obtained at all) by his tyrannical claimant.

This decision, while it illustrates that complete *negation of all law* which is the characteristic and animating principle of the Fugitive-slave Bill, also illustrates, in an unmistakable manner, the character of Edward G. Loring. He needs not to be called names, if names bad enough could be found for him. He ought to be forever held infamous by the people of Boston and of Massachusetts. He ought to be driven out from the community he has disgraced, as Matt Ward is driven out of Louisville. Let him be a marked man for-

ever. Let Harvard College be required to repudiate his teachings, and the legislature compelled to fill his judicial station with another and better man. Let the public sentiment which he has outraged follow him. Let it concentrate itself upon him.

[Boston Daily Telegraph, May 24.]

ONE THING TO BE DONE.[1]

[*Judge Loring.*]

Massachusetts and Boston must no longer be disgraced by a slave-catching, ten-dollar commissioner acting as judge of probate. The process of REMOVAL is not with the gov-

[1] This was the first article written in favor of Loring's removal, and the beginning of the movement which resulted, four years after, in his removal. I sent this article to the Evening Telegraph.

[For the Telegraph.]

APRIL 17, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS, — I observe that Mr. Huntington of Northampton is reported as saying in the House, that "Theodore Parker was, at an excited meeting, at the bottom of all this movement" for the removal of Judge Loring. The first petition for the removal of Judge Loring was written by one of the editors of the Commonwealth, and was printed in the afternoon edition of that paper, on the day Judge Loring sent Burns into slavery; and, within an hour of the time, Burns was carried down State Street. A copy of the petition was also placed in the counting-room of the paper, and received a number of signatures. Without wishing to detract from the merit of Mr. Parker in the matter, I think it is proper that this fact should be known. R.

I also wrote the first articles after the legislature met, in favor of Loring's removal; and I have reason to believe that they determined the question in the House. Before I wrote them, I conversed with several antislavery members, who were themselves doubtful as to the "expediency," and who thought the movement would fail if it was tried. Mr. R. H. Dana said to Carter, "This is all the Telegraph's work." The resolution to remove Loring passed the House on the 14th by ninety-five majority.

Robert Carter wrote some excellent articles on the subject. Seth Webb, jun., wrote one. These, with my own, appeared, and did the work, before the proprietors got frightened, and prohibited in some degree, though not entirely, the advocacy of the measure.

Probably John L. Swift, C. W. Slack, and others who spoke in the House, think that they exercised a powerful influence upon the result; but men's minds were made up by aid of the Telegraph long before

ernor, but with the legislature. It may be done by address of the two branches, or by impeachment. The first is the practical method. We have hastily prepared the following form of petition. This, or something like it, must be signed by all the people, and sent to the next legislature; and men must be chosen to that body who will act up to its request: —

To the Legislature of Massachusetts, —

The undersigned, citizens of Massachusetts, request of your honorable body to forthwith take measures for the REMOVAL OF EDWARD GREELEY LORING FROM THE OFFICE OF JUDGE OF PROBATE FOR SUFFOLK COUNTY.

[Boston Daily Telegraph, May 2.]

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

The Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams went to the South, and saw that the slaves were exceedingly well dressed, especially on Sunday. They wore "broadcloth suits, well-fitting and nicely ironed fine shirts, polished boots, gloves, umbrellas for sun-shades, the best of hats, their young men with their blue coats and bright buttons in the latest style, white Marseilles vests, white pantaloons, with brooches in their shirt-

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a speech was made. At this time, two hundred and twenty-two copies of the Daily Telegraph were taken by the members. — W. S. R. *in Diary of* 1858.

The honor of having suggested the removal of Judge Loring from the Probate Court is likely to be contended for; and therefore, with your permission, I beg leave to embalm the facts in the columns of the Evening Post. On the day that Mr. Burns was removed, Mr. W. S. Robinson, one of the editors of the Boston Commonwealth newspaper, drew up the first petition that ever existed for the judge's removal, and published it in that day's paper, in less than an hour after the fugitive had been carried down to the slaver in which he was transported back to Virginia. The same gentleman placed a copy of the petition in the counting-room of the paper, and it was signed on that day by several persons. Mr. Robinson ought to have the credit which attaches to the opening of the proceeding, which has all along, and through its various stages, been opposed by those who form the aristocratical branch of the Free-Soilers. — C. C. HAZEWELL'S *Letter to New-York Evening Post.*

bosoms, gold chains, elegant sticks, and some old men leaning on their ivory and silver-headed staffs." He saw one man, a member of a band of musicians, who had even attained to the dignity of periscopic glasses. Some of the young women wore turbans, and walked with a rhetorical lifting of the arm and leg. On the whole, the reverend doctor found the slaves a remarkably happy people. He asked one of them if he wanted to be free; and he replied, that he only wanted to be free in the Lord; and the doctor believed him. It is not for us to discredit his statements: only we are puzzled to account for certain advertisements which we find in the Southern newspapers. They are easy to be found, — these advertisements to which we allude. The portrait of a fugacious person, with a pack upon his back, shows at a glance what is the subject of the notice. We have several of these advertisements now before us. How to account for their appearance — that is the question. If the slaves are happy, why do they run away from happiness? Are they surfeited with delights? and do they run off on that account? Do broadcloth suits, including Marseilles vests, eventually pall upon the appetite of the fashionable colored man, brooches grow nauseating to his simple taste, and even periscopic glasses become unsatisfactory?

Passing over the large rewards offered for Mike, a black, heavy set fellow, the end of one of whose thumbs is bit off, a bricklayer by trade; for Andrew, a man of "rather light complexion;" and for Charles, who is very black, and has a limp in his left leg, which we trust left him when he got on the high road towards the north star, — we come to the following "rare chance:" —

"A family of negroes, consisting of a woman forty years of age, a splendid cook, washer and ironer, and her three children; viz., a dark mulatto girl about sixteen years of age, a most excellent nurse, and good seamstress, and accustomed to all kinds of housework; also a girl about thirteen years of age, a good house-servant; also a boy about eleven years of age. The above family of negroes will be fully guaranteed. They are slaves of excellent character, and are sold only from necessity. A bargain will be given to any person who will buy the family together.

"Also a very likely mulatto man, about twenty-four years of age, a first-rate dining-room and general house servant, fully acclimated. Such servants are seldom offered for sale.

"Apply to . "H. T. GREENWOOD,
"47 Carondelet Street."

Mr. Greenwood, you are mistaken. Such servants are *often* offered for sale, if we may believe the advertisements in the Southern papers. Sold only from necessity, indeed! Whose necessity? Who is this great lubberly Greenwood? and by what title does he relieve his embarrassments in this way? Who gave him the right to dispose of this splendid cook, washer and ironer, this excellent nurse and good seamstress, this good house-servant, and this young lad? Will Greenwood's neighbors give him any such recommendation as he gives this family he is going to sell? Is he a "splendid" or "excellent" *any thing?* Is he not a thief, who, after stealing the labor of this family for years, now sells them to pay his debts withal?

CHAPTER V.

THE KNOW-NOTHING AND STRAIGHT REPUBLICAN PARTIES.

["Warrington's" Letters in Springfield Republican,[1] Jan. 24.]

THE KNOW-NOTHING[2] LEGISLATURE OF 1856.

"Steal, steal, steal." If this does not continue to be the watchword of the Know-Nothing State Government, it will be no fault of the leader of the dominant party in the House. Mr. Devereux occupied another hour or two to-day in defending the extravagance of the Gardner administration. Mr. Charles Hale opened the debate in a speech of an hour, excellent in matter, and at times spirited and effective in style. His examination of the financial condition of the State was very able, and his exposure of Mr. Devereux's speech of yesterday entirely conclusive to all impartial men.

We have got a live slaveholder in the city, Mr. Robert Toombs[3] of Georgia; and, of course, the Boston aristocracy are in ecstasies of delight. Mr. Appleton has the honor of entertaining the distinguished guest.

We had a specimen of "the chloroform game" in the House to-day upon a large scale. Mr. Story of Somerville, taking his stand in front of the speaker's desk, began to

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[1] Unless otherwise designated.

[2] *The Native American* or *Know-Nothing party* was a secret organization, and to "know nothing" was its policy and password. It was called the "K. N—s."

[3] Robert Toombs threatened to call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill.

speak upon the Jury Bill. It was curious to witness the effect. Wide-awake people like the reporters, who recognized the signs which precede the advent of a *bore*, packed up their papers, and took themselves off. The lobbies were soon filled with members congratulating themselves upon their escape, and occasionally looking at the door, and trying to penetrate, if possible, the pall which Story had spread in a very few minutes over the whole House. I have it from one who remained, and kept himself awake by thrusting a pin into a fleshy part of his body, that, about a quarter of an hour after Story had fairly got under way, the scene before him was a peculiar one. Some members had fallen forward, and were asleep in the most curious and awkward positions, having been overtaken without any time for preparation. Others, who saw what was coming, but had found their legs fail them when they tried to get clear, had carefully covered their heads with their bandannas, and had gently and gracefully subsided. One man, who said he could stand *any thing*, having been a steady reader of "The Daily Advertiser" for a dozen years, undertook to defy his fate, and fortified himself with the third number of "Little Dorrit." He stood it through the account of the "circumlocution-office," but yielded as soon as he had finished that chapter. Dickens had found his match at last. One man in the gallery, who happened to yawn at a quarter-past twelve, was paralyzed before he had finished; and his mouth remained open more than three-quarters of an hour. The benumbing influence escaped at the doors, and penetrated into the senate-chamber. Men in the lobbies were obliged to leave; and the senate, which had unflinchingly withstood eighteen speeches in one day from George W. Warren, precipitately adjourned. The clerks in the office of the secretary of state and the treasurer were obliged to suspend their work; and a chambermaid on Mount Vernon Street, who had once nearly died of the fumes of charcoal, roused the house in great alarm at the familiar smell. The sergeant-at-arms was implored to interfere, but he was too far gone to respond; the speaker could

not lift his gavel: and so Mr. Story had his audience completely at his mercy. At last, about one o'clock, he yielded the floor. The enchanted jaw closed; one by one the sleepers roused themselves; Mr. Lamb of Greenfield seized the floor, and, by his vigorous and energetic method, dispelled the charm; and finally things went on about the same as ever. Mr. Story still remains an object of curiosity to hundreds.

Of what consequence are legislative proceedings? Isn't *Banks* elected? Isn't the north star in full view? Are not the doughfaces prostrated, the Administration and its Nebraska Bill rebuked, and the Republican policy and principle gloriously sustained at Washington? Who cares for legislative news to-day, or Coburn and Dalton trials, or snowdrifts on all the railroads?

[May 23.]

ASSAULT ON CHARLES SUMNER.

The members of the House were yesterday afternoon startled by the news that Senator Sumner had been assaulted and beaten by Brooks of South Carolina. A great deal of feeling exists throughout the community in relation to this attempt to take the life of our senator for words spoken in debate. Yet the deed already has its apologists. "The Boston Post" despatches the subject in six or seven lines, and mentions that Mr. Brooks was "irritated;" and I presume that the organs of border-ruffianism throughout the country will find some similar excuse. *Murder has become a party question* in this country; and the party which seeks and finds apologies for the outrages in Kansas — apologies imbecile as well as apologies infamous — will not be unable to apologize for this last and crowning act of ruffianism. It is difficult to speak of this subject in any suitable terms. Let the minds of all men be directed to the remedy for the state of affairs which produces such outrages. Apathy and division at present threaten to destroy Northern efficiency, and so perpetuate the reign of misrule for an indefinite period. Perhaps events of this sort, which have taken

place every day in Kansas, and the scene of which is now transferred to Washington, may

> "Lend this dead air a breeze of health,
> And smite with stars this cloud."

Every man feels and expresses the greatest alarm as to Mr. Sumner. His death would indeed be a dreadful event, and would create a sensation of more sincere sorrow than the death of any man known in our history.

[June 2.]

RELIEF OF KANSAS.

I gave you on Saturday an account of the contest in the House upon the resolve appropriating twenty thousand dollars for the relief of the crushed-out Massachusetts men now in Kansas. It would be difficult to give you an adequate idea of the bitter and malignant hatred of the Kansas cause, which was exhibited in the speeches against this patriotic and humane resolve. Of course, speakers had apologies to make for their course: knavery and ruffianism never lack apologists. Of all the drivelling, jabbering, idiotic nonsense that ever got uttered in a legislative body, these speeches were the worst. A hundred and ninety-one members deliberately put themselves upon record as approving of the resolve, word for word; but, after these ruffian-sympathizers had spoken, a vote was obtained to lay the resolve on the table. To-day an attempt was made to take it from the table; but it failed. It is understood that Gov. Gardner is working against it with all his might; and there are at least a hundred members of the House who will vote against any thing (except their own salaries) at his command.

In the afternoon, another attempt was made; and, under the yeas and nays, it was carried, 115 to 105. The resolve was then postponed until to-day; and at ten o'clock the debate commenced. The border-ruffian argument was presented by Messrs. Lawrence of Cambridge, and Merwin and

Codman of Boston (Whigs), and Wilkinson of Dedham (border-ruffian Democrat). Replies were made by Mr. Pike of Newton, and Mr. Charles Hale. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Crossman of Springfield (border-ruffian) moved to lay the resolve on the table. Mr. Hall demanded the yeas and nays; and they were ordered. The vote was then taken, with this result: yeas 138, nays 129. So the resolve was laid upon the table. This is a distinct and unequivocal triumph of the border-ruffian party. I have several times reminded you that the House was substantially in the hands of this party. There are about a hundred members, belonging to the Whig and Democratic parties, who are thoroughly imbued with ruffian principles. Now, when you add to these some thirty or forty Know-Nothings, who bring here no other political ideas than their intense hatred of all antislavery men and measures, and quite a large number of political adventurers, dependent for political life and sustenance upon the will of the cowardly conservative and corrupt schemer who fills the gubernatorial office, you will see that decent men and measures have not a fair chance.

So mean a set of men as this Know-Nothing furor has sent into the Massachusetts legislature were never seen together before. Lazy, unprincipled, unscrupulous, mercenary, and slavish, they only seek to further their own private ends at the expense of the State.

RASCALITIES OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

All the rascalities which I have had occasion to notify you of during this session, so far as I remember, have originated and been carried through by members or officers, without the agency of outside influence, so far as appeared. It is the shallow thought of many persons, that all or most of the rascalities are perpetrated by the professed politicians. The experience of the last and present year ought to have dispelled this notion, which is a great and mischievous mistake. The innumerable sins of the Know-Nothing administrations of 1855 and 1856 are, in a great degree, to be

attributed to the prevalence of this idea. The hundreds and thousands of new men who rushed into politics in 1855, and became prominent then, had the idea that success and distinction were to be reached through the road of intrigue; and having determined to succeed, or be distinguished at any rate, they forthwith proceeded in what they considered the shortest way. I have lately seen a letter written by a member of the House to a newspaper published in the city which he represents. This member says, "Everybody knows, that however much we may admire a bold, plain, truthful course in a public man, such a course is hardly ever successful in making a man influential and popular; but that, on the contrary, he who turns his sail to catch every passing breeze is apt to triumph over his more honest and conscientious opponent." Probably the writer of this extract wriggled into his present position of member of the House by some discreditable intrigue or other; and considering his election a great "triumph," and his position an astonishing elevation over the candidate of the opposing parties, he comes to the absurd conclusion which I have quoted.

I am sorry to see that the crooked policy of seeking power by means akin to those which brought the Know-Nothings so prominently forward is to be persisted in by a class of persons who think that the experiment can be twice tried with even temporary success. The "People's Union" is the name of a new secret order, which is designed to bring together, if possible, the Americans and the Republicans. I have seen the constitution of the new order. It has apparently but few features attractive on account of secrecy. A password is, however, required for admission to the meetings. The preamble consists of a collection of words skilfully mingled, bringing together anti-administrationism and anti-foreignism. I don't understand that it has had much success; and I don't think it deserves to have. If there is any thing plainly to be seen in our politics, it is this: that the Administration party must be defeated upon the single issue

of opposition to its slavery policy, or not defeated at all. There are thousands of voters who will not, because they can not, fight the battle on any other issue; and for my own part, next to the slave-power embodied in the Democratic party, I think that Nativism and secret political societies are deserving of the most decided hostility of all American and democratic men.

[Jan. 13, 1857.]

ELECTION OF MR. SUMNER.

It was good to be in the Senate to-day at twelve o'clock, and see Charles Sumner elected to the United-States Senate by a unanimous vote on the part of that branch. Some little opposition was manifested by Mr. B. C. Clark of Suffolk County (Republican) to the proposition offered by Mr. Whitney of Worcester, to elect by the *vivâ voce* method; but Mr. Clark was the only one who finally voted against it. His arguments were replied to — an easy job, by the way, — by Messrs. Brakenridge and Warner of Hampshire County, Sabin of Berkshire, and Hoar, White, and Usher of Worcester. The list of senators was called over, and every one of the forty responded, "Charles Sumner of Boston;" and, when the announcement was made of the result, many spectators were present, and the greatest satisfaction was expressed. One man told me that he came from a distant town to enjoy the scene.

[Oct. 16.]

THE STRAIGHT REPUBLICAN PARTY.[1]

Chapman Hall proved sufficiently capacious for the accommodation of the Straight Republicans, who held their State Convention there yesterday. The room will comfortably hold three or four hundred; and it was pretty well sprinkled over with people. Making allowance for Banks

[1] This party was formed against Gov. Banks and the coalition with the "Know-Nothings."

men, Gardner men, curiosity-hunters, and reporters, I think there were from seventy-five to a hundred men who attended to take part in the business. A preliminary meeting was held in the forenoon at the Revere House, which was attended by some thirty persons. Most of the men engaged in the movement being old politicians, all the machinery was well oiled in the morning, and worked like clock-work. There was a spontaneity about the motions, the nominations from the chair, the appointments of committees, &c., which characterizes all well-regulated parties; and I could not observe, that, in these respects, the Convention differed much from those which are held by much larger parties. We had a president, a respectable number of vice-presidents, a sufficient number of secretaries, a committee on address, another on resolutions, another on finance, another to appoint a State committee, but none on credentials. Every Republican who could not go for Banks was welcome: all others were bogus.

Dr. Caleb Swan made a slight but ineffectual struggle to *avoid* the nomination for governor; but it was fastened upon him. The Convention voted not to receive his declination, and he did not say any thing more.

Mr. Henry L. Pierce of Dorchester, who is nominated for treasurer and receiver-general, was present; and, as he is the man of all others most responsible for the movement, there is no probability that he will decline, unless he should be elected. Dr. Swan, however, who was the most prominent figure, is from Easton, in Bristol. His speech in the morning was a hearty and genuine outpouring of good-humored indignation against slavery and Know-Nothingism, which was greatly applauded. The doctor is an old physician of very extensive practice. I understand he has lately abandoned allopathy, and now advocates and practises homœopathy. You, who know how clannish doctors are, will acknowledge that this is an indication of firmness and candor, if not of wisdom. The longest speech was made by Charles G. Davis of Plymouth, lately a member of the Banks State Committee. He spoke nearly an hour. F. W. Bird of Walpole made a

briefer speech, which was sharp and pungent. A Mr. Chamberlain of Westborough also spoke. These, I believe, were the only set speeches. W. S. Robinson reported a State address.

[Oct. 30.]

The Straight Republicans have got out their last paper; and, though they say something about its continuance, I do not think there will be sufficient "encouragement." They have issued in all some thirty-five thousand copies of the seven numbers, — five thousand per week. But few of them have been returned; and probably they have been generally read. It is curious enough that the Straights get no sympathy whatever from the old-line antislavery men, who are represented by "The Liberator." That paper has taken no notice of their movement, has given the coldest of its shoulders to Dr. Swan, and this morning very unequivocally intimates its preference for Mr. Banks. Theodore Parker takes a great interest in Mr. Banks's success, and has tried personally to dissuade some of the Straights from opposing him. Isn't this funny?

[Nov. 6.]

THE FATE OF THE STRAIGHT REPUBLICANS.

As you have indicated your desire that I should write something concerning "the fate of the Straight Republicans," I suppose I must gratify you; and I should have no great objection, if you would assist my correspondence every week by asking questions, — a business for which you have such a happy faculty, that I think one of you must have been like that relative of Dick Swiveller who was *marked* with an interrogation-point. Some of your questions, however, I shall answer briefly, and others, haply, not at all.

You ask, "Where's the Bird of freedom?"[1] I answer, "Congratulating himself that Walpole is the banner-town,

[1] F. W. Bird.

Swan having received fourteen votes there, while he got only fifteen in the big city of Worcester." He has been cruelly paid for all the wrong he has done; for, as he tells me, some Banks boys seized unlawfully upon a barrel of tar belonging to him, which, in the flood, was left upon the bank of the "water-privilege," and set fire to it in honor of the triumph of "the cause of freedom." They not only stole and burned his tar, but frightened him with the fear that his mill was on fire.

You ask, "Where's Swan?" Well, I *swan* I can't tell; but I suppose he is advertising his globules to the sick people of Easton, — the most honest and useful business a doctor can be engaged in. "Where's the money spent for thirty-five thousand papers? Why was not this paper sold, and the money given to the poor?" Are you such bad political economists as to recommend the giving of money in charity, rather than the dispensing of it in the shape of wages? "Why was it not distributed among conscientious voters from the 'gem of the say,' and a few thousand votes bought by it?" Because, probably, the object was to *sell* voters, and not to buy. "Have the Democratic distributers played false?" This, I suppose, is a vague hint that some Democrats have been interesting themselves in the distribution of Straight Republican votes. This is not improbable. Gardner men also took an interest in that enterprise. But I advise you not to scrutinize too closely the management of other parties, until you have informed your readers that your leading Boston organ published, and you copied, a FORGED letter purporting to come from CHARLES SUMNER, for the purpose of influencing the election. Has *any party* in Massachusetts ever done a baser thing than that?

Your general inquiry as to the fate of the Straight Republicans I can best answer by saying their condition reminds me of a picture by John Leech, the illustrator of "Punch." A little boy is seen holding a big dog by the collar. Three young ladies approach; and this dialogue ensues: —

Boy. — "If you please, m', was you a-looking for a little dog?"
Young Ladies. — "Yes; oh, yes!"
Boy. — "Was it a spannel, mum?"
Ladies. — "Oh, yes! a most beautiful little spaniel, with very long ears."
Boy. — "Ah, then, mum, it's the same as flew at master's big dog here, wot's bin and swallered of it."

Or, if you prefer a more solemn description of our condition, let me quote for you the words of the sacred poet: —

"In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies."

And now, if you want an epitaph, let me quote a couplet from an ancient poem, which is, however, quite popular with the most modern of our inhabitants: —

"Seven, eight,
Lay 'em straight." [1]

I am glad that you have, since the election, plucked up courage enough to resume the use of the word "Republican." You remind me of the henpecked man, who, after being driven under the bed by his wife, at last ventured to look out, and, in reply to a threatening shake of the broomstick, valiantly said, "As long as I have the spirit of a man, *I will peek!*" This is a good sign. Before the election, the unlucky wight who had dared to intimate that the Banks party was Republican would have had his hat knocked over his eyes.

The reign of Know-Nothing terrorism, then, is over, is it? Thank God for that! Get a name, and keep it. It don't make much difference what it is, — whether Republican, American, American-Republican, or Know-Nothing. One of the chief advantages the Democratic party has had lies in the fact that it has had a name which it has stuck to.

[1] The Republican, to whom this letter was written, was a Banks paper, and had probably touched "Warrington" upon the failure of the Swan movement.

Was it called a Polk party, or a Pierce party, or a Buchanan party, or, in this State, a Morton or a Beach party? Never: always the Democratic party. The name, and the persistence of the party in sticking to it, gave the people an idea of permanence and power, which no opposition party ever was able to impress them with.

The name of "Republican" has the great merit of meaning very little; being, in that respect, almost equal to "*Whig*," which meant nothing at all. Under it, if you will adhere to it, and sufficiently ignore principles, you may achieve that success which it is the duty[1] of every true man to obtain, at whatever hazard. Somebody is reported to have said, "You must not be too perpendicular for the sake of principle." The beautifully antithetical motto of *our* time is, "You cannot be too horizontal for the sake of success." Thus much from my Growlery.

[Nov. 4.]

END OF GOV. GARDNER.[2]

About five o'clock yesterday afternoon, there was a shout in State Street, and a rush of people down toward the Merchants' Exchange, on a building opposite to which men were raising a sign inscribed with the words, —

"GARDNER, WOLCOTT, & CO., BANKERS."

One hour after the polls had closed in Boston, and even before the returns had come in from the country, Gov. Gardner had discovered that he was badly beaten, and politically dead. It cannot be said that he "died, and made no sign;" for his sign was the first genuine and official notification of

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1 "SUCCESS IS A DUTY." We supposed that this sentiment was properly attributed to Gen. Banks; but, in looking over an old volume of the Whig Review for 1852, we found the following: "Shall we forget, in view of the election just at hand, that, to that army or party entering battle in a just cause, success is the first duty, defeat is the first danger?" — W. S. R. in 1853.

2 New-York Tribune (letters in).

his death. And there are very few mourners. Even the men who dislike and distrust Mr. Banks have a certain amount of satisfaction in the defeat of Gardner; while the scientific way in which he has been "licked" is calculated to excite the admiration of all artists in politics.

That grim humorist, Thomas De Quincey, in one of his papers on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," relates how old Toad-in-the-Hole came forth from his retirement on the morning after the great Williams murder in Ratcliffe Highway, and proceeded on his way to the club. "As soon as he arrived," says the narrator, "he seized every man's hand as he passed him, wrung it almost frantically, and kept ejaculating, 'Why, now here's something like a murder! This is the real thing: this is genuine. This is what you can approve, can recommend to a friend. This, says every man on reflection, — this is the thing that ought to be.' Then, looking at particular friends, he said, 'Why, Jack, how are you? Why, Tom, how are you? Bless me, you look ten years younger then when I last saw you!' — 'No, sir,' I replied: 'it is you who look ten years younger.' — 'Do I? Well, I shouldn't wonder if I did: such works are enough to make us all young.'" Some such feeling of exultation is manifested by almost every man of taste at the exquisite way in which the breath has been beaten out of Henry J. Gardner; and yet the creature fought almost as pluckily as the Mannheim baker, whose twenty-seven rounds with the English boxer are also described in the lively pages of the "Opium-eater."

CHAPTER VI.

ANTISLAVERY MOVEMENT.

["Warrington's" Letters in Springfield Republican,[1] March 20, 1858.]

A SONG OF EXULTATION.

WELL, Judge Loring's removal is, as the French say, *un fait accompli*, or, as Caleb Cushing said of John Tyler in his day, "a fixed fact." While I do not wish to detract from the credit which the enemies of this measure are so fond of ascribing to the Garrisonians for their share in bringing about this auspicious event, I think I may fairly claim that no man has more steadily endeavored to bring it about than myself. I claim that the very first petition for the removal, and the very first words urging that petition upon the public attention, were from my pen. Being, on the day of the extradition of Antony Burns, one of the editors of "The Boston Commonwealth," I saw the dismal and disgraceful procession pass down State Street; and, before it could have reached the wharf, I placed a petition for Loring's removal upon the desk, and published it in an extra edition of the newspaper. I am happy, also, to believe that I have written more columns in favor of the removal than any other person.

Three times has the legislature responded to the popular demand; and at last the Executive has consented to the removal. For one, I thank him and the Council for it; for I believe that the importance of this measure, as a step in the progress of the emancipation of the free States from the

[1] Unless otherwise designated.

control of the slave-power, cannot well be over-rated. It will take rank with the action of the Wisconsin judiciary, by which the infamous Fugitive-slave Law has been killed dead in that State. The ban of proscription and outlawry is put upon every man who shall take a willing part in the enforcement of that inhuman statute. I know of no other way to resist and destroy the force of such enactments, but to place all such men under such a ban as this.

Is this treason? Not at all; nothing that resembles treason. Is it nullification? Hardly; nothing more than that, at any rate: and nullification is a thing so common, that it need not attract much attention. There are more laws nullified to-day in Massachusetts than there are laws obeyed. If this is nullification, it is very indirect. No law is violated in the removal of Judge Loring. The measure is a conservative one. In 1855, perhaps, it could not have been called so with such strict propriety as it now can be. Loring himself has made it conservative. He has placed himself in the attitude of the law-breaker; and the governor, unless he would bear the sword in vain, must remove him as soon as the legislature demanded his removal. Not only has Loring violated the law, but his conduct has tended, in no inconsiderable degree, to diminish the attachment of the people to the life-tenure of the judiciary; and, in my opinion, his associates of the Probate Court owe much of their present trouble to him. But it is as a strict antislavery measure, not as a conservative triumph, for conservatism is not my especial hobby, that I rejoice in this removal. As a declaration of war against the Fugitive-slave Act, it has great value. As a stroke in favor of State rights, it is inestimable. It will help teach the people of the State a lesson which they need more than the people of any other Northern State; viz., that it may yet be necessary — it is becoming every day more and more necessary — to stand up for the rights of the States against Federal encroachments, congressional and judicial.

Mr. Stone, senator from Essex, in his speech, took extraor-

dinary pains to show that this removal was to be effected because Loring sat in the Antony Burns case, and took part in enforcing the Fugitive-slave Act; and he said it was a subterfuge to pretend the contrary. I do not think the senator made out his case, though I do not care much if he did. Judge Loring's conduct in the Burns case — the fact that he sat in the case at all — was sufficient reason for his removal. But that alone is not the reason why he was removed. He is removed for a persistent violation of a law of the State. That law grew out of this particular case, no doubt, and was a general declaration of State policy, not only for him, but for all other men in his condition. It is competent for the legislature to create new offences, and provide for their punishment. This is done every year.

Take the offence of Schuylerizing, as it has been called. Suppose a railroad-officer should defraud his corporation in a manner not punishable by law. Is it not competent for the legislature to make a law defining and punishing his offence? Then suppose he goes on in his fraudulent course, and, when the corporation undertakes to turn him out, he turns about, and says, "I have violated no law. When I began to steal, there was no statute against stealing. Your law was got up to meet my particular case; and now you are turning me out under pretext of violating this law, when, in fact, you are proscribing me for an act which was not contrary to law. You are committing an evasion, guilty of a subterfuge." This would be talking no more nonsensically than Senator Stone talks now.

"The Boston Daily Advertiser" admits with great frankness, that "the Republican party, not only leaders, but rank and file, were willing and desirous to let the question lay aside;" and it attributes to "a fiery article[1] in 'The New-York Tribune,'" published at a time of "universal silence of the Republican press of Massachusetts upon the subject," no small influence in changing the policy. This is but say-

[1] Written by "Warrington."

ing that "The Tribune," on this subject, better represented the Republican party than the Republican press of the State. And no doubt this is true; for "The Advertiser" speaks more than the truth when it says that the leaders and the rank and file of the Republican party were willing to evade this question. This is more than I, at least, have ever charged. It was only a portion of the leaders who tried to evade it; and as for the "rank and file," nothing but their imperative demand, spoken in the House of Representatives by such men as John A. Andrew, Robert C. Pitman, George D. Wells, Dexter F. Parker, and others, brought the quietists up to the issue. Mr. Pitman's bold and successful movement to postpone the Consolidation Bill, in order that the address might be first considered, was the turning-point in the struggle.

[April 2.]

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY.

Squatter sovereignty was a device to avoid the Wilmot Proviso. Old Gen. Cass was at one time ready to vote for the proviso; at least, so it was currently reported. He devised the squatter-sovereignty dodge, and developed it in the Nicholson Letter. It was substantially accepted by Congress in 1850, when they sneaked out of the duty of governing the Territories, and allowed the squatters and the climate to settle what the people intended *they* should settle. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise was, I have always thought, a logical result of the compromise of 1850. Congress had abdicated its government of New Mexico and Utah: why not, also, of Kansas and Nebraska? The scenes in Kansas were also the legitimate and logical result of squatter sovereignty.

All that happened in Kansas was to have been expected. Open a field ten acres square in the neighborhood of Springfield, and advertise in "The Republican," that, on a certain day, the man who got there first shall have the house-lots into which it is divided, and see if you will not have Kansas on

a small scale. Squatter sovereignty is, in fact, the abnegation of all law, and the encouragement of anarchy.

Next comes the Dred Scott decision to repair the mischief. The slaveholders — being in danger of having their property voted out of their hands, and themselves voted out of the territory they expected to control — procure old Mr. Taney and his associates to announce to the country as constitutional law, that the slaveholder cannot be deprived of his property, no matter what the majority, heretofore supposed to be sovereign, may be.

Gen. Cass was defeated by the Whigs and Barnburners,[1] because, in compliance with the Southern demand, he had yielded up the right of Congress to *prohibit* slavery in the Territories. Now, the struggle of the Republicans is to prevent the passage of a law by Congress to *enforce* and *sanction* the right of the slaveholder to his slave, wherever he may choose to carry him; and at a day's journey behind the Democratic party comes limping along the Republican party, taking up each old issue as it is successively abandoned, and fondling it as something very beautiful and godlike. There is one good thing about this new demand of the slave-power: it acknowledges the power of Congress over the Territories. It is the death-blow of squatter sovereignty, the most contemptible of all cheats, and the most ridiculous of all humbugs. The antagonist of the new doctrine is not squatter sovereignty, but the old Free-Soil and Northern Whig Websterian, Jeffersonian, and Nathan Dane doctrine of *prohibition*. One side believes in the power and duty of Congress to *sustain* slavery in the Territories; the other side, in its power and duty to *prohibit*. There is an issue worthy of a contest, and to this it must finally come.

The Republican party may unwisely be induced to tag round after its rival a few years more, occupying its old

[1] *The Barnburners* were a New-York party of reformers, who believed in burning the barn to destroy the rats infesting it, and so destroyed their party to get rid of the bad elements. They evidently did not believe in "reform within the party."

tents, sleeping in its musty straw, and deeming tents and straw fit habitation and bed for the gods; but it will wake from the delusion by and by. The people of this country are constitutionalists. Acquiesce in the Dred Scott decision, let them settle down in the belief that the *Constitution* gives the slave-owner a *right* to take his property to the Territories, and you *must* admit his right to have it protected when it gets there. The people will never submit, and they never *ought* to submit, to have a constitutional right voted down by a majority, though that majority be as a million to one. No: the Republican party's title to support does not consist in its intention to see fair play between slaveholder and non-slaveholder. It consists, in the language of Mr. Seward, in "that very characteristic, which, in the mouth of scoffers, constitutes its great and lasting imbecility and reproach. It lies in the fact that it is a party of but one idea; but that idea is a noble one, an idea that fills and expands all generous souls, — the idea of equality, the equality of all men before human tribunals and human laws, as they all are equal before the divine tribunal and divine laws." I find no squatter sovereignty in this platform of Mr. Seward's. By *this* sign we conquer.

[March 31, 1859.]

PERSONAL-LIBERTY BILL: ITS DEFEAT.

All the papers rejoice, though some of them think it prudent not to say much, over the defeat of the Personal-freedom Bill; but the laugh will probably be on "the other side of the mouth" before a great while. I have seen a number of such victories within the last ten or fifteen years. Not to mention any others, there was the victory of Messrs. Winthrop, Stevenson, Hillard, and Company, in 1845, 1846, and 1847, over S. C. Phillips, Adams, Sumner, Wilson, and Palfrey. Within half a dozen years, the jubilant gentlemen who won it, and were congratulated over it amidst huzzas and bonfires, were laid on the very topmost shelf of retirement, where they still remain. There was the victory of Henry J.

Gardner over the legislature on the Judge Loring question. That gentleman received the congratulations of all the Boston newspapers; but where is he now? Snugly reposing by the side of Winthrop and Stevenson and Hillard. There is a tomb of the Capulets for politicians who fail to respond to the just demands of the people; and it yawns for more than one aspiring gentleman to-day. When the personal-freedom question was first introduced, by means of petitions, into the legislature, I did not suppose it stood any chance whatever of success; for I did not suppose the people cared a great deal about it. But there is evidently a mistake in this view of the subject. The experience in antislavery matters, abroad and at home, which we have had for the last half a dozen years, has prepared the people for almost any measure which shall set the State in array against slavery. Kansas and Charles Sumner are watchwords which are not soon forgotten by the mass of the people; and the ease with which Judge Loring was tumbled out of office, neck and heels, no tornado, earthquake, or other convulsion ensuing, according to the predictions, has taught them to despise all threats, and disregard all croakings. The result of the agitation on this new question will be just like the result on all the rest. The solicitude which is felt, lest the prospects of the Republican party in the Middle and Western States should be damaged, is quite amusing. Who are those who are thus severely exercised? Men, for the most part, who threw away the election of 1856 by dabbling in the dirty pool of Know-Nothingism; or, if they did not do this, have pursued a cautious and timid and time-serving policy in relation to it ever since.

[Sept. 22.]

NAMING THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.[1]

All over the United States, from Passamaquoddy to Key West, from Galveston to Fraser River, the opposition to the

[1] Republican was the old name of the Democrats. Jefferson was a Republican, and was elected by Republican votes. This was said to be the reason why this name was selected for the new party in 1859.

Democratic party is known as the "Republican party." Perhaps it might as well be called any thing else; for the name means nothing: but that will be the name, and nothing can change it. American-Republican is too long for popular use; and there are plenty of other objections to it. But even that would be better than none. Think of a baby going three years without a name! How you would feel, if a visitor should enter your house, and say to your boy (who is, of course, a fine boy, like all other boys), "What is your name, my little chap? Eh, eh? Can't you tell? A little bashful, I see. Afraid of strangers, perhaps"! How would you feel, I say, if such a circumstance should occur, and you should be compelled, in order to justify your youngster's silence, to tell your guest that you hadn't been able yet to make up your mind what to call him? He runs alone; he says his alphabet; he drives hoop; he climbs the fence, and tumbles off, and tears his clothes; he is known to all the boys in the neighborhood; he is preparing to "lick" one of them next year: but you haven't yet provided him with a name. Perhaps you are afraid of offending one of his uncles, if you don't call him George; and his grandfather, if you don't call him Hezekiah; and his mother, if you combine the two, and call him George Hezekiah: so you dally and putter, and the poor boy grows up, till the other boys, who *must* call him something, give him a horrid nickname, and send him home every night to bury his face in his mother's sympathizing apron, and be sent weeping to bed. You find out at last that you had better have called him *any thing*, — Ned or Nebuchadnezzar, Eli or Epaminondas, Zeno, Zero, Xerxes, Lycurgus, or any thing else, — rather than have him go without a name.

What a bother it is, when you are accosted by some New-Yorker or Illinoisian, and are asked if you are a Republican, to be obliged to say, "I belong, sir, to the party which is opposed to the present corrupt National Administration and the aggressions of the slave-power, and is in favor of the general policy of the present State Administration"! — "When is the Republican Convention to be held?" — "Don't know;

but we are to have a convention of all the legal voters of Massachusetts who are opposed to the present corrupt National Administration and the aggressions of the slave-power, and who are in favor of the general policy of the present State Administration, at Fitchburg, on the 20th." — "Whom do the Republicans of your State prefer for President ?" — "Can't say; but the party which is opposed to the present corrupt National Administration and the aggressions of the slave-power, and in favor of the general policy of the present State Administration, probably looks with some favor upon Gov. Banks." — "Why, what do you mean by that gabble? Isn't *that* the Republican party? If it is, why don't you *say so?*" — "Well, I s'pose it is; but the fact is, our State Committee are a little afraid to say what they mean; and, though the word 'Republican' is in common conversational use, we can't use it in conventions and committees and official documents just yet." — "Why not ?" — "Oh! Mr. So-and-So says we mustn't offend the Americans; and 'The Daily Buzzer' thinks we'd better use the old formula for the present." — "Well, if your committee can't give the baby a name, the State Convention ought to do it the very first opportunity." And so I think.

There is not much to be said about the Republican State Convention. It was held at a bad place. The State Committee has no right to go out of its way to accommodate any local demand for a convention. Some portions even of Worcester County were unrepresented, because the delegates could not go to Fitchburg without being away from home two nights. If it had not been for the convenient attendance of senators and representatives, there would have been a hundred towns unrepresented. Let me here say that I understand that Mr. John B. Alley's opposition to the Lynn resolution was not because it demanded a name for the party, but because he conceived that it contained a censure of the State Committee. I understand him to say that he is in favor of adopting the name Republican, and took ground openly on that side of the question. I am pleased to make this correc-

tion. I believe the resolutions satisfy the public demand that the party shall be christened. "The Bee" still insists that it will be perfectly in order for any man who dislikes the name Republican to call himself American-Republican, or Opposition. I certainly agree with "The Bee." There is no law against a man's doing absurd things, and making a fool of himself; and if, after the authoritative and unanimous adoption of the Republican name by the Convention, any member of the party insists that he is a Republican with a prefix, there can be no controversy about his right so to do.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN BROWN AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

["Warrington's" Letters in Springfield Republican,[1] Nov. 3, 1859.]

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATTOMIE.

I AM loath to write a letter without saying a word about John Brown; but he is one of your every-day topics: everybody is thinking of him, and talking about him, and thinking and talking better than I can. I believe he has to-day more of the popular respect and sympathy than any other man in the country. Thoreau said one good thing; viz., "The government has no right to hang a man whose conscience tells him he is right. Who can tell, in such a case, that the government is right, and the man wrong? When government takes the life of a man without the assent of his own conscience, it is a step towards its own dissolution."

Whether Virginia has a right to hang Brown or not, she cannot *afford* to do it. She may be compelled to do so by an overpowering necessity, but must lose by it, and slavery must lose by it. I do not agree that this enterprise was a failure. Nothing is a failure which compels the people, North and South, to look at the slavery question. It is the most amazing thing in the world, that, with four millions of slaves, — who must, within the life of some of us, increase, at the present ratio, to twenty, thirty, or forty millions, unless there is some check, — there should be any thing else thought of or talked about. Do you suppose there were any Edward

[1] Unless otherwise designated.

Everetts, or Dr. Blagdens, or Robert Winthrops, going about the streets of Pompeii and Herculaneum, hushing up agitation concerning the dreadful portents that hung around Mount Vesuvius? Brown is a portent that needs to be considered. He is an indication of the onward progress of the abolition feeling in this country. Every day, more and more abolitionists are coming upon the stage of action, and more and more conservatives and doughfaces are going off. Every day increases the danger of border wars, stampedes, and insurrections. The government is powerless to prevent them, though it may now and then hang a few of the actors therein. The question is one that must be met.

John Brown is a genuine hero. Don't let us nickname him. He is not very "old;" and it is a pity if the emergencies of the Republican party are such, that he must go to his death with the label "Crazy" upon his forehead. He has got to die: let not his reputation for heroism be taken from him by calling him insane. I wish we could do something for him; for he is worthy of all the choice gifts, such as the children symbolize when they sing, —

"Uncle John is very sick:
What shall we send him?
Three gold wishes,
Three gold kisses.

What shall we send them in?
In a golden saucer.
What shall we tie them with?
With a golden garter.
Who shall we send them by?
By the governor's daughter," &c.

God bless Ossawattomie Brown!

The sympathy for Brown, which so pervades the people of the free States, is, in a great degree, owing to his personal courage, piety, and conscientiousness, but also, in great degree, due to the fact that he was engaged in one of the most chivalric and noble enterprises ever undertaken by man. He threw himself against the power of Virginia and the

United States; and for what? To steal land, like Lopez and Walker? No; but to free so many as he could of a long-suffering and trodden-down people. For this, and for no selfish purpose, he risked and lost his own life. Purer and nobler philanthropy was never known in the history of the world. The people have not only a profound respect for Brown, but hundreds and thousands of them bless his memory for the lesson he has taught them of self-sacrifice in this age of self-seeking and cowardice.

[Jan. 5, 1860.]

EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

The execution of John Brown — now, I suppose, a fixed fact, if an executioner can be found with courage enough to place the rope round his neck — will tend to induce in members of Congress of both parties a spirit averse to compromises. This will be the case, at any rate, if the representatives partake of the spirit of the people in any degree. The people, in their workshops and on their farms, are thinking and talking of John Brown. Our great author, Irving, is unfortunate in his death, in one respect; for men get no time to write or read the eulogies which he deserves. Within forty-eight hours, the most genuine representative of the antislavery idea is to be hanged for his efforts to carry that idea into practical results. I do not say he is a truer man than thousands of other men scattered all over the North: perhaps he was not so wise as many of them. But this, at any rate, is true of him: professing to be in favor of giving freedom to the black race, he went to work in a straightforward way to smite off their shackles with his own hand. He did not wait for the slow movement of ideas: he did not mean, if he could help it, to "die without the sight." He went right at it, reasoning logically, I suppose, in this way: "Here are four millions of people to be freed: I am determined at least to free one of them for my share. If every antislavery man will do as much, the work will be well-nigh accomplished."

And he did more than his share. He brought off out of Missouri a considerable number: pass them to his credit. His example will inspire heroism in hundreds of others to make their escape: pass that, also, to the credit side. In addition to all this, he did much towards the freedom of the white race in Kansas. Possibly that State would not have been free without him. Add to this the immense work which is now being wrought in the hearts of the people by his recent life and his death, and he is fairly entitled to be named the great emancipator.

We are surely the basest of ingrates, we antislavery men of the North, if we do not reverence his name and bless his memory. A thoroughly honest and righteous man, a thoroughly sane man too, or, if insane, insane only as all honest men are insane, only as every man who stands up for principles against apparent interest is insane. Still less is he criminal. He has broken the law, no doubt; but to break the law is not necessarily to commit a crime. They broke the law who released Jerry at Syracuse, and Shadrach at Boston; but nobody thinks them criminals. Men have even shed blood contrary to law, who are not reckoned as criminals: nay, hundreds of them, in all ages of the world, have been cherished and honored as martyr-heroes. Virginia punishes John Brown as a murderer and traitor; but he is neither: he is a hero and a martyr.

> "Woe for the hour when it is crime
> To plead the poor dumb bondman's cause;
> When all that makes the heart sublime,
> The glorious throbs that conquer time,
> Are traitors to our cruel laws!
>
> He strove among God's suffering poor
> One gleam of brotherhood to send:
> The dungeon oped its hungry door
> To give the truth one martyr more,
> Then shut; and here behold the end!"

[May 24.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S NOMINATION.

"The people of the United States are the rightful masters of both Congress and courts."

Abraham Lincoln has announced the irrepressible conflict as distinctly, if not as happily, as Seward. He has fought a gallant campaign with the representative of all that is bad, ruffianly, John Heenanish, in American politics, — Stephen A. Douglas; and, so far as I can see, has not lowered the standard of straight-out Republicanism one inch. He has courage, and will never let go: —

> "The mongrel's hold may slip;
> But only crowbars loose the bull-dog's grip."

We have got to defend all his radicalisms and ultraisms. That one sentence I have quoted will be dinned into the ears of a million of voters a million of times between now and election-day; and it will be an education worth having. Here is the apostle of genuine popular sovereignty. He is not one of your sham sovereignty men; no Douglas, who don't care whether slavery is voted up or down; no Eli Thayer, who pledges himself to keep the negro out of Congress, and strikes hands with the border-ruffians to defeat Grow's territorial bills, and tries to keep the Declaration of Independence out of the Republican platform. He stands, as I understand him, on the old Whig and Free-Soil ground of prohibition, by one means or another, or all means, or at all hazards. I trust his letter of acceptance will not diminish the confidence of the antislavery men in him. If he "trims," he is lost.

Then hurrah for Lincoln and Hamlin! "Abe Lincoln," if you please. "Honest Abe Lincoln," if you please; though I don't lay much stress upon this appellation. If Lincoln is not something more than honest, he is not fit for President. The men who stroll into mock-auction shops, and are victimized by the Peter Funks, are "honest:" the Vermonters and New-Hampshire men who wandered off to Chicago, and

believed Horace Greeley, and Andrew Curtin, and Henry S. Lane, when they said William H. Seward could not be chosen, were "honest," but, oh, how jolly green! "Abe," I am confident, is something more than "honest." "Abe Lincoln, the rail-splitter," if you please; for I suppose human nature is the same now as it was in 1840, when we shouted ourselves hoarse for Harrison, and decorated log-cabins, and rolled "big balls" through the streets. Then here it is:—

Hurrah for Lincoln and Hamlin!
Hurrah for the defeat of the Fogies!
Hurrah for the downfall of Know-Nothingism!
Hurrah for a sound Republican platform!
Hurrah for a party name!

But

A wail for William H. Seward!
A wail for party cowardice and folly!
A wail for opportunities lost!
"Woe is me, Alhama!"

All these, however, *avail* nothing. Let the hurrahs predominate. By the way, I have seen Barry's picture of Lincoln; and I am satisfied that he is as ugly as his most enthusiastic admirers claim. But he looks like a man of ability and substantiality, as he is. His ugliness won't hurt him any. If he gets the votes of all the ugly men, he will have an immense majority; for the male human race, in its common aspects, is by no means beautiful. Yet most boys are handsome. Why don't they grow up handsome? It is hard work, and poverty, and rum and tobacco, and selfishness, and pride and vanity, and all the other and foolish propensities and bad habits, which so play the deuce with their good looks. Lincoln looks like a man who had inherited rough features, and had kept them rough by a hard scrimmage with life; but he is not half so ugly as some of the men who pass for handsome, and who were born handsome, and lived so till they were old enough to begin to smoke bad cigars, and "chaw" nasty tobacco, and drink "rot-gut." We have had uglier presidential candidates than Lincoln. Do

you remember "Old Zack's" lip? Wasn't that horrid? Yet he went in over the unctuous Cass and the smooth Van Buren, and was a better man than either; and I don't compliment him any by saying this.

[Sept. 13.]

THE BELL-EVERETT[1] PARTY.

As I was standing near Scollay's Building about two o'clock yesterday afternoon, waiting for the horse-car, I heard a great ding-donging. "What the d—l's that?" said a man by my side. We dodged round the corner; and there we saw, coming up Court and turning into Tremont Street, a vehicle drawn by several horses, and containing an immense *bell*, the rope of which a stout man was vigorously pulling, and from which the *clapper*-trap was proceeding. "Oh, Bell and Everett!" said I; "meeting at Roxbury to-night." My neighbor doubled himself up as if he had a severe pain in his bowels, such as one might have after eating a hearty supper of milk, cucumbers and vinegar, green currants and gooseberries, and lobster-salad; roared three times, "Haw, haw, haw!" and vanished into a car bound to the South End. I looked over to Gray's iron building, and saw three men extended on the sidewalk in a fit — of laughing. I know 'em: they were young lawyers, Lincoln men, feigning to be pleased with the demonstration. The bell passed on, the ringer pulling most vehemently. I could not recognize him, and therefore cannot positively say whether it was George Lunt, George Hillard, George Curtis, Leverett Saltonstall, Daniel Warren, Augustus C. Carey, Henry J. Gardner, B. Flint King, Amos A. Lawrence, Samuel H. Walley, or Van Duzenbury. There were two men on board: I could not distinctly recognize what the second man was doing; but I *think* he was holding out his

[1] *Bell-Everett party.* John Bell and Edward Everett were the hunker, proslavery, Democratic candidates for President, in opposition to Abraham Lincoln, in 1860.

hat for contributions. People all along Tremont Row were stopping to look: it did not take them long to catch the joke; for "Bell and Everett" was painted on the wagon. They wagged their heads, rolled their eyes, shifted their quids from one side to the other, chuckled or sneered, and passed on. It was too bad to laugh at it. A more orderly and respectful funeral procession I have never seen, though the mourners were few. I would suggest a different kind of carriage, something in the catafalque style; and here is an inscription which would be suitable, from one of Dr. Holmes's poems: —

> "Ding-dong! ding-dong!
> The world is in a simmer, like a sea
> Over a pent volcano. Woe is me
> All the day long!"

This last, "Woe is me all the day long!" concentrates the whole philosophy of the whole Bell-Everett party, and is the substance of their ten thousand speeches and letters and editorial articles. But, though there is no jollity in these fellows, they keep other people good-natured. Talk of Hood! Well "Hood's Own," and "Up the Rhine," and the "Ode to Rae Wilson," and the punning ballads, will make you laugh, but not more than one of Lunt's editorials; and Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith never made better jokes than George T. Curtis in his Roxbury speech.

In 1852 I was a good deal interested in the canvass for President, going in strongly for Ensign Stebbings; and I made a calculation for "The Carpet-Bag," which was his organ, showing that he would receive something more than twenty thousand *electoral* votes, — not mere popular votes, of which a man may receive half a million, and yet have no good from them. He was going to receive the vote of Maine on the strength of his letter to the Mayor of Saccarap, declaring himself to be in favor of the Maine Law, and against its enforcement, and so on. I mention this here, partly to illustrate Curtis's speech, and partly to show that the standing joke of Stebbings and the Maine Law, which is now used

pretty often in the newspapers, is "my thunder." "A poor thing, but my own," as Touchstone says of Audry. Now, it turned out that Stebbings got no votes. What was a feeble attempt at waggery in 1852 is deadly earnest with George T. Curtis in 1860. His Stebbings is Edward Everett; and he is as grave as a judge, (and he *is* a judge: didn't he adjudicate a man into slavery ten years ago?) — as grave as a judge, in his attempt to prove, that, if Mr. Bell is not elected President, Mr. Everett will be elected Vice-President by the Senate, and so will become President.

The venerable Bell-Everetts came out on Monday before election jubilant; but on Tuesday how changed were they! Men of six feet two had sunk to five feet three; men of two hundred and twenty pounds were reduced to a hundred and sixty. "Why, sir, you look thin!" was the common remark. "Ah, yes! I've worked too hard this summer; didn't take my usual trip to Newport; nothing permanent: shall pick up in a few days." — "Well, you'd better go home and rest a while." So they went home as soon after two o'clock as possible, drank catnip-tea, and cursed "The Courier" till bedtime. Some of them took it still more seriously to heart. Large numbers of them made their last wills, in view of impending dissolution, remembering the Southern Aid Society in their affliction; that being the only religious organization perfectly sound on the question of slavery, and certain so to remain. The Tract Society and the American Board may apostatize; but the Rev. L—— F—— will circulate his doughface gospel as long as he lives.

[Nov. 8.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ELECTION.

Well, Lincoln is elected; the Democratic party is finally split to pieces, and destroyed; and the Bell-Everett party is shovelled underground, — "dirt to dirt." The beauty of the thing is, that this "Constitutional Union" party, having consorted with the only disunion party in the country, must

stand by the character and reputation which it has won for itself. The Republican party is, from this moment at least, the party upon which Constitutionalists and Unionists must rely. I think the Republican party is now so well founded here, that no paper by abandoning it can harm it much, and no paper by joining it can add greatly to its vote. Different schools of the party may be aided or impeded by particular presses; and the results of conventions may be affected sometimes, but seldom the results of general elections. Massachusetts is Republican, now and forever; and, though there may be occasional re-actions, the Republicanism of the State will rise higher and higher every year, till it is universally accepted as Christianity is, and there will be no controversy as to its essential doctrines. By and by, George Lunt and "The Boston Courier" will be conservative Republicans, fighting for moderation in the ranks, and against the new lights, who will gradually encroach upon it, and beat it, as usual.

The melancholy days have evidently come for Lunt, the saddest of the year; though all days are sad enough. "Autumn's doing brown" for him, sure enough. Perhaps, however, he may get into the House of Representatives from Ward Four; for I see he has got the nomination. If the Bell-Everett coalitionists are going to elect anybody, I hope it will be Lunt. Next to having an able and popular man of your own party in the legislature, it is best to have an unpopular man of the opposite side. Lunt would be the laughing-stock of the House in less than a week. If he has not "the most winning way of making people hate him," he has, at least, a great facility for exciting mirth and contempt. Mr. Hillard's sarcastic compliment upon him is one of the best things of the kind extant. He said that Mr. Lunt must be loved before he could be fully known. That is so. And here, by the way, let me tell a story of a distinguished literary lady who once sent an article to "The Courier," which pleased the editors so greatly, that they asked her, through Mr. Hillard, what they should pay her

to insure from her regular contributions. "Bring me George Lunt's head in a charger," said she.

[Dec. 5.]

TREMONT-TEMPLE MOB. — THE RECENT RESPECTABLE RIOT.[1]

I use the word "riot" in no offensive sense, but for convenience. The rioter of one day is a revolutionary patriot the next year; and, if these gentlemen succeed in permanently putting down free speech in Boston, I shall, after the customary usage, change the designation. But as the experiment remains doubtful, with the chances at present against them, I will stick to the word I have used. Certain men had hired the hall, and were presumed to be able and willing to pay for it, for the purpose of discussing the best means of abolishing slavery. Certain other men made an irruption into it, violently and riotously took possession of it, wrested it from its purpose, in fact burglariously entered and stole it; and the police, instead of interrupting the process, proceeded with the utmost coolness to dispossess the original and rightful owners. It is no wonder, that, when the mayor and the police have thus got their heads turned topsy-turvy on the subject of their duty of preserving the peace of the city, the insanity should also seize the juries, the district-attorneys, and other officers of the courts, so that there should be, as there has been for the last year, almost complete immunity for rogues and rascals of all sorts. I do not mean to blame the police. They were acting under orders, or supposed they were; though it was hard to find out what the orders were.

Dr. S. G. Howe, finding himself excluded from the hall, — at a time, too, when there was no greater disorder than is frequent in political meetings, — demanded the reason; and was told by the police-officer at the door, that the chief had given orders that no one should be admitted. The doctor proceeded to the mayor's office, and there found the chief,

[1] New-York Tribune (letters in).

who told him he had given no such orders. The fact is, probably, that he had forgotten all about it, or had given all sorts of contradictory orders, or had given no orders; and the officer at the door was doing his best on his own responsibility. An incapable officer is always the worst of rioters in a disturbance of this kind; and if somebody had read the Riot Act to the chief, and dispersed him, he would have done good service. His subordinates (plague on it! I keep speaking as if he was not himself the most ridiculous of subordinates, servile to all the earthly influences) were one moment hustling a man out, and the next moment returning him, and apologizing for their roughness; and Mr. F. B. Sanborn, the lawful chairman, was actually rescued out of the hands of one officer by two others, who returned him safely into the hall from which he had been rudely ejected. Most of them were good-natured and clever fellows, who would have gladly done their duty if they had been properly guided.

But I am straying from my purpose, which was to give you the names of some of the solid and respectable men who undertook to "set Boston right." The vindication of Boston was, unfortunately, left to such small fry as Oliver Stevens, and Thomas Farmer, and Cherrington, and young Choate, and Jo. Bell, and Harry Horton, and Watson Freeman, jun., and the mass of named and nameless riff-raff that followed them. It would have been a cheerful and pleasant sight if we could have seen Mr. Everett himself raising his clarion voice and his quivering finger in behalf of the country at this crisis of her fate; or Mr. Hallett interposing his burly form, like Mr. Webster's "broad shield of the Constitution," between our united country and James Redpath; or Mr. Winthrop winding his cloak about him with one hand, and with the other striking a hearty blow from the shoulder for the Union and for the laws; or Mr. Whitney encouraging his squad of gaugers and inspectors; or Mr. Lunt piously lifting up his voice, and asking the blessing of the God he ignorantly worships on the good work; or Col. Greene

doing penance for his early errors in the cause of free speech in Abner Kneeland's case, by helping to mob men as unpopular as Kneeland ever was. But, alas! these men seem to have been satisfied with urging on the mob, or with the still more ignominious part of rejoicing over what it accomplished.

Mr. Richard S. Fay and Mr. J. Murray Howe were the most conspicuous persons among the rioters. Mr. Fay was *de facto* chairman for a time, and Mr. Howe thought he occupied the same position afterward. Mr. Fay is a wealthy man, resident in Lynn. Though not a Boston man, he evidently feels as great a responsibility for the existence and success of our experiment of government as the solidest man we have, even Mr. G. T. Curtis himself. Col. Jonas H. French, who was very active in the good work, was one of Gov. Gardner's aides. Thomas H. Perkins, a broker, was very lively, compromising his dignity so much, I am informed, as to assault a negro. Mr. William D. Swan, book-publisher, and two young Swans, were hearty sympathizers. So was Mr. Arthur Gilman, architect — of his own fortune as well as of sundry churches, and an excellent story-teller. William C. Fay, described sarcastically by "The Traveller" as a gentleman of "great respectability and considerable prominence," Charles A. Brewer and Michael Scanlan, and Isaac P. Wainwright and Charles C. Hobbs, are men of less note; and I do them a service in bringing them before the public in such respectable company. In addition to Choate, jun., and Jo. Bell, the bar was represented by B. F. Russell and Oliver Stevens. Perhaps these are not the highest names at the Boston bar; but they may be considered rising men after Monday's work. Mr. Horton (before mentioned) is of the firm of F. Skinner & Co., and is a worthy representative of dry-goods principles. John C. Boyd, William C. Rogers (a Salem merchant), J. H. and W. F. Loud, J. T. Coolidge, jun., Charles Larkin, William J. Parsons (son of Prof. Parsons), Plunkett, Mooney, and Marble (custom-house officers, very noisy and

disagreeable), William Aspinwall of the old Whig State Committee, and others, are mentioned to me as having been irritant in season and out of season. Then there were Amorys, Heaths, Randalls, and so on, too numerous to mention.

If I have omitted any names, I shall gladly, on proper application, supply them; and if any gentleman disclaims the honor, or feels himself unworthy of the choice companionship I have given him, I shall take pains to make the necessary correction, so that the future chronicler who searches the files of "The Tribune," out of which history will be written, may not fall into any errors. You will see that all professions and classes were represented. The shoulder-hitters were very strong. The chief of police remarked concerning one of them, that he deserved to be arrested every night of his life: he let him alone, however, on this occasion. One gentleman, who is under indictment for an attempt to kidnap, was observed to be active in the good work.

The literary class was represented. One gentleman was pointed out to me as the author of a work on "The Evasion of Payments," "The Autobiography of a Jeremy Diddler," "Handbook for Swindlers," "Stealing without a Master," "Bird's-eye View of Boston, with Particular Directions how to Dodge a Policeman," and other elementary works which I have never seen, and which I suspect are still unpublished.

People generally treat the affair as a mere outbreak of riotous young men. They are very much mistaken. *It was part of the Southern Rebellion.* The Northern cities are full of traitors and secessionists, who would be glad to see an outbreak at Washington before the 4th of March, and the capital seized and held by a slaveholding cabal as a "provisional government." If Caleb Cushing, and George B. Loring, and Fernando Wood, and the custom-houses, are not in the conspiracy, their actions belie them. I believe there will be such an outbreak, and that this riot in Boston is part

of the machinery designed to assure the men who will engage in it that they will not be put down by the people of the North. Northern people will have more than they can do to take care of themselves.

[Dec. 20.]

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, AND GENERAL PRAYING.

Mr. Buchanan proposes to have a general praying. When? Not now, but on the 4th of January, — more than a fortnight hence. If praying is going to do any good, why not pray now? The old gentleman should merely have sent out his rescript, saying, "Pray immediately, every mother's son of you!" Suppose the captain or chaplain of a ship should call the crew and passengers together, and say to them, "Gentlemen and ladies, we are on the rocks, and in danger of breaking up every instant; our boats have been washed overboard, or stove to pieces; there is no sail in sight; and there is no help for us but in the mercy of God: therefore I suggest that on Wednesday next we have a prayer-meeting on the quarter-deck (or on the rocks, as the case may be), to see if we cannot get some relief in that way."

The President's proclamation makes me think that the danger is not imminent. He draws a vivid picture, to be sure, of the perils of the country, — disunited States, starving populations, and all that; but I think he is more frightened than he need to be. You perhaps remember the story of the sensation orator in troublous times, who wrought upon his hearers and himself so powerfully, that, a slight crack being heard amid the stillness, they and he fell to the ground in awe and trembling, believing his prophecies had come to pass, and that the final crash had come. But, after they had "recovered from their swound," they ascertained, that, instead of the crack of doom, it was only the breaking of the orator's suspenders which had alarmed them. Old Buck has broken his suspenders, and thinks the world is coming to an end. Or does he, like a good many others, mean to pray for the sake of getting courage to do some new mean thing?

or, having determined upon the mean thing, reckon upon deceiving the people into acquiescence by making them believe that they acted in obedience to heavenly impulses, and that the Lord has countenanced their treachery and cowardice? Which is it? When some people who believed in the efficacy of prayer without work applied to Palmerston to appoint a fast, in order to get rid of the cholera, or to diminish its ravages, the premier wrote a letter which shocked some people, and pleased a good many others, telling them that they had better go home and attend to their ventilation and drainage, and keep themselves cool and clean; and I have never heard that anybody supposes the good God was offended at this, or that the sickness was needlessly prolonged.

Fonblanque, of "The London Examiner," wrote an article on "General Mournings," which I should like to quote from if I had it at hand. The drift of it was, that it was cruel, in hard times, to ask the people to give up one whole day's earnings for any such purpose as mourning for the dead. And the advice is as good in relation to a general fast. Fonblanque suggested, that, if we must lose a day in this way, we might make it useful by following the old fashion, in cases of grief, of rending the clothes. That, at any rate, would help the tailors and cloth-makers. It would be an edifying spectacle to see Mr. Buchanan himself, as the representative man of the country, who has done more than all other men to bring it into disgrace and peril, indicating his contrition and his need of forgiveness by knocking a hole in the crown of his hat, or tearing to pieces the "ampler parts" of his ample satinet trousers. As we have got a thaw upon us, there would be no great harm if he was literally (and not merely metaphorically, as was Wolsey) left "naked to his enemies."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WAR TIME.

["Warrington's" Letters in Springfield Republican,[1] Jan. 17, 1861.]

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

Again the state of the country! But there is excuse enough for writing on this subject, and no excuse for writing on any other. Every man ought to write to every other man on it; and the price of stationery ought to be increased a hundred per cent by the overwhelming demand. I have this advantage, through your kind permission, that I can speak to your twenty thousand subscribers, and add my voice to yours in favor of firmness and boldness and prudence and courage and conciliation, and all the other virtues, in this crisis. How many skulking, compromising creatures there are! For a truce, for a little ease, a chance to live three or four years longer in peace, men are willing to entail on their children a severer struggle than this, or, on their remotest posterity, all the evils of a slaveholding despotism. Men will "toil and moil, poor muck-worms!" cheat in trade, run hazards at the pole or in the tropics, insure their feeble lives, for the benefit of their children; but, for the sake of peace for a day or two, they will submit to the most infamous bargains with sin, and compromises with treason. Shame on them! What right have they thus to make posterity suffer for their cowardice?

If the Southern Whigs had stood firm against the Nebraska

[1] Unless otherwise designated.

Bill in 1854, we should have been spared 1861; if Webster had stood firm against the compromises of 1850, we should have been spared the Nebraska Bill; if the men of 1820 had insisted on the slavery prohibition in Missouri's case, we should have been spared the concessions of 1850; and, to go farther back, if the framers of the Constitution had carried out the purposes stipulated in the preamble, and made such provisions as would insure the blessings of liberty to all men in the country, we should have had no trouble in 1820. And if we are true now, and refuse to yield to the compromises which are showered upon Congress every day by the Crittendens, Biglers, Hunters, Etheridges, we shall save the men of 1870 a more grievous struggle than this. "They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

"Oh for an hour of Webster!" said Mr. Choate. "Oh for an hour of Choate!" says Lunt, hoping, I suppose, that, ten years hence, some snivelling patriot will read "The Courier's" files, and exclaim, "Oh for an hour of Lunt!" I say, "Oh for an hour of government of some sort, no matter what!" Gov. Banks told us in his valedictory address how cheaply we got along. I think every man, woman, and child pays nine dollars in taxes for national, state, and local protection. I suppose a greater part of this goes to the support of the General Government; say, in round numbers, two dollars for each person. An average family, like yours or mine, pays about twelve dollars. And what do we get for it? I suppose we should be glad to get off without any real, tangible benefits in dollars and cents; but we have at least the right to ask that the government we help to support shall hold itself together, and not allow the rebellious members to break it up. If it can do nothing else, it ought to do this at least. But what do we see? A government absolutely powerless, the laughing-stock of the world, a pauper government, an idiot government, ne'er-do-well, feeble-minded, *non compos*, worthy of guardianship by the strongest man. Gen. Scott would be justified by the country

in taking care of it, and keeping it out of harm's way for a season. Suppose crazy George III. had had nobody to take care of him, what would have become of England? Oh for a man at the head to say to South Carolina what Menenius Agrippa said to the turbulent citizens of Rome! I refer you to Coriolanus. Menenius Agrippa was haranguing the people, telling them the story of the rebellion of the members against the belly. Said he, —

> "The senators of Rome are this good belly,
> And you the mutinous members: for examine
> Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly
> Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find
> No public benefit which you receive,
> But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
> And no way from yourselves. — What do you think? —
> You, the great toe of this assembly."

The citizen thus addressed, whose name we may suppose was Pickens, answers, —

> "I the great toe? Why the great toe?"

And Menenius replies, —

> "*For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest*
> *Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:*
> Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
> Lead'st first to win some vantage. —
> But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
> Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
> The one side must have bale."

That is, injury or damage. This is the way to talk to this twopenny rebellion. Instead of this, Mr. Buchanan, with gown and cap, knitting-work in hand, and spectacles on nose, is singing to the country the old nursery-rhyme, —

> "Little Bo-peep has lost his sheep,
> And don't know where to find 'em:
> Let 'em alone, and they'll come home,
> Dragging their tails behind 'em."

This is a question of pluck and endurance. If the South are determined to go out, they will go in spite of us: if

they are not so determined, they will stay on our own terms. Let our friends in Congress hold still, strengthening the administration if it is disposed to do right. We shall in this way win

"The victory of endurance born."

Our members of Congress who stand firm deserve the highest commendation; and the people should stand by, and encourage them. I will lift my hat to every man of them who comes home in March, having seen Abraham Lincoln inaugurated on the Capitol steps, and the people not betrayed by wicked compromises.

[Jan. 24.]

THE DOUGHFACE[1] PETITION.

The great Doughface petition is about a hundred yards long, is a foot in diameter when rolled up, and contains about fourteen thousand names. Here it is: —

"While sharing, in common with their fellow-citizens, the general solicitude at the dangers which are now threatening the peace and unity of the country, they desire to give their urgent and emphatic expression of the necessity which seems to exist for mutual conciliation and compromise, and without discussion as to the merits of the various questions at issue.

"Therefore your memorialists humbly pray ("'umbly' would be better) that such measures may be speedily adopted by Congress for the pacific settlement of our present difficulties as will embrace, substantially,

"Such a plan of compromise as may be deemed expedient to restore tranquillity and peace to our now distracted country."

"*Mutual* concession!" I think I could devise a plan of mutual concession which would leave us as well off as we are now. I should demand *from* the South, first, the repeal of the Fugitive-slave Law, inhuman, odious, and abominable as it is; second, the relinquishment of the dogma that slavery is property by any thing but local law; third, ample

[1] The *Doughfaces* were the "soft and yielding mass" of voters who were willing to accede to all the demands of the slaveholders.

and perpetual guaranties for the perpetuity of government against rebellion, every time the elections do not go to suit the slaveholders; fourth, ample and perpetual guaranties for freedom of speech and travel to Northern men in the South; fifth, the reconstruction, on a population basis, of the Supreme Court; and so on. Every one of these demands is *just*. But do the men who have gone on with the big petition dream, even, of demanding any one of them? No. They do not mean to ask any thing. They go, not to take, but to give, and to give all that the other side ask. You could not devise a plan of adjustment which this committee would not accept, no matter how degrading to the North. If this is an honest movement, why are not the Republicans represented in the petition? Republican paws were found very useful in pulling the chestnuts out of the fire, but are not clean enough to take hold of the big petition.

You see they don't go for tranquillity and peace at any rate: they must have it through a compromise of some sort. If Congress can contrive to preserve peace without conceding any thing to the South, that would not do at all. We must yield something, or it's no use. We won't have our rights if we can get them. We love to be rolled in the mud. We prefer to eat dirt. Parodying Macbeth, we have in dough

> "Stepped in so far, that, should we wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

So we *prefer* to go on. We are up to the armpits in dough: let it cover us to the eyes, and enclose us wholly. Let us be "*dough souls*," as Webster called us when he *was* Webster.

. . . . . .

Only to think of it! — the great Boston petition has come to nought. The mission of Everett has failed; Lawrence hasn't saved the Union; Woodbury has made a Judy of himself; and Tobey is not to be considered any great shakes hereafter. And why? Simply because their petition didn't mean any thing. Just imagine Mr. Everett administering a bread-pill to the invalid Union; and Amos Lawrence carry-

ing a pint of cold water to extinguish the great conflagration, which is already licking the pillars of the grand Temple of Liberty! Speed home, Mr. Lawrence; cut, Mr. Tobey; lift your brogans, Mr. Everett; mizzle, Mr. Woodbury; return to Boston, and see if you cannot do better next time.

"Mutual compromise," did you say? Perish the thought! Let us have no mutualism! Isn't the beaten party to have every thing, and the victorious party nothing, according to the usual custom? Hereafter, when two men ride on one horse, the one who rides behind shall always ride before. Hereafter the defeated party shall have all the fruits of victory, and the victors shall be bound hand and foot, and exhibited for a show, like Bajazet in his cage.

[April 18.]

THE PURPOSE OF THE WAR.

Everybody is gratified, and many are astonished, at the superabundant loyalty of the people, and their alacrity to enter upon the military service. With less than a day's, and, in some cases, less than twelve hours' notice, the companies hastened to Boston from considerable distances, with full ranks. I suppose a good deal of this willingness to serve is due to the fact that young men like novelty and excitement, and that, at the present time, business is dull, and lucrative employment hard to get; but most of it is unquestionably due to a deep feeling of the necessity of action and sacrifice for the salvation of the country and its free institutions.

The historian must say that this is a greater cause than that of '76. The American Revolution was a natural and regular progress and development from monarchical and aristocratical to republican and democratic institutions: it might have broken out ten years earlier, or ten years later, with the same ultimate result. One pretext was about as good as another for the outbreak; and it was accident which determined the men through whom, and the places where, it

should take place. But *this* war is to defeat a treasonable conspiracy (just now come to a head), which aims at the destruction of republican and democratic ideas, not to restore us to the control of a constitutional monarchy, — *that* we could endure tolerably well, — but to the authority of a military, slaveholding, slavery-perpetuating despotism.

Failing, by the aid of President, Congress, and courts, which they have had in almost uninterrupted succession for the last twenty years, to sway the government for this purpose; baffled at last, in 1860, by the growth of the free States, and the increasing intelligence and spirit of the masses, native and foreign, — they have at last resolved to break up the government, and reconstruct it, if possible, on a despotic basis; or, failing in that, to separate, and maintain a slaveholding confederacy of their own. It is sickening to remember the successive steps of this treason, and of the imbecility in the late administration, by which it was fostered, and made formidable and dangerous, up to the point of absolute war. All descriptions of lying, from perjury to the most petty impostures and trickeries; all kinds of dishonesty, from open robbery and burglary to petty larceny and counterfeiting; all kinds of meanness, from squatting in congressional chairs which did not belong to them, to writing anonymous letters, and slandering defenceless women, — have been resorted to by the leaders and followers in this most wicked rebellion.

One good result of this rebellion is to unmask these women-whipping "gentlemen," and show them for what they are. How can a man claim a character for chivalry and honor who lives solely by stealing? Slavery is one long-continued theft. An employer in New England who does not pay his laborers is a bankrupt or a swindler, or both. Yet the whole cotton, rice, sugar, and tobacco crop is raised, and not a mill paid for it in wages. Force and fraud are the foundation of the system, are the *whole* system, — force to legalize the fraud. Not a man of the slaveholders who are now engaged in breaking up the government ever ate an

honest meal of victuals, or wore an honest pair of boots, or rode a mile on the fruits of honestly-paid labor. Of course, there is difference in guilt. All slaveholders have not added the wickedness of treason to the meanness of theft: many would gladly be rid of slavery, and have the privilege of being honest, if their government and their social system did not forbid them. But the whole framework of government and society in the slave States is built and cemented by fraud and injustice, and must, sooner or later, fall.

We have never held that it is our especial mission, however, to put it down, except as it is our duty to discourage all sorts of evil, and promote the spread of civilization and free institutions. In a legitimate way, and doing what we could not fail to do, without being recreants and dastards, we have elected a President who is against the spread of barbarism; who prefers that it should be checked, rather than encouraged; whose influence is to be given in favor of the rights of man, and against the pretended rights of the slave-owner; in favor of honest dealing, and against theft, peculation, and a wholesale system of swindling a people out of the wages of their work. For *this* offence we are to have our government broken to pieces; for this crime we are to be punished by dismemberment or subjugation. The slaveholders are not only the aggressors, but they have made war upon us for the most outrageous purpose that the imagination can conceive, — to make us as wicked, and as infamous in the world's eye and in the pages of history, as themselves.

We can afford to lose fortresses and cities, and to suffer a lifelong taxation, and groan forever under a national debt, if we maintain our manhood and our free institutions. Indeed, we deserve to suffer reverses and humiliations for our past sins. If we may expiate our national cruelties towards the black race by the loss of Fort Sumter, we may be grateful that Providence has dealt no worse with us. But we must not lose every thing. Especially we of New England and Massachusetts, and the States which sprung from New England and Massachusetts, must remember our history, and stand by our free constitutions.

"We are a people yet,
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers:
Thank Him who placed us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours."

The poor, despised negro, who cannot even be admitted into the military service to fight for himself, finds seventy-five thousand white men called out really to vindicate his rights, and seventy-five thousand more will be called out if need be. It matters not that the ostensible and real purpose is to uphold government; or that, possibly, the negro will find himself no better off at the end of the war than he is now: he is at the bottom of it, and for him it is in reality waged.

[April 25.]

THE SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE.

The city never looked so beautiful as it does to-day. Every street and nearly every building has its flag. Washington, State, and Broad Streets are peculiarly rich in the patriotic emblem. Innumerable little flags are seen in every direction; and scarcely a horse or a wagon, or an apple-stand, or a lobster-barrow, is seen without its signal. And this no more than indicates the enthusiasm for the country and its cause, which is universal. If there are any dissenters and growlers, they have sense enough to keep silent. A few of them got caught, not reading prophetically the signs of the times, like Mr. W. J. of Medford, who, having compelled his workmen to take down a flag which they had hoisted, was obliged by the people to hoist it again *with his own hands;* but such instances are very scarce, and comprise only the most inveterate malignants. There is a spirit of toleration among the political friends of the administration, which matches well with the patriotic offers of men and money from the other side. I dare say there are heart-burn-

ings enough in secret on both sides, but little, if any, outward manifestations. Every thing is swamped and submerged in the tide of patriotic feeling. The common people — the masses, the bone and sinew — are the first and foremost; and, if any distinction can be made among classes in a country where all men are workers, the merchants and capitalists deserve as high distinction as anybody else. The politicians are probably behind the rest, it being harder for them than for others to subordinate their party feelings. The newspapers which appear day by day contain the proudest chapters ever written of the history of Massachusetts. Now is the time for the historian and the annalist to gather his materials for his account of the glorious part the Bay State is taking in this second and most important war of independence. Every two-line item is precious, and should be gathered up and saved, as evidence that the old Puritan and Revolutionary blood has not only not died out, but is as fresh and vigorous and indomitable as ever.

It is a privilege to live in such times. The elevation of feeling in the people is enough to compensate for all the hardships and losses of the war, if it lasts as long as that of the first Revolution. What if men *do* fail! They won't starve (there is no danger of that); and by and by good times will come again: and, if hopes of leaving a large property to children are dashed away, this is no more than happens, to a considerable degree, in ordinary times; and now this loss will be more than compensated by the satisfaction of having borne some part in this glorious second war for independence. "We live in deeds, not years," says Festus. Ralph Farnham's hours on Bunker Hill were worth all the rest of his life, unless he was more fortunate in his opportunity to do good than the majority of men.

This is the only chance we have had to do any thing historical and *telling* for the country; and let us improve it. We have all done our duty, as we understand it, to our families, our neighbors, our party, civilization, education, religion, humanity, the intemperate, the slave, the victim of

sin or of society's inequalities or injustice; and perhaps, in the serener judgment of the Almighty, these services are as worthy as any other. But now seems a greater occasion, because our very existence as a free people, the fate of civilization itself, for a time at least, hangs upon the issue of a campaign, longer or shorter, as it may be. We have bragged and blustered, and fired cannons and burned fireworks for Bunker Hill, and Saratoga, and the Fourth of July. The question now is, whether these places and days shall be wiped out, and we go back, — not to British rule, not to colonial and provincial times, but to the rule of tyrants and oligarchs, who, instead of ruling us, ought to be subjugated at once and forever. If we succumb, or consent to compromise, or yield again to them, we shall deserve the contempt of the world, and shall have it; for we shall only postpone the contest, to be settled by our children or grandchildren. We should not be content even with peace, unless it is accompanied by the establishment of a policy, which, to say the very least, shall discourage slavery, and encourage emancipation. We must no longer submit to the equality of slavery in our national councils. We must cage it, and starve it out, if we do not kill it at once. Never let it rule us again, or even presume to be on equal terms with liberty. We shall have no freedom, no peace, no commerce, no national life, which is exempt from panic and peril, so long as slavery dominates over us. We have risen against it. This is really a rebellion of ours against slavery, rather than a rebellion of slaveholders against freedom; and it is evident enough that it is completely in our power, perhaps not for extinction in a day or a year, but for speedy and sure extinction.

If ever there was a holy war, this is the one. Franklin is reported to have said, that there never was a good war or a bad peace. He was mistaken. This is emphatically a good war; a war for liberty against slavery; for order against anarchy; for civilization against barbarism; for national life against atrophy and national extinction.

"Oh, a good cause stands firm, and will abide!
Legions of angels fight upon its side."

The nation is whole. We have got to have a war for its integrity; but we shall not have Mexico, street-fights, conversion of stocks into cash, and flight of capitalists, or the man on horseback, as predicted by Caleb Cushing in his Bangor letter, and by Shelley before him in his "Masque of Anarchy:" —

"Last came Anarchy: he rode
On a white horse splashed with blood:
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse;
And he wore a kingly crown;
In his hand a sceptre shone;
On his brow this mark I saw, —
'I am God, and King, and Law!'
With a pace stately and fast
Over English land he passed,
Trampling to a mire of blood
The adoring multitude;
And a mighty troop around
With their trampling shook the ground,
Waving each a bloody sword
For the service of their Lord."

No, no, Mr. Caleb Cushing: we are not going to allow the "man on horseback" to desolate New England, or any other part of the loyal States.[1]

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[1] Everybody remembers the Hon. Caleb Cushing's famous Bangor letter, written in January, 1860, in which the writer predicted, that if the Republicans should elect a speaker of the National House of Representatives, and if Connecticut and New Hampshire should, at the then approaching elections, sustain the Republican policy, there would be a general smash, — "social convulsions, hostile combats in the town streets, predatory guerilla bands roving up and down the country, shootings and hangings," and, to wind up, "cruel war, — war at home, and, in the perspective distance, a man on horseback, with a drawn sword in his hand, some Atlantic Cæsar, or Cromwell, or Napoleon," &c. We have always thought, particularly since the present rebellion broke out, that Mr. Cushing must have had a more intimate knowledge of the purposes of the Southern traitors than he saw fit to divulge. But let that pass: his prediction is much above the average of those made by the professed wizards, astrologers, and spiritual mediums. — WARRINGTON, *in New-York Tribune*, 1861.

[June 10.]

THE NEGRO READY TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

Men talk as if the four million slaves of the South, constituting the laboring population, the bone and sinew, the working-men, the true wealth of that region, were worse than cannibals. Where in history is there an instance of so many people bearing so many protracted years of slavery so quietly and patiently? "The most silent, the most eloquent of men," says Carlyle, "is the English laborer, falling down upon the bosom of his old mother, and dying for want of work and bread." But do not the "poor dumb mouths" of four million patient bondmen plead as eloquently for immunity from abuse and scandal, as well as for justice and freedom? Is it not enough that we have, for years going on to centuries, kept those men in chains, making the life of each man, woman, and child, one long agony from year to year, but we must proceed to call them barbarians and savages, and compare them with the wild Indian, or the Hottentot in his native jungle? For shame! The horrors of a single day's assault upon the white Northern-born inhabitants of the South exceed those which have ever taken place in the country. See the villains taking free colored men from the "Star of the West," and selling them into eternal slavery! See them imprisoning scores of Maine lumbermen in Richmond jails! See them hanging and mobbing peaceable and loyal people of their own cities and towns because they will not be traitors like themselves!

The white man says to the colored brother, "Stand aside; keep shady: if you appear in plain sight, you'll frighten somebody. Your skin is black; your nose is flat; your lips are thick, your heels long. We are making excellent use of a lot of old fogy Whigs and old hunker Democrats just now, putting down this rebellion by the money of the former, and the stout right arms of the latter. These people never saw you; they don't know you; they have a prejudice against you: if you come out of the fence, you'll spoil every thing.

Keep quiet, and let the Democrats fight for you, and the Bell-Everetts spend money for you, and by and by you'll get all you want." Well, there was something in this, but not much. I don't think the negro need to be discouraged at any action the legislature has yet taken. By and by, when the fight becomes thick, this nonsense will be knocked out of the Democrats and Bell-Everetts, and also out of the Republicans, who yield to it rather than believe in it. After the white man has fought till he has got tired of it, and has made a peace of some sort or other, the negro will take his turn. The slaveholder will be beaten and disgraced, or victorious, and more insolent than ever: I am quite sure the first thing is to happen. But, either way, then will come the black man's opportunity. If his tyrant is humbled, he will be an easy prey; if triumphant, the hopeless bondman will rise in his despair, and rush upon his oppressor. Then, also, will come the time for leaders who shall mean something. Our generals and colonels evidently don't yet know what they are fighting for: they are drifting along, the prey of circumstance.

After the war is over, unless John Quincy Adams's advice is followed by government, and slavery is declared abolished, the John Brown men will make their appearance. They will be readily recruited by energetic leaders, and speedily and easily armed. We shall have guerilla leaders and followers inspired by the spirit of Cromwell, mixed, perhaps a little, with that of the buccaneer. They will pray, however, rather than prey. They will fight like the Ironsides at Marston Moor. "We never charged, but we routed the enemy," said Cromwell, describing this battle: "God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. Give glory, all the glory, to God." Or at Dunbar, where, says one annalist, "I heard Nol say in the words of the Psalmist, 'Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered;'" and, when the chase was suspended for a moment, the enemy sang the 117th Psalm at the foot of Doon Hill: —

"Oh! give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nati-ons that be;
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify."

This is only a new phase of war. Read the story of the negroes fleeing from the town to the ships with their bundles in hand. They were fleeing from the men who had made immemorial war upon their race, and seeking protection in the rescuing force. What a tale of lifelong oppression does this reveal to us! No usage, no custom, no tradition, no persecution for generations and centuries, no systematic imbrutement, no cordon or quarantine to keep out light and air and liberty from this dense, thick, black, tangled slave-desert, has been able to suppress, or apparently to make dim, the divine instinct in the slave's soul, that he has a right to be free, and that, as he has supported his white master, he can equally well support himself. He has recognized a state of war all along: subjugation and coercion have been familiar ideas, if not words, to him. How eagerly he embraces the first opportunity to emancipate himself!

[July 25.]

BULL RUN.

This war has been very much simplified by the repulse at Manassas. The "Country Parson" has an essay on "Things Slowly Learnt." I don't remember just now what these particular things are; but we are not obliged to resort to his essay for examples. Let us take the law of gravitation. Some men learn it much sooner than others; but I don't think the aptest scholar among us mastered it under the age of ten. My two-year-old takes lessons in it every day, and, though he improves very fast, has not got the hang of it completely. Occasionally you see a man who did not complete his education in this branch until he broke his arm by a fall from an apple-tree. Others took easy lessons in the shape of barked shins and "black-and-blue spots." The United States

barked its shins at Fort Sumter, and has now got an ugly fall at Manassas. Its arm is in a sling, and will be for some weeks. But it has at last mastered the law of gravitation. This law does not tell us we must never climb apple-trees, or proceed faster than a walk, but only that we must make proper preparations for our exploits and expeditions, and use proper means to carry them out. And the first thing to be done in this war was to ascertain the character of the contest and of our enemy, and our own resources. They used in Concord to tell a story of "Johnny Burr," who, having on hand a foot-expedition to the town of Ashby (some thirty miles distant), took a walk round the "five-mile square, just to get his legs limbered." This seemed at one time very ridiculous to me; but it was certainly better for Johnny Burr to give out, if he must give out, at the place where he began his journey, — viz., on the village common, — rather than five miles distant, on the road to Ashby.

All this is "writ" philosophical (so to speak) and illustrative. Let us now proceed to say in plain terms, that, by the Manassas defeat, we have learned that there is only one plain and simple issue in this war; and that is, Shall the stockholders rule this country, or shall we rule it? It is not even a question whether we shall rule it jointly; whether we shall make two, three, or a dozen confederacies, and so try to live in peace with each other; or whether we shall patch up a truce on exchange of prisoners and of places, and try to go on peaceably. All this nonsense has been cleared away by the Manassas fight. We are in for it, as Paul Jones was when he fought "The Serapis" with "The Good Man Richard;" and we must say as he did, when asked if he had surrendered, — "Surrendered? We have just begun to fight!" Slavery must die in this contest, or freedom and free institutions must die. The two elements cannot live together, in union or out of union, on the same continent. If there is a peace, it is treacherous; if there is a compromise, it is a trick to gain time; if there is a division of territory, and two or more governments, there will be endless civil wars, and finally the great battle over again at last.

Gen. Scott's answer to some one who spoke of defeat is splendid, — "Who is defeated? *The government* is not defeated: *I* am not defeated." True, noble old soldier; and you and the government are not going to be defeated. I hope we shall not pay heed to frightened members of Congress, or panic-struck volunteers, in the matter.

The secession organ in New York says that the exact terms which the South would have dictated, if it had been fortunate enough to get possession of the capital, would have been these; viz., that "no man holding the theories of Abe Lincoln and his followers shall be permitted to hold office. We cannot permit you and Seward and Chase to seize the government created by slaveholders, and to wield it as an instrument for degrading yourselves and your posterity by impartial freedom with Sambo: and therefore, unless you solemnly pledge yourselves to stand by the decision of the Supreme Court, and, furthermore, incorporate that decision in the Federal Constitution, and thus forever prohibit the existence of such a party as yours, we will turn you out of the Union; drive you into Canada; at all events, get rid of you." It continues by predicting that the dictation will finally overtake us, and that some day "the Constitution will say in distinct terms that this is a government of white men, and *no antislavery man shall be permitted to hold office under it.*" As Carlyle said, when he read the account of the speaker of the Arkansas senate descending from his seat, and stabbing a member to the heart with his bowie-knife, "I like this, *it is so candid!*" But the Manassas fight is more candid and more impressive, and teaches in cannon-shot precisely the same doctrine this secession whelp teaches with his pen.

[Sept. 5.]

FRÉMONT'S IMMORTAL PROCLAMATION.

The President's letter to Gen. Frémont makes much comment. Popular opinion, as far as the proclamation is concerned, is almost unanimously in favor of Frémont.

Nothing that has occurred since Major Anderson returned the fire directed against Fort Sumter, and so broke the disgraceful silence which the country had maintained for more than four months while the rebellion was in active progress, — nothing since that time had so stirred the pulses of all true men, and made all loyal hearts leap with joy and gratulation, as the proclamation of freedom to the slaves of the Missouri rebels.

Frémont is dismissed.[1] I do not believe that his dismissal meets with general approbation. I believe that he has been pursued by the army-officers, by certain members of the cabinet, and by the border-State men, in a manner wholly unjustifiable, while his antislavery proclamation excited the ire of all proslavery men throughout the country. The Democratic party were, of course, prepared to believe any thing evil of him. These elements were enough to upset him. That the abuses and corruptions of his administration were greater than those which have characterized other departments I do not believe. When the investigating committees get through their work, they will make up a record of swindling and extravagant expenditures everywhere which will appall the country. But it is of no use to complain. Frémont and his friends must bide their time; and there is no danger of any man's getting injustice in the long-

[1] The reasons for Gen. Frémont's disobeying the President's orders as to the route across the mountains in pursuit of the rebel Gen. Jackson were, "When Gen. Frémont took the responsibility of disobeying the President's orders as to the route by which he should cross the mountains in pursuit of Jackson, the President was displeased, as was natural and proper; but, when Zagonyi explained the reasons, he was satisfied on the main point. 'But,' said he to Zagonyi, 'Gen. Fremont ought to have informed me of his plans, and of the reasons why he could not obey my orders.' — 'Mr. President,' said Zagonyi, 'I am instructed by Gen. Frémont to say that he could not spare any of his officers, nor trust the telegraph; and, furthermore, to say that all the intelligence of his movements which has been placed in the office of the Adjutant-General has reached the enemy soon afterwards.'" Gov. Andrew tells this story. He had it from Mrs. Frémont. I was going to print it, but thought best not to do so. — *Extract from Diary of* 1865.

run. The judgment of the people is pretty nearly infallible, after a while. Frémont is the only man who has said the words, "free men;" and for this Frémont has been removed.

If Frémont has been guilty of mistakes, or even of crimes, there are a million of men now living who will forgive him, in consideration of his proclamation and his deed of manumission, — documents which will be as immortal as the Declaration of Independence.

[Nov. 14.]

LANDING AT BEAUFORT. — PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

I have discovered a coincidence; viz., that the landing at Beaufort was effected just exactly one year after South Carolina broke out in rebellion against the government. Lincoln was elected on the 6th of November, 1860; and the very next day, the 7th, Palmettodom began to make preparations to secede. Now, on the 7th of November, 1861, two rebel forts in Port Royal harbor are silenced and captured, a rebel army is compelled to take to its heels, a rebel town or city is depopulated, and the peculiar institution, in its density and invincibility (so considered), is uprooted, turned topsy-turvy and inside out, and demands total re-organization in order to save Southern society itself from anarchy and destruction. Verily, this has been an eventful and glorious year; and I, who have been complaining and scolding at the government for inactivity, should feel ashamed of myself, did I not think that complaint and uneasiness and criticism on the part of the press and the people had been useful in bringing the administration up to its present position. Events, however, have done a thousand times more. Mr. Cameron said, the other night, that he liked the phrase "logic of events;" and press and people have hurried events.

Now the people are happy. The war has actually begun. Hurrah! the ranks are closing! Up to Nov. 7, we have been on the defensive. The Army of the Potomac has

been defending Washington; and, though it once moved towards Richmond, it might plausibly maintain that Richmond was the place to defend Washington. Rosecrans has been defending the State of West Virginia, or Kanawha, a loyal branch of the Union. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri have had to be protected against Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Texas; and if the fleet had assailed Fort Sumter, or tried to retake Pensacola navy-yard, its movements would have been in conformity with the determination announced in President Lincoln's inaugural, — that the government would repossess itself of its stolen forts. But Beaufort has no stolen forts to repossess. Beaufort is new ground. It is struck at because it is the most favorable spot for offensive Southern operations. It is the heart of Slavedom which is now assailed. Honor to the men who planned and executed the movement! We begin the second year gloriously. The *tired* feeling which has oppressed the people for the long months since Bull Run is lifted off. Ball's Bluff and Big Bethel and Belmont are atoned for and forgotten, so far as they can be, in the general joy. The bulletins and newspapers are cheerful; and the eyes which read them sparkle with gratulation: every letter is pictorial and ornamental; and the newsboys are full of music as they cry out, "Victory, victory!"

[Nov. 30.]

MASON AND SLIDELL AT FORT WARREN.

If anybody is to suffer hardship and indignity, it should be such men as Slidell and Mason, two of the greatest scoundrels in all Rebeldom. Mason was here some years ago, and, under the patronage of Boston hunkers, gave us an exhibition of plantation manners on Bunker Hill. People looked upon his burly and lazy person with awe. Here was a man who had power over other men; who had snubbed his equals, kicked his inferiors, and flogged his slaves, — a great man. He came to remind us of our constitutional obligations; to tell us

that we must let him snub, kick, and flog *ad libitum*, he and his fellows of the F. F. V., he and his children and grandchildren, and so on to the remotest generations. He came to tell us to mind our own business, and to be thankful that his parental rule was not also extended over us; that the beneficent whip was not brandished on the New-England hillsides (as it ought to be) over both blacks and whites. He didn't say all this; but he meant it. It spoke in his eye and gesture, and in every movement of his burly, lazy person. People looked on with admiration. Boston conservatism said, "It is good to be here. It reminds us of feudalism: it is a touch of mediævalism: it is a rebuke to the rampant spirit of democracy and equal rights. All hail the great Mason!"

Slidell is even a shabbier rogue than Mason. He is more of the Floyd style. He plays a greater round of characters, and is a thief and an election-swindler, as well as a tyrant and aristocrat (*vide* the Houmas land-grant and the Plaquemine frauds). But there is no reason to suppose that Mason feels above Slidell. He may not be, in practice, so notorious a thief and swindler; but he has the elements in him. It is a matter of temperament and habit merely; for you may be sure that the man who lives voluntarily and persistently, and without compunctions, on the unpaid earnings of other men, has nothing in him which prevents him from being a vulgar thief, should his necessities require him to be. Mason, if not too lazy, may yet be compelled to accept a situation as Peter Funk of a New-York auction-shop in order to keep himself from starvation. Elizur Wright suggests that he deserves a severer punishment than Slidell, even hanging, on his grandfather's account. Considerably shocked, I asked him what he meant by that; and he said, he meant that he deserved to be hanged for disgracing the name of George Mason, the Virginia abolitionist of the Revolutionary era. A good point.

[May 20, 1862.]

COLORED RECRUITS AND CONDITIONAL PATRIOTISM.

Gov. Andrew's letter to the Secretary of War, giving the government a hint that volunteering would be more speedy and enthusiastic here in Massachusetts if the enemy's "magazine," slavery, was not considered too sacred a thing to be fired into, has also been the subject of a number of sensation articles. The governor is accused of being a "conditional" patriot. So it is "conditional patriotism" to say that the young men of Berkshire and Worcester and Plymouth would rather fight for freedom than for slavery, is it? It is "conditional patriotism" to intimate to the President, that, if he will let Gen. Hunter's proclamation of freedom stand, the people will rally to the rescue of the country with more alacrity than they will if he constantly thwarts and baffles every effort on the part of our generals to strike down the arch-foe of the country's peace, is it? It is "conditional patriotism" to hint that the fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters of our brave Massachusetts volunteers are quite as willing to see able-bodied, acclimated black men enlisted to do the drudgery of the camp, and the warlike work of the field, as to have their own sons and brothers subjected to the unnecessary toil, and for the sake of the stupidest of abstractions, or the vulgarest and wickedest of prejudices, made invalids or corpses in the divine cause of human slavery, is it? It is "conditional patriotism" to object to sending down Massachusetts white regiments to be boiled, baked, and roasted under the sun of the Yorktown Peninsula in guarding the premises of rebel colonels, or on the coast of Florida in watching lest the fire should catch the premises of a rebel guerilla chief absent on duty, is it? "Conditional patriotism" to think that our soldiers might be better employed in putting down slavery than in bolstering it up, striking home at the heart of the monster evil, rather than shielding and protecting it, is it? "Conditional patriotism" to think that the Hampden and

Franklin and Middlesex boys are as good, and as worthy of protection against negro arms, as the barbarian herds of Florida and Georgia, is it? For every man we send to the South puts himself in peril from the bullets of negro soldiery. Negroes are good enough to kill the men Col. Horace C. Lee has marched down to North Carolina; but the men Col. Lee is opposing and trying to subdue are — Heaven save the mark! — of too fine a quality to be the mark for black musketry. Nothing but a Massachusetts bullet, sped by a *white man*, will do for them.

There is a very general feeling here, that if the government would give up its theory of the possibility of *saving slavery and the Union together*, and accept the services of a million able-bodied loyalists now waiting for an invitation into our ranks, it would have no need of any more Northern recruits. The Yankee is patriotic and enterprising; but he is not particularly fond of doing the hard work of the world when others are willing to do it under his guidance. And, moreover, politically they are not so much in love with slavery as to think Mr. Seward's theory of the war, as developed in his letters to our foreign ministers, is the best one possible to be devised. They do not mean wantonly to violate constitutional guaranties, if there are any such; but inasmuch as slavery has outlawed itself, and rendered itself liable to destruction at but little if any expense of constitutional scruple, they do not see the sense of conducting the war for the sole purpose of preserving it.

There is something inexpressibly ludicrous in the dilemmas in which our government involves itself in its determination to save slavery from destruction or suicide. A plain man would suppose, that if an arch traitor or enemy of the country should insist upon killing himself, we should not interfere, except, perhaps, for the purpose of executing judgment upon him in a public and exemplary way. Slavery, the arch traitor and rebel, the only traitor and rebel, the universal traitor and rebel, stands upon a precipice, just ready to throw itself down; and we are preparing to prevent the fatal plunge,

or, in case it is made, to break the fall, and nurse the patient into life and vigor again. "The condition of slavery in the several States" (said Mr. Seward to Mr. Dayton in April, 1861) "will remain just the same, whether the rebellion succeed or fail. The rights of the States, and the condition of every human being in them, will remain subject to exactly the same laws, and forms of administration, whether the revolution shall succeed, or whether it shall fail." That is to say, "I will save slavery, unless events and the people are stronger than I am."

[July 10.]

GENERAL McCLELLAN.

I don't think this is a good time for recrimination and abuse, or for careless words which seem like recrimination and abuse. I am reminded that I have seemed to rejoice in Gen. McClellan's mishap,[1] or what I considered his mishap. Nothing could be farther from my thought. I ask, When have the antislavery men failed to do justice to ability and success, without asking questions as to the politics of the successful man? Did we ever ask what were Burnside's, or Mitchell's, or Pope's, or Lyon's, or Foote's, or Dupont's, or Davis's, or Farragut's politics? Did our knowledge of Halleck's hunkerism send us on his track, so long as he showed energy, and achieved success? — except, indeed, when he illustrated his principles by his worse than foolish orders against negroes, which I imagine were one cause of his failure to catch Beauregard, or to find out where he was gone. Have we been factious or unreasonable over Frémont's disgrace, brought upon him, not because he was actually defeated, but because he failed to defeat and capture his flying foe? The fact is, we, the antislavery men, have been so devoted to our purpose of putting through this war, that we have fanatically worshipped success and every man who achieved it. Here is the secret of our opposition to McClellan: —

[1] His repulse on the Peninsula, in one of his "changes of base." Gen. McClellan's numerous defeats and repulses were called "changes of base."

"What boots it thy virtue,
What profits thy parts,
While one thing thou lackest, —
The art of all arts?"[1]

Gen. McClellan has been in command of the Army of the Potomac nearly a year. He has met the enemy at Williamsburg, West Point, Fair Oaks, and in half a dozen places from Mechanicsville to Turkey Landing. He has repulsed them always, but has obtained not a single victory over them. This is the naked truth, which no man can deny. It may be pleasant to patch up fig-leaves to cover it; but it is not worth while: it profits neither the general nor the country. I hope he will win victories: indeed he must, or we are lost. But, if Congress were to vote him a sword, it would be puzzled to get beyond Rich Mountain in its inscriptions. It could hardly say, as Napoleon said to Moreau on presenting him with a pair of pistols, "I designed to have them engraved with the names of all your victories; but there was not room enough to contain them." McClellan's military career reminds me of the story of the dipping to which Charles Lamb was subjected. Being a stutterer, Lamb got soused three times before he could cry out articulately, "I was only to be dipped once." This is the second time for the Potomac general: the next and last must come before long.

[Aug. 10.]

IN WAR TIME.

The contest has developed itself far enough to satisfy everybody, that, no matter how long it continues, it must not

[1] Gov. Andrew said yesterday (July 12), at dinner, that Count Gurowski had written to him that the French princes left the army simply because of McClellan's total inefficiency.

Two or three days ago, I saw Col. E. W. Hincks of the Nineteenth at Dr. Willard's house in Oak Street. He told me in so many words, that Heintzelman, Sumner, Hooker, Sedgwick, and all the fighting generals, had a total lack of confidence in McClellan's military ability. He also said that McClellan had not once been under fire since he had been on the Peninsula. — *From Diary of* 1862.

stop till one side or the other is completely subjugated. A peace on any other basis would be nothing more than a pause between two battles, — simply a cessation of the cannonade. Better universal bankruptcy and repudiation, a *tabula rasa*, a new date, — the year 1 of the country, instead of the year 87, — a new Declaration of Independence and Constitution, and forgetfulness of the old ones and their authors, new flags, new seals, new emblems, new capitals, new forms of government, new oaths and formulas, and an abolishment of all old laws and traditions, rather than peace on any other terms than subjugation of the rebels to our complete will, or subjugation of ourselves to their wills. Separation and recognition would have been hazardous, as well as disgraceful, even if we had consented to it before the hostilities commenced. But *then* it was possible: now it is a clean impossibility.

A conviction of this fact it is which makes some of us so impatient with Mr. Lincoln's talk about "saving the Union." If he means the government, the people, the nation, very well: but he means the union of States, — South Carolina equal with Massachusetts, and Mississippi with Vermont, and Virginia with New York; rebels to be forgiven, and to have equal rights with loyal men. Thank Heaven! the rebel leaders are too proud to come back to our hated companionship; and I hope and believe we are too manly to let them enter our counsels as equals. This sort of a "Union" is a dream, a delusion; worse than that, a madness. And so all question of what we shall do, or refrain from doing, — how many or how few slaves we shall make free, or keep in slavery, — in order to bring about this Union, seems mere childishness. The thing being *impossible*, questions of method are out of place. The President might as well issue proposals for the best and cheapest plan of building a railway to Jupiter, — to the infernal regions, rather, to make the comparison more apt. To shriek out, "Save the old Union, the Union as it was!" is as wicked as it would be for a half-converted sinner, instead of praying to be newly born into Christian life and holiness, to cry out, "Give me back my old soul, my

soul as it was!" Are we not going to *get something* for all this blood and money we are spending?

Is Yankee toil and shrewdness, to say nothing of Saxon love of liberty, brought out of the German woods to England, and thence sent forward to these shores in the veins of Puritan and Revolutionary men, so deteriorated, that we are willing to decimate our population, and load every corporation, nation, state, city, county, and town with incalculable debt, in fighting a war with a beggarly bankrupt who has nothing to lose, and finally leave off, not only without relieving ourselves of a nuisance, but even giving him clean clothes, a respectable dwelling-house, and *prestige* and credit on which he can live and flourish for years, to our worse discredit and annoyance than ever? It is not possible. We must try conclusions with him. If slavery has trained up a race of men with superior and invincible genius for government, why, let us acknowledge the fact, and quietly submit to the more lordly race. But it is not so. We have failed because we have not yet emancipated numbers from slavery. "The crack of the whip is over us still." Slavery inspires one army, and benumbs the other. If the French monarchy, with its centuries of abuses, could not be abolished without a convulsion which destroyed a king, a queen, a throne, a bastille, and the lives of five millions of people, do we expect a more hideous wrong, a more foul imposture, — *American slavery*, with a rebellion founded on it, — to be put down without the cashiering of an incompetent officer, the fracture of a parchment, the rending of a judicial decision, or even a shock to an old politician's prejudices?

CHAPTER IX.

JUBILEE DAYS.

[Sept. 25, 1862.]

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION. — ANTIETAM.

It is hardly necessary to say that the President's proclamation is received in Massachusetts with general congratulation and joy. Sixteen days ago, a convention of nearly a thousand delegates, representing the party which includes two-thirds of the people in its ranks, voted unanimously that slavery ought to be "exterminated." The constituents of these men, you may be sure, are in no degree behind them in opinion. Many of our people were getting a little impatient with the President; but most of them, inspired by Mr. Sumner's hopeful confidence in his integrity, and openness to the reception of ideas and facts, were disposed cheerfully to wait till he should have fully made up his mind that the measure was a wise and indispensable one.

Whether the battle of Antietam (Phœbus, what a name!) was a victory or not, we have had a victory in the President's edict of emancipation, about which there can be no dispute. *Brutum fulmen* they call it. Well, even if it is, it follows the law of the war. Take that battle of Wednesday, — cannonading from five o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night, incessant discharges of musketry, assault and repulse, tons of powder and ball and shell blown away, and thousands of men killed and wounded; and no result except next day a truce, a burial of the dead,

and a retreat of the rebels into Virginia. Take the whole campaign of the last three weeks, — an advance into Maryland, havoc and the dogs of war let loose in peaceful and prosperous neighborhoods, and an advance back again. Nay, go farther; go back to the beginning of the great Peninsular campaign, of which this is the end. We are just where we were early in the spring.

Brutum fulmen indeed! At least, a war of words, edicts, and proclamations cost nothing in life and blood. It has that advantage, at any rate, over this aimless warfare we have been carrying on in the field, this "vain masquerade of battle," as Mr. Sumner called it in his speech of last year. I would not disparage nor depreciate the necessity of force. No set of men has clamored so loudly for great armies as the abolitionists; but they have asked that the armies shall be re-enforced and accompanied by ideas which cost nothing, only that conscience and common sense shall have free play and scope in the American heart. "God is always on the side of the strong battalions" is Napoleonism and atheism. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," is Scripture and truth. "Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world," says Emerson, "is the triumph of some enthusiasm." And he cites the victories of the Arabs after Mahomet: "The naked Derar horsed on an idea was found an overmatch for a troop of Roman cavalry. They conquered Asia, and Africa, and Spain, on barley. The caliph Omar's walking-stick struck more terror into those who saw it than another man's sword." The rebels are beneath us in numbers and in military preparations; there can scarcely be a doubt of that; but they fight for something. The surest way to overthrow and destroy them would be by some crusading cry like "Emancipation!" but we are so debauched by worship of the filthy idol, slavery, that we cannot have that. Only as a military and civil necessity can we have emancipation. The sympathies of God, and all good men and nations, must be enlisted on our side by this proclamation; and, even although

we shall not be able to attain the divine enthusiasm which would sweep every thing before it, we must now conquer. We have made the cause of liberty and civilization clearly our own. No more slave-catching. No more repulses of loyal, faithful black men. No more slaughter of escaping Unionists, however dark-colored, in the streets of New Orleans. No more submission to such awful and ineffaceable ignominy as that we have suffered at Harper's Ferry, where the white Unionists were paroled, and the black ones — innocent men, non-combatants, wards and children of the United States — were hurried off into slavery; or as that we suffered on the Potomac, where the black men who drove our ambulances were seized by their rebel masters.

The prayer of twenty millions is answered. How many slaves will be made free by the immortal document to which Mr. Lincoln has placed his name, is uncertain; nor is it of the first importance. When we build a gunboat, we don't know whether she will ever reach an enemy's fort; when we make a cannon, we have no security that it will not be captured by the enemy before it has slain a rebel; when we send forward a regiment, we know not but it may be led to slaughter at Ball's Bluff, or some other bluff, as the Eighteenth was the other day, before it has fulfilled its mission of war against treason. They say the rebels will laugh at the proclamation. I think they will. They laugh at every thing we do. They have learned so thoroughly to despise our statesmanship and generalship, that they will in all probability keep on deriding us. Well they may. This very habit of derision may be their ruin. Of course, they will not return to their allegiance before Jan. 1; and it is too much to hope that we shall conquer, and re-establish our supremacy over any great portion of the territory now dominated by the Confederacy. We may reach Richmond; we may redeem Kentucky and Tennessee: but it is hardly probable, with the utmost efforts we can put forth. If we do not, on the 1st of January the edict of emancipation must be enforced. Three months' time will be sufficient to let the

negroes know what "Old Abe" said and meant on the 22d instant; and then they will either help themselves to freedom, to their rights under the law of the land, or the rebel armies will melt away in the attempt to hold them at home. We shall have emancipation or subjugation, and probably both. No matter for results. It is sufficient to know that nothing but good can follow from an act of justice like this.

The battle of Antietam resembles the fight between Heenan and Sayers more than any other I can think of. It was a series of knock-downs and bloody noses, with Lee and McClellan and Fitz-John Porter, and fifteen thousand reserves, looking on as umpires, until night threw up the sponge, and declared it a drawn battle. It was sheer pounding on both sides, with not a spark of generalship on either.

The losses in the Massachusetts regiments in the battle are terrible. The Thirty-fifth Regiment, Col. Wilde, only a month or five weeks from home, marched a hundred miles just before the action, and then took a position which two other regiments refused. The list of killed and wounded, especially in the Roxbury, Haverhill, and Newburyport companies, is painfully long. How splendidly Massachusetts has shone out during this whole war! How magnificently her regiments have been made up, officered, and equipped! and how gloriously they have behaved!

[Sept. to Nov. 7.]

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.[1] — JOEL PARKER AND OTHERS.

There is an element of the comic in this thing in its connection with Massachusetts politics. Stimulated by ancient hatred and prejudice against Charles Sumner, and by the vain hope of obtaining some little Republican help in their

[1] This party was composed of "hunker" proslavery men who were opposed to the election of Charles Sumner. "The 'hunker' is a man who *hunks*, or foists himself into a good position; probably a word of Dutch origin." — C. C. Hazewell.

opposition to him, half a dozen hunkers got together the other day, and said, "Let us prepare and load our biggest petard, and give the senator a hoist." The work of loading the gun was intrusted to Judge Joel Parker, who was known to have a sufficiency of wadding, if his projectiles were not of the most formidable kind. So the judge sat himself down; and said he to himself and his associates, perhaps to his mathematical friend Benjamin Pierce, "Look here. Given the problem to upset Charles Sumner, how shall we do it?" And the brethren scratched their heads, and were at a loss. At last some one who had read the newspapers bethought him that he had seen it stated in "The Post" that the Republican Convention had refused to indorse the President purposely using the word "government" instead. "Ah, I have it!" said he: "we must make support of the President our platform, and denounce Mr. Sumner and his friends as the President's enemies." No sooner said than done. Thus was the platform agreed on. If anybody suggested that Mr. Sumner was on intimate terms with the President, had been in the Senate the foremost supporter of his measures and policy, and had written urgent letters to persuade his radical friends to hold on to the last in their faith in "Old Abe," doubtless it was replied, that his radical supporters would eventually push him into opposition. If anybody intimated that the President might possibly become himself the chief of emancipationists, doubtless the idea was scouted by these political bats. The programme being agreed on, the writing of the address was an easy matter; and yet I would not swear to that.

To one used to writing political addresses and resolutions it would have been easy. There is no great brilliancy of imagination required to say, "The country is in danger;" and no great historical knowledge to bring a man to the conclusion that "a civil war has desolated the land for more than sixteen months." "The world has never before seen" is an expression which has been applied to armies and fleets and battles so often during this war, that it would readily

occur, even to a dull man, in writing about the magnitude of the rebellion. "Thundering at the gates of the capital" is one of the most serviceable hack expressions; but I abandoned it long ago to the most unskilful of newspaper men, as trite and unworthy. The address was an easy matter apparently: you had only to use a conglomeration of words with especial care to conceal your meaning; to express opposition to Sumner, and yet say nothing about him; and so frame a document which should rope in the unsuspecting, and humbug the innocent, while to those in the secret it should be luminous with meaning. But, alas! to Judge Joel Parker, a controversy, or something like one, a hit, a dig, an innuendo, is as necessary as a breakfast to a hard-working laborer. He doubtless looked over his job in its rough draught, and said, "It will do: and yet it will not do; for I have not hit anybody a dig. Go to: I will find a place, and I will insert something, which, while it shall do no harm, shall yet satisfy my combative sense." And doubtless he interlined the words, "*We want no impotent proclamations now*," and said to himself, "Now I have placed my *imprimatur* on it, and the world will know it is Joel Parker's." And it went forth. "Go, little book," said some poet while ushering his volume into the world. "Go, little address," said the judge, — "go, and astonish the universe. Go and gather together the opponents of Mr. Sumner. Go and organize a hunker opposition to him. Go and make my name immortal as a politician, as it now is as a lawyer, a professor, a reviewer, and a reviser."

And while the judge was putting the finishing touch to it, perhaps even interlining the words "impotent proclamation," lo! Abraham Lincoln was putting words together into an "impotent proclamation" just such as Judge Parker had solemnly declared that he did not "want:" and, the very day after the manifesto against "impotent proclamations" appeared, out came the identical "impotent" one which the judge had warned the people against; and the judge, hav-

ing read the morning paper of the 22d, and seen that the period of gestation and delivery was safely passed, proceeded to headquarters, and issued a resolution congratulatory over that fact, and straightway went about his usual avocations, leaving to Mr. Swan the duty of engineering the nascent and crescent organization which was to be no organization, and party which was to be no party, and to raise money for the printing of no-party documents, and for the support of no-party newspapers like "The Boston Courier," and for the support of no-party candidates for Congress and the Senate and House, and generally for the advancement of the interests of pure and unadulterated patriotism and no-partyism, based on an unqualified support of the President against all radical attempts to make him issue "impotent proclamations." And the next morning the judge opened his morning paper, and looked to see further evidences of the progress of the movement; and, lo! he beheld in startling big letters (impotent) "Proclamation of Emancipation by Pres. Lincoln." I draw the veil over the scene, but can only hope the judge had finished his coffee and muffins before he came to that dreadful heading.

Mr. Parker is understood to have retired to his professorial chair. The Law School was divided against itself. Prof. Parsons, in half a column of stirring words, did more to elect Sumner and Andrew, than Prof. Parker, by his hundred columns of sophistry, to defeat them. The people of New Jersey believe in Joel Parker,[1] for I see they have chosen him governor; and Joel evidently believes in himself: but the people of Massachusetts don't believe in him, or the "others" who followed him. Let him keep in the Law School, to which he has returned. "Take him up tenderly, lift him with care, fashioned so slenderly, *young* and *so* fair." Let me make a funeral procession for him as he proceeds toward the classic shades: —

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[1] Another Joel Parker.

"Others"
"Others"
"Others"

"Others"
JOEL PARKER
"Others"
"Others."
"Oth-
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"O
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s."

"Others"
"Others"
"Others"

But this is poor business, I am afraid, trying to create a laugh under the ribs of death.

POLITICAL HISTORY IN 1861 AND 1862.

The Republican party is the only party in this State, or in any of the States, which has ever acted on the sublime no-party principles which are proclaimed in such platitudinous language — as if they were new and profound truths — by Judge Parker. If there is a State in the Union where the Democratic party, since November, 1860, has failed to maintain its organization in all its strictness, I should like to know which it is. At the very moment Parker was issuing his address, there was in print in "The Boston Post" a partisan call for a Democratic State Convention; and the nearness of time of holding these two proslavery conventions makes it certain that a "truck and dicker," like that which used to characterize coalition and Know-Nothing parties, must have been entered into by the high contracting parties. Last year the Republicans nominated Judge Abbott, a Democrat, for attorney-general, and Edward Dickinson, a Bell-Everett, for lieutenant-governor; thus giving to one-third of the voters one-third of the ticket. They also passed a very moderate set of resolutions. Yet the organs of the two parties which an attempt was thus made to conciliate denounced the Republicans more bitterly than ever. Messrs.

Abbott and Dickinson declined; and the Republicans, finding that all further efforts at conciliation were thrown away, nominated men of their own party to fill the vacancies, and went on to elect their own ticket. No-partyism prevailed in some of the senatorial and representative districts; and some of the Democrats acted in good faith, and behaved themselves like gentlemen and patriots as they were; but, as a general thing, they stood on one side, taking all they could get, and giving nothing in return. This is a brief yet true history of our politics since the war broke out, up to the meeting of the Republican Convention on the 10th of September, 1862.

[Jan. 1, 1863.]

JUBILEE DAY.

The war has thus far been conducted on the principles and with the instruments furnished by the Democratic party, the allies of Jefferson Davis in many a well-fought political battle-field. A large majority of this party, voters and leaders, is to-day in actual rebellion against the government. Won't there be a black record against this party for the future political annalist?

Take a "Tribune Almanac," or any other political manual, and look at a list of the governing men — the senators, representatives, and governors — of two years ago, and you will find that a large majority, nearly all, of those which were marked down as Democrats, are now the sworn enemies of the United States. To their allies of the Northern States we have intrusted the "big job" of putting them down. Congress, at the outset of the struggle, adopted the old Cincinnati platform, or its equivalent, the Crittenden resolutions; and from that day to this, with occasional, and latterly with frequent oscillations and divergences, the war has been carried on according to the notions of Jeff's political friends, and strictly on Democratic principles. Frémont and Hunter tried to switch the government off the proslavery track, but did not succeed. Unmerciful disaster compelled

the removal of McClellan and Pope, and some other Democratic generals; but Halleck, and Fitz-John Porter, and Franklin, and a number of others, stick closer than brothers to us yet. What a record of incompetency and half-heartedness is furnished by the Washington courts of inquiry! Every officer whose testimony I have seen enlarges eloquently on the difficulties in his path and in the path of his brother Fitz or Mac. They had dark nights invariably, as well as bad roads, when required to move on the enemy. The inconstant moon refused to shine, and the constant mud refused to dry up.

Is this day to signalize the complete and final emancipation of "Honest Abe" from Democratic principles and men? If it is, we are safe enough; and January, 1864, will see a recovered nationality, a "noble and puissant nation." Is it safe to say more? "Interpret for me the libretto," said Mr. Choate to his daughter at the opera, "lest I dilate with the wrong emotion." Is it safe to shout over this day of jubilee, or even to go to the concert at Music Hall this afternoon, and hear the beautiful music which Zerrahn and Dresel have promised? I think it is. I don't see how this Declaration of Independence can fail to bring forth good fruit. That old Declaration of July 4, 1776, remained a ridiculous *brutum fulmen* for seven years. No doubt many a mad wag among the Tories of that day had his jeer at it, comparing it to the Pope's bull against the comet. The humorous papers and the humorous men of New York and Boston no doubt had their laughs over it. "Free and independent States, are you? Are you not getting out of your jurisdiction? Hasn't England something to say about that? Are you sure you have material force enough to maintain your Declaration? Poh, poh! *Brutum fulmen, brutum fulmen!* Pope's bull, Pope's bull! Ha, ha, ha!" said the mad wags. But Yorktown and 1783 came at last; and it turned out that the Declaration was good from the first day.

Jeff Davis knows better than the funny newspapers. He

doesn't sneer at the Proclamation: he knows that words are things. Why, what is the Rebel Confederacy but a parchment? Repeal the acts of secession, and it is gone in a moment. Subdue the Confederacy by force of arms, and you only abolish rebel parchment, and substitute the old parchment now in the archives at Washington. The Declaration of Independence is a parchment just as worthless as "Old Abe's" Proclamation unless it is made vital by a popular purpose and determination; and the Proclamation may be made as vital and animating as the Declaration, if the President and the people say the word. "The flighty purpose never is o'ertook unless the deed go with it," says Shakspeare. Let "Old Abe" remember that. Jeff Davis remembers it in connection with his parchment constitution and all his other parchments. There was a "battle of the books" once, according to Swift: now let us see which will get the best of the battle of the parchments.

The Jubilee Concert on the 1st was a grand success. I see "The Courier" has been pitching into it. What will become of the poor devils who sympathize with that newspaper? Literature, religion, and science, and sculpture, and painting, and music, are now all against them. Cannot somebody idealize the slave-driver in marble, and set it up in one of their club-rooms for their special gratification, or make a musical composition which shall alarm their ears with the shrieks of poor women for stolen babies? Let something be done at once.

[April 10.]

SWORD-PRESENTATION TO GEN. McCLELLAN.

What does Mac want of another sword? Has he hacked his old one on some rock by the roadside to make it appear as if it had been used? The sword bears an inscription: "Pro rege sæpe, pro patria semper." George Lunt, who made the presentation-speech, undertook to translate this "for the benefit of the country members." Waving his hand

solemnly, and swelling his voice to a parenthetic chord, said he, "For the administration when it behaves itself; for the country always." The general, who is supposed to understand Latin, and who is not such a fool as to be ignorant of the *animus* of the whole proceeding, on his own part as well as on the part of the flunkies and Tories, — the general, I understand, rather resented this imputation upon his classical knowledge and his common sense, and intimated in his reply, that he knew, as well as Lunt, what the words meant in this case. I have these particulars from your correspondent Mr. Frye, who was present, but was too greatly overcome with his emotions to send you a full account to-day. How Frye happened to get into the parlor is more than I can tell. But he informs me that two gentlemen from Hampden County were with him; and, as nearly as I can ascertain, these three are the only persons, known or suspected of being in any way connected with "The Republican," who have been allowed to see the general. Frye informs me that one of his companions casually remarked to one of the chief flunkies, that he "had had a very good opportunity to see Gen. McClellan;" and flunky replied, "Yes; but there ain't many abolitionists that have had a chance." Right, O flunky! right! And I rejoice to say that there ain't many "abolitionists" who have wanted a chance. But enough of this thing, which will soon be over. Sheetings and shirtings will soon again absorb the attention and energies of Beacon and Mount-Vernon Streets. Only twenty-four hours more remain for baby-kissing and pitcher-presenting, unless the visit is protracted to allow North and Richmond Streets to send up *their* babies (with their *mugs*) likewise. And why not? North and Richmond Streets have more votes, and, for that matter, more brains, than Beacon and Mount-Vernon Streets. Ah, well! good-by, general. Luckily, you don't know enough to appreciate and laugh at the sublime folly of the rich and ignorant classes of the Tri-mountain City.

[May 21.]

COLORED TROOPS. — HOW A NEGRO REGIMENT LOOKS.

The scene at Readville camp last Monday was an exhilarating one for those who believe this rebellion can be put down by the exercise of proper methods, and who are impatient to see such methods resorted to as soon and as fast as possible. Here was a regiment of a thousand men, every one of them with an Enfield musket (or Springfield, no matter which), and apparently with rather an uncommon amount of muscle and will to devote to the using of it. They marched well; they wheeled well; they stood well; they handled their guns well; and there was about their whole array an air of completeness and order and *morale* such as I have not seen surpassed in any white regiment. I believe I am not biassed by negrophilism, or coerced by the dark shadow of that bad time which the copperhead thinks is coming, when white men shall have no rights which the black man is bound to respect; but, as I am unmilitary, I would not give an opinion of this regiment, if I did not find it confirmed by everybody who has seen it. There was a good sprinkling of abolitionists among the bystanders; but among those who looked on with approbation, if not admiration, there must have been many, who, within the last two years, have declared that they would not fight for or with the negro, and would not have the negro fight for them, and did not believe he could fight, or would; and that, if the rebellion couldn't be put down by white soldiers, it ought not to be put down at all. Monday they were round grunting out, "Who says these niggers won't fight?" leaving one to suppose that they were original friends of the policy of encouraging and employing them. I suppose we ought to have charity for such people, — people who have "conquered their prejudices." But the trouble is, they had no business to entertain such prejudices. Nobody did entertain them who was capable intellectually of making up a judgment of his own.

The presentation proceedings at Readville were somewhat tedious, there being too many flags by one. The Putnam flag, as it may be called, with its illuminated cross and "In hoc signo vinces," was very beautiful, and ought to be very precious. The Governor said that he was identified with the Fifty-fourth, and his administration would stand or fall with its success or failure. He has taken great pains with its organization; and the "Brahmin caste," which Dr. Holmes tells us about in "Elsie Venner," is supposed to be more largely represented in its organization than even in the other fifty-three, though it is not lacking anywhere. I suspect it is no better blood or fighting material than that which exists in the farmers', carpenters', and shoemakers' sons of Massachusetts. Education, however, goes a good ways; and though Harvard College breeds a fearful number of snobs, yet a knowledge of science and history does inevitably, except in the hereditary fool, lift a man above prejudices of color and race, and makes him more and more a genuine democrat. Your true literary man, till he grows seedy, is likely to be democratic in his tastes and feelings. Col. Shaw of the Fifty-fourth is a grandson of Robert G. Shaw, son of Francis G. Shaw of Staten Island, and brother-in-law of George William Curtis. He is slight, but compact in figure, with light hair and mustache, and without a beard. He looks and speaks like a good soldier. The lieutenant-colonel and major are Hallowells of Philadelphia, strong anti-slavery men. And, indeed, the Governor would not be justified in appointing to command in this regiment men who have not a firm and implicit faith in the negro's common human nature, and a determination to see that he has a fair chance.

The death of Lieut.-Col. Rodman of New Bedford, at Port Hudson, was a painful event to many who knew him as a member of the legislature of 1862. He was a fine, stalwart figure of a man, occupied a respectable position as a legislator, and was generally popular. I believe he was a graduate of Harvard College. We evidently have not yet got full accounts of the slaughter of our troops at Port Hudson.

One account of the killed and wounded in New-England regiments, which professed to be complete, had the names of only four killed in the Forty-ninth; but we know, from the list printed in "The Republican," that there were seventeen. "The New-York World" has a curious story about a Federal officer, who said the loss was three hundred killed and fifteen hundred wounded. "But how about the colored regiments? they lost five or six hundred." — "Oh, d—n the niggers! we don't count them any thing." Government don't count them any thing. They were killed without quarter, and even crucified in plain sight of our troops, according to "The Boston Journal's" account; and not a rebel has been made to suffer for it. At Milliken's Bend, as we read, the colored men fought well; but their white officers skulked. Who can blame them for skulking? They knew of the slaughter at Port Hudson, and of the fate which awaited them under similar circumstances; they knew, too, that their murder would be unavenged. Is it not monstrous for this government to send such men as Col. Shaw and Col. Hallowell and their brave soldiers into positions where certain death awaits them, if captured?

[July 9.]

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

I propose to go off in a burst of poetical quotation; and here you have it: —

"Oh! who that shared them ever shall forget
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When, breathless in the mart, the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening and at prime;
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
Hailed news on news, as field on field was won;
When Hope, long doubtful, soared at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
Watched Joy's broad banner rise to meet the rising sun?

Oh! these were hours when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears:

The heartsick faintness of the hope delayed;
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears
That tracked with terror two long-rolling years, —
All was forgot in that blithe jubilee.
Her downcast eye even pale Affliction rears,
To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee
That hailed the despot's fall, and peace and liberty."

This is the only thing I can call to mind worthy of the occasion. Prose is not worthy of it, unless something like De Quincey's piece, entitled "Going down with Victory," which is too long to quote, but which is grander than most poetry. Those English dragoons at the battle of Talavera who "rode their horses into the mists of death, and laid down their lives for thee, O mother England! as willingly, poured out their noble blood as cheerfully, as ever, after a long day's sport, when infants, they had rested their wearied heads upon their mothers' knees, or had sunk to sleep in her arms," — those dragoons were not more worthy of immortality than some of the Massachusetts regiments which fought at Gettysburg. Take the Nineteenth, or the Twentieth, which lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, a little more than one-half its number. Take the Second, which was in Gen. Meade's old division, and has been pronounced by him the finest regiment in the whole army: its loss is like that of the Twentieth, and perhaps larger in proportion to its numbers. The country owes an apology to the Potomac Army; for one half of the people said it would do no effective service unless its old Copperhead chieftain[1] was restored, and large numbers of the other half believed or feared the libel was a fact. Meade has shown them the enemy's backs; and they must be so enamoured of the sight, that they will not sigh for any of their old commanders, under whose lead they were so often compelled to "turn tail," to use the President's graceful language. What matters it if the language isn't graceful?

Mr. Lincoln might well feel jubilant enough to dispense

[1] McClellan.

with elegances; and if the English reviewers, in their anger over this news, laugh at the President's speech, he may reply (he replies to every thing nowadays) in the language of Elijah Pogram to Martin Chuzzlewit, "We are a spry people, sir, and have no time to acquire forms." *Didn't* they "turn tail"? Then why not say so? It is pleasant to see that the President remembers what the rebels waged this war for, — to overthrow the Declaration of Independence. It is this attempt to overthrow, nullify, destroy, the great declaration of human equality, which has been baffled at Gettysburg and Vicksburg; and the President remembers with gratitude our escape from the great re-action. Bully for him! The generality glitters yet, and is living as well as glittering. American democracy, born and cradled in Boston, has not spread all over the Central and Western States to be strangled at this late hour by the spawn of tyranny hatched in the Carolinas. Whatever now comes of this war, that experiment has been tried, and failed. The slaveholding power, aided as it has been by party-spirit in the free States, has proved itself to be inferior to the free power. Its courage is matched, and its resources are overpowered. They had the hours and days and months; but the years are against them. They had the battles, but we the campaigns. Something else must be tried. I believe the big battles of this war are nearly over; for, after Gettysburg and Vicksburg, it will be true of the rebel leaders as it was of their progenitors in Milton's epic, —

> "Such another field
> They dreaded worse than hell, so much the fear
> Of thunder and the sword of Michael
> Wrought still within them."

[July 30.]

THE FIFTY-FOURTH AT FORT WAGNER.

The news from Charleston has a thrilling interest for many here in Massachusetts who have been watching the

career of the first of the Massachusetts black regiments, and of their brave colonel. There is not a shadow of doubt, I understand, of the death of Col. Shaw. It seems but a day or two since his slight and plucky figure was seen in our streets at the head of his men. He was evidently, from his looks, a man of character; and, indeed, it took a man of character at that time to be a suitable commander of a black regiment. The Fifty-fourth have followed up the victory which their compeers at Port Hudson won. Men might possibly cavil at Montgomery's raids; but fame won as theirs has been, on the perilous edge of battle, is not to be disputed about. Col. Higginson of the First South Carolina, who is at home, suffering from a slight wound, and looking rather thin and worn, says that there is no controversy on the coast now about the colored soldier's position, and apparently no feeling against him on the part of any white regiment or white soldier. He has fought his way into recognition. There was never any excuse for the scepticism as to the negro's capacity for fighting. The slaveholder never showed it, and never had it.

Years ago, Henry A. Wise said in a letter to South-side Adams,[1] "With white officers, I would fight a regiment of them against any foreign troops which could land on our shores. They are faithful, and they are brave, and more disinterested than the white man. They are joyous in temperament, and patient, as their nerves are coarse and strong." And he followed up this with the following elaborate eulogy on the race as a whole: "The descendants of Africa now here in bondage in the United States are, *en masse*, as a whole wealth of people, in bodily comfort, morality, enlightenment, Christianity, and actual personal freedom, worth more than their mother-country entire, not excepting the Europeans there combined with the natives." What Africa is worth per foot or acre, it would be difficult to say; but Wise's estimate of the value of the negro race is a

[1] Rev. Nehemiah Adams.

high one. If he had said worth more than the whole Copperhead party, he would have greatly under-estimated their worth. Read this extract from Wise, a proslavery Democrat, in connection with the speech of Montgomery Blair at Concord, N.H., and say if Wise is not the more decent and liberal man of the two. The idea of expatriating men worth more than the whole continent of Africa, population included, is worthy only of a lunatic.

The theory of a natural antagonism and insuperable prejudice on the part of the white man against the black is a pure fiction. Ignorant men are always full of prejudices and antagonisms; and color has nothing to do with it. Men who are themselves habitually kicked and snubbed like to have the right and the opportunity to kick and snub somebody below them. In the South, an intelligent negro looks with mental and moral disgust upon the half-witted "cracker" who revenges himself by taking advantage of the first chance he gets to buy his colored superior. Such events as Port Hudson and Morris Island have lately witnessed have abolished a great deal of artificial prejudice between the two classes of soldiers. White men and black men, wounded in the late fearful assault on Fort Wagner, were seen helping each other away from the field, and attending upon each other in the hospital afterwards.

[Dec. 10.]

JOHN M. FORBES AND THE COMMITTEE ON THE ENLISTMENT OF COLORED TROOPS.

It is curious to see a meeting of the Committee on the Enlistment of Colored Troops. John M. Forbes is its chairman, — a man of headlong and driving energy, long time an abolitionist, and, more than any other man, the confidential adviser and helper of Gov. Andrew. He attends to every thing, — writes letters, raises money (liberally contributing himself), sends messages to Washington to direct and organize congressional opinion, makes or persuades editors to

write leading articles to enforce his views, hunts up members of Congress in vacation-time, dines them at the club, and sends them back full of practical suggestions, which re-appear in bills and resolves the month after. Amos A. Lawrence is always there, — not originally an abolitionist, but a conservative, — fearful that something will be done contrary to law and constitution; trying to train the cannon-ball of war so that it will "come round the cornfield and the hill of vines, honoring the holy bounds of property" (see Coleridge's "Wallenstein," and pardon me if I have perverted the exquisite illustration), but as zealous and liberal as any other man in the great work of raising men, without distinction of color, to fight the foes of American nationality. There is F. W. Bird, coming in from his paper-mill at Walpole; and Judge Russell, ubiquitous, who, they say, holds courts, and gives able charges: but I can hardly believe it; for he does every thing else, and knows every thing going on in the city. Co-operating with these are Edward Atkinson (one of the ablest men in the State, and particularly wise on the whole subject of cotton and emancipation and free labor), S. G. Ward the banker, Alpheus Hardy, Dr. Beck of Cambridge, Henry B. Rogers, George William Bond, George L. Stearns, and so on.

[Dec. 31.]

THIRD YEAR OF THE REBELLION.

Well, so ends the third year of the Rebellion, if we reckon, without precise reference to days, from the beginning. This puts one in mind of a *mot* of one of our Supreme-Court judges. On the day when we heard of the fall of Sumter before Gillmore's batteries, some one told Judge H. of it, and added the remark, that "this is the beginning of the end." — "I think," said the judge, "it is the end of the beginning." The actual beginning, I suppose, was the secession of South Carolina; perhaps the resignation of the first United-States officer who threw up his office in Charles-

ton; and this, I believe, was the day after the telegraph announced Lincoln's election.

If South Carolina gets into Congress again, she must be treated as a free State, and compelled, by the main strength of the country, to obey its laws as other States are compelled to obey its laws. But, as a measure of practical safety, neither South Carolina nor any other rebel State ought to be allowed a representative in either house of Congress until the practical extinguishment of slavery has followed its legal and official death. Theorizing aside, this is the only path to safety; for slaveholders are such a perfidious race by nature and habit, that they cannot be trusted. We must raze the institution of slavery to its foundations. As long as the fire is smouldering and smoking, the neighboring buildings are in danger; and, as long as the chimneys are left standing, our children cannot play in the neighborhood. The nuisance is not wholly abated until the rubbish is removed, and a new structure erected; for even an unoccupied lot in an eligible place is an offence to our utilitarian ideas, if to no others.

It will be demonstrated, before this national struggle is over, that New England is the home of *order and law*, as well as of *liberty*. Hers is the brain of the nation; and the nation cannot do without it. The thieving digits of Mississippi and the hand of South Carolina, useful only to grasp and wield the slave-whip, can be spared, at least until they learn more useful and honest vocations. Palmer makes patent legs, and, for aught I know, can contrive a patent digester and belly for the country, to supply the absence of Ohio and Indiana; but New-England intellect cannot be spared.

Far distant be the day when Massachusetts shall be found to have lost her voice on such an occasion as this; when the gazers, as they mournfully turn away their eyes from her, shall say, —

> "The watchman's trumpet-voice is still,
> The warder silent on the hill."

[Nov. 10.]

PRES. LINCOLN RE-ELECTED.

Now that Pres. Lincoln's re-election has finally squelched out the Democratic party, there is great reason to hope that a very large number of the men who have voted with it will cease to wage a factious opposition to the war and the progress of events, and join with the Republicans in a patriotic effort to restore the Union, without, at the same time, attempting to save slavery from destruction. Many of the leaders have loved and defended slavery merely because the alliance with the slaveholders has been profitable to them; but it does seem as if the most obstinate doughface must at last see that there is nothing more to be made by cringing and subserviency, and that it is more profitable, as well as more comfortable, to stand upright. They may expose the holes in their clothes, worn by the abrasion of their knees with the muddy pavement; but they can get a new suit on tick, if necessary, at the first Republican tailors, and their appearance on the platform will be welcomed with "tremendous cheers." Winthrop runs home on Tuesday night, scrapes himself with a potsherd for twenty-four hours to get off all traces of contact with the party which went into the fight declaring the war "a failure," and then goes to the Sailors' Fair and shouts over the *successes* of Farragut, Worden, and Dupont; and the good-natured people shout with and for him. I wonder at the Board of Trade, which refused to have Halfmast Fay for one of its committee of arrangements to receive Capt. Winslow. Some mistake there, which will be rectified before long. Let him express a willingness to be loyal, and there will be plenty of Republicans who will joyfully send him a letter, asking him to give his views on the political questions of the day. No trouble about the leaders. As for the people, emancipated from their leaders, they will do well enough. Luckily the people, the great mass of the people, are sound.

The Baltimore platform calls for the extirpation of slavery,

and the President's *ultimatum* is its abandonment. Common sense will have to fight a good while, and with a good deal of vigor, against gradualism, Louisiana theories, compensation, and so on; but it is ready for all this. It is on the flood-tide which leads to fortune. Every conservative theory is proved false and falser day by day. The more immediate abolition is, the more successful. The more the negroes are let alone, the more they prove worthy of liberty. As soon as people find out that they are men, and not minors and wards subject to guardianship, the better for the country. The best part of the old conservative Whig section is with the Republican party now. Indeed, the party is getting eminently "respectable," without losing, I think, its vigor and progressiveness. "The Advertiser" classifies the ex-governors, giving us Lincoln, Everett, Boutwell, Clifford, Washburn, Banks, and Gardner. "Instinct is a great matter:" so we find Brewster and Baker and Tenny and Devereux, and Jonathan Pierce, and, indeed, about all the Know-Nothings who distinguished themselves, following Gardner into the ranks of the Copperhead Democracy.[1] Brewster spoke in Dorchester the other night; and the papers reported that his remarks were interrupted by the music of a brass band. This must be a mistake. No brass band ever yet organized could drown Brewster's voice. Armstrong might *try* his six-hundred-pound gun; but I would find men who would bet on Brewster even against *that*. I am told that his Dorchester speech was heard by the farmers, sitting at their doorsteps, as far off as Lancaster in Worcester County, and Sandwich on the Cape.

[Nov. 1.]

THE LAST OF GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

So the little 'un is disposed of at last. He *has* resigned, and the people *are* resigned. Neither on the Chicago platform, nor on his own, will they have any thing to do with

[1] The name of a political party hostile to the government.

him. He was in bad company, — to wit, with Vallandigham; and Vallandigham was also in bad company, — to wit, with him. "Little Mac" — what a humbug he was! and so apparently unconscious of it: —

"Great, nor knew how great he was,"

as Coleridge says of William Tell. How queer, that this ridiculous military and political eunuch should impose upon so many people for so many months! The men who had him in charge did not believe in him. Seymour knew he was a humbug; so did Belmont and Fernando Wood; probably Lunt and Hillard and Winthrop knew it also: but they supposed the people did not know it. They reasoned something in this way: "The people have turned us out of office, or kept us out; ergo the people are fools; ergo, again, it is perfectly safe to conclude that they will not find McClellan out; ergo the third, we shall humbug them into electing him." A slight mistake. The people clung to McClellan because the administration clung to him; and the administration, not having faith in the people's instincts and intelligence, did not dare to tell the truth about him, and send him packing, even after his incompetency had been discovered. Even so late as September, still lacking faith in the people, it sent old Blair to New York to buy him off. What if the silly creature had been suddenly inspired as idiots sometimes are, and had jumped at old Blair's offer? Fearful thought! Now, let us hope, we are well rid of him. What will he do? He can "orate;" but who wants to hear him? He has been in the railroad business: perhaps the care of some small dépôt on an unfrequented branch might not overtask his powers. He can write beautifully: would he do for a reporter on a weekly newspaper? Alas! I fear nothing suited to the grandeur of his aspirations can be found for him here. Who knows but that, in the world yonder, hesitation will be a virtue, yawning a grace, and what we poor mortals deem stupidity the highest work of genius?

CHAPTER X.

RESULTS OF PRES. LINCOLN'S DEATH.

[Extract from Diary of 1865.]

ASSASSINATION OF PRES. LINCOLN.

April 2. — Fall of Richmond.

April 9. — Surrender of Lee's army.

April 14. — Assassination of Pres. Lincoln, and attempt to assassinate Secretary Seward.

Events enough for one fortnight. There has been but little business, legislative or other, since the 1st inst.; but yesterday was the day of days. Probably never in the history of the country was there such a sensation throughout all classes of the community. All men and women were aghast with horror, and almost speechless. Men who *always* gabble rushed up to the Tremont Temple before noon, and made speeches. As if there should be a public meeting half an hour after an earthquake to celebrate such an event as *that!* The streets were crowded all day; and in Washington Street, in the neighborhood of the "Journal," "Herald," and "Transcript" offices, it was almost impossible to make one's way along. There was no speech but "horrible!" "dreadful!" "awful!" "cruel!" with occasional expressions of a desire for more strong measures against the rebels.

In the afternoon, we had our usual dinner at Young's. There were present the Governor,[1] Mr. F. W. Bird, Dr. S. G.

[1] John A. Andrew.

Howe, Dr. Estes Howe, Elizur Wright, C. W. Slack, Charles Field, Mr. Mack of Belmont, Tom Drew just from Savannah, Mr. Hayes of "The Savannah Republican," Darrah, J. M. S. Williams, Oakes Ames, M.C., E. L. Pierce, Major Burt, James M. Stone, Major George L. Stearns, W. L. G. Greene, — a pretty good representation of the radical Republicans. A good deal of talk about Andrew Johnson, and a general disposition to think well and hope much of him. The strong tendency of events at Richmond, since its occupation, towards reconstruction on simply a Union basis, without any regard whatever to security against the future supremacy of proslavery influences throughout the whole South, has disposed many to think that the country may be better off under Johnson than under Lincoln. It is known that Johnson is a terrible hater of the rebel leaders, and wants them hung; has always been against Lincoln's amnesty schemes.

But, in spite of all this, the death of Lincoln looks to me like an unmixed evil. In the first place, he had the confidence of the country as no man since Washington has had it. With him in the chair, the Democratic party was preparing finally to give up the ghost. Johnson has no such mastery; and I fear an immediate revival of that party, ready to take advantage of all Republican divisions. Second, I don't think we want a reign of blood and terror. Some few of the rebel leaders ought to be tried and executed with due formalities of law; but there should be no persecution, or spirit of retaliation; but we should have, instead, a settled and firm policy of reconstruction on the basis of *justice to the negro.*

Lincoln had no adequate idea of what ought to be done; but I fear Johnson has still less. Lincoln was, at least, master of himself, and master of the situation: Johnson *may* be the tool of anybody and everybody. Lincoln we have summered and wintered for four years, and knew exactly what he was: Johnson is wholly untried; and his behavior on and before the 4th of March was not to his credit.

I don't believe, nowever, that there can be any serious and permanent drawback to the progress of right opinions. If Lincoln had been killed in 1862, anarchy would or might have followed, at least for a time. Now every State is in loyal hands, the rebel armies are scattered, and peace must speedily ensue. We will hope for the best.

Booth the assassin is a ranting and bad actor. I expect it will be found that the conspiracy, if a conspiracy at all, is confined to only a few persons, — desperate, rattle-brained, half-crazy copperheads and secessionists. But, in the popular estimation, Jeff Davis,[1] Lee, & Co., will be held responsible; and it is true enough, that the murder is the legitimate result of the teachings of the Richmond newspapers. After all, it is not very strange that four years of such war as this country has witnessed should have bred one or two assassins. It would have been an exception to civil wars, if it had not.

The spirit of revenge is rising in the community: indeed, the feeling occasioned by the murder of the President has continually deepened up to to-day. I think it far more intense than on Saturday. As the newspapers are pored over for each important or trivial detail, the sensation in every one's heart increases. The speeches, some of which are very able and remarkable, tend to heighten the feeling very much. Gov. Andrew's message on Monday was admirable. Charles G. Loring's, at Faneuil Hall, was very remarkable in many of its features, and is worth preserving for its thoughtful contemplation of the great issues now before the country, as the Governor's is for its solemn, funereal eloquence, and nice analysis of Lincoln's character. Butler, D. S. Dickinson, and others in New York, have fitly spoken.

Johnson's speeches to the Illinois delegation and others tend to satisfy those who hope for revenge. He means to hang traitors, and doubtless will do so. But no word yet of

[1] Mr. Sumner told "Warrington" that Mr. Seward told him that the government had positive evidence of the complicity of Jeff Davis in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

justice, or of the true basis of reconstruction and settlement. It *is* needful that more or less of the traitors should suffer on the gallows; but it is *indispensable* that there should be at once a beginning of a social reconstruction of the South on the basis of the rights of man, on the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal." I do not ask that Andrew Johnson should hastily announce this purpose: it is sufficient if he entertains it, if he will turn his face and his thoughts in the right direction.

Yesterday I saw R. M. Field, manager of the Boston Museum. Booth the murderer played there five weeks not many months ago. Field says he was "rather a rowdy," though I did not understand that he was conspicuous for rowdyism. He had a passion for *éclat* and notoriety; and Field said it made no great difference to him what he did, so he obtained these brilliant scenic effects. A great crime would be as welcome to him as any other method of getting fame. He has succeeded this time; for the shot he fired has been "heard round the world," or will be; and its consequences no man can conjecture. It may topple down European thrones, and change the apparent destinies of nations. It must make a great change in this country, and, I still fear, a disastrous one. With four years of prudent leadership under a man whose popularity was unbounded, and who could have been, if it were necessary, re-elected in 1868, the country might have been consolidated. Western jealousy of the East, as well as Southern hatred of the North, would have been softened, and things brought round again to their old relations. I doubt Johnson's power to effect this. To be sure, the signs are favorable now: the people are apparently sensible and self-controlled, and are giving that confidence and support to the new President which are his due; but there is a mental reservation to all this. They do not implicitly trust. They ask one another, "What do *you* think?" They are not sure of any thing.

However, I return to my old formula: *The people are to be trusted*; and they will find a way to bring order out of chaos.

[Aug. 16, 1866.]

THE ARM-IN-ARM CONVENTION. — THE PHILADELPHIA POW-WOW.

They call the place of meeting a wigwam: so I suppose this name is allowable. It must have been a funny sight to see the Massachusetts and South-Carolina delegations marching in arm-in-arm. (Were they handcuffed together?) But the curious thing about it is, that the South-Carolina men are, popularly, as weak as our own. Gov. Orr does not represent South Carolina. Wade Hampton, at twenty-four hours' notice, almost beat him for the chief magistracy; and nobody supposes that Orr will have any popularity or power after the State gets fully reconstructed. Who ever heard of Gen. McGowan of South Carolina, who marched with "Gen." Swift of Massachusetts? I'll venture to say his political influence will prove to be as near nothing as Swift's. To go further, take Gen. Dix, a thorough old granny, superannuated and effete, about as much so as Tom Ewing, who represents the smartest State in the Union, — Ohio. The fact that they had to take Doolittle for president speaks volumes for the weakness of the convention. It was a wise choice; for Doolittle, though a contemptible sycophant, is personally respectable, has a loyal record through the war, and is a man of fair abilities; but everybody recognizes him as a tool of the Executive, as much so as Randall, or even Simon Hanscom. Maine sends Weston (lobby agent), and Crosby, an old Whig candidate for governor, supposed to have been dead ten years ago. New Hampshire sends her old regular hard-shell Copperheads, and does wisely in that; for they represent somebody. Dixon of Connecticut has to go, of course. Browning, an old Whig senator, and now a claim-agent and pardon-broker, — stop! he has lately been put into the cabinet, I believe, — represents the Illinois branch of the new party. Ex-senator Rice is dug up in Minnesota; and the sot McDougal stands or reels for California. If you go South, where the party is to get its votes, if anywhere, you find matters about the same.

Where was Rousseau, the favorite son of Kentucky? Was he squelched, like Vallandigham? Garrett Davis, of all men in the State, takes the lead. William A. Graham, who ran for Vice-President with Scott fourteen years ago ("Tar and Feathers" Webster called the ticket, placing the Vice-President first), represents North Carolina. He has not had a particle of influence there for more than ten years. Ben Perry divides with Orr the leadership of South Carolina. And so on. Val. is probably, on the whole, the truest representative of the principles of the party in the whole country; better even than Mayor Monroe of New Orleans, or Johnson himself. Monroe allows his principles to carry him too far; that is to say, for the present. The time has not yet quite arrived for wholesale massacre of Union men in the South. Monroe is premature. Johnson, on the other hand, was loyal during the war, and, of course, cannot fully represent a party whose principal support must come from rebels lately in arms against the country. Vallandigham was not in arms against the government, simply because he lived in Ohio, and had not courage to leave it. He was a traitor, without having committed the overt act. To insist that such a man should decline to be a delegate was not only a gross wrong to him, but a stupid blunder.

If Thurlow Weed got up that melodramatic spectacle of "Gen." Swift and Gen. McGowan, and Gen. Couch and Gov. Orr, marching along, he is duller than that "fat weed that rots on Lethe's wharf." R. S. Spofford is said to have been the originator of the idea; and it is, like him, sensational. But such things, in order to have any effect, must be natural, and not spectacular. I would have walked to Philadelphia, albeit not a great walker, to see that ridiculous sight, —

> "'Twas worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at their array."

I should have missed the erudite Winthrop, and the experienced Ashmun, and Quincy Adams, and Franklin Haven; but I should have seen the old war-horse of Worcester-

county Democracy, Isaac Davis, and Spofford himself, and Josiah Dunham, and the hero of Big Bethel, Gen. Pierce of Freetown, and Matthew Field, and Ide of Taunton, who has turned his coat again for a post-office, and "Gen." Swift, and the immaculate Woodbury, and Robert B. Hall, exhumed for this particular occasion, and Albert Fearing and William Bates, the residuary legatees of the old Whig party, and Aspinwall and Prince, the old secretaries of the State Committee, and the virtuous Colby of Newburyport, and the candid Northend, and Bates and Avery, old wheel-horses of the Democratic organization, and the oratorical Alger, and De Witt, one of Worcester County's meanest sons, and, lastly, my old friend, Lieut.-Gov. Wright of Hinsdale, perhaps more widely known as "Mountaineer." Alas, alas!

> "A mountain stream that ends in mud
> Methinks were melancholy."

I wonder who "Mountaineer" was paired off against in that wondrous procession. Perhaps the gentleman who served out rations to our imprisoned soldiers at Andersonville. Oh, it would have been a sight for a lifetime! I suppose they had some sort of music; perhaps a song after some old cavalier tune, like Browning's: —

> "Sumner to hell, and his obsequies knell;
> Serve Stevens and Boutwell and Greeley as well.
> Rebels, good cheer! Office is near!
> All ye good Copperheads, keep we not here.
> Marching along, fifty-score strong,
> Patriot gentlemen, singing this song."

I notice that the Southern talkers at Philadelphia unanimously and vehemently assert that their constituents "accept the situation." No, they don't. They don't even know what the "situation" is. As far as they do comprehend it, they are very much indisposed to accept it, except the office-seeking and office-holding branch, who will accept any thing. The "situation" is what the people choose to make it. The convicted murderer might as well hope to escape sentence and execution by crying out, after the verdict is rendered,

"Don't go any farther, judge! I accept the situation. I acknowledge you and the jury have got the best of it." This won't do. Johnson may pardon and release the chief murderer at Fortress Monroe, as he has pardoned and released his subordinates all over the Southern country; but he cannot restore to them political power. Slavery is abolished. The old robber-castle, from which issued the public enemy to burn and slay, is dismantled; but there are plenty of caves and dens where he still lies in wait for the unsuspecting traveller. The whole Southern country has got to be reformed. The "situation" means decency, civilization, Christianity, genuine democracy. The armies of Grant and Sherman were but pioneers. They have broken up the wilderness, destroyed the worst dens, purified some of the foulest places; but what is this foul stench from Memphis, this smell of blood from New Orleans? Accept the situation indeed! What say the Union men of Louisiana? What say Hamilton of Texas, and Stokes of Tennessee? And what think those dusky millions who cannot speak to us in conventions and addresses, but whose prayers to God go up hourly for the complete realization of Abraham Lincoln's golden promise?

[June 28, 1867.]

ANDREW JOHNSON'S GRAND PRESIDENTIAL TOUR.

"There is fun to a Cornwallis," says Hosea Biglow; but Hosea in his Cornwallis days never saw such fun as he will see if he accompanies the President. It is Pratt and Mellen[1] on a gigantic scale; the whole nation looking on while its chief magistrate exhibits himself to the amusement of the laughers, and the consternation of the sober men, of the whole human race. If it were possible to imagine that the Almighty Ruler of the universe had gone mad, had reversed all his laws, and turned the world upside down and inside out, the spectacle now on exhibition would consistently be

[1] Bogus presidential candidates.

explained; not otherwise. We are passing the last and cruelest ordeal. We have withstood rebellion, and war, and foreign hostility, and domestic discontent: can we withstand inextinguishable laughter, and the derision of the civilized world? To think of a great people, which has, within a year and a half, established its position as second to none among the great nations of the earth, allowing itself to be represented in its greatest cities, and through all its newspapers, by a man who is fitter for a cage in a mad-house than for the office he holds! There are only two classes of men who can look on with patience, — those whose optimism is inextinguishable, or, if you please, whose faith never flinches; and, second, those who don't care a "continental" what does happen to the country, the world, or themselves.

That grim old humorist, Thomas Carlyle, will have a jolly time over this affair. Having long ago given up all hope of the world, this Andy Johnson comes just in time to confirm his predictions of the approaching and everlasting smash. "Continents of empty vapor, of greedy self-conceits, commonplace hearsays, and indistinct loomings of a sordid chaos within him," — Carlyle described Johnson's speeches long ago, and drew the most dismal forebodings from such oratory. I am by no means sure, however, that Carlyle's undisguised admiration for first-class murderers when clothed in official or regal robes may not reconcile him even to Johnson, windy and chaotic as his talk is. He is a "doer" as well as a "talker:" witness New Orleans. The telegraph compels him to be brief. To the rebel attorney-general of Louisiana he says, "Usurpation will not be tolerated." Herron reads the cipher correctly, "Murder the convention;" and he goes to his work. To the rebel lieutenant-governor he says, "The military will sustain you." And Voorhees reads the cipher correctly, "You have full liberty to kill." If Jeff Davis is responsible for Andersonville, much more is Andrew Johnson responsible for the murder of Dostie and his fellow-Unionists. The hand he waves to-day towards the negro-killers of the

Five Points is red with the blood of the black men of New Orleans. Let Carlyle be comforted. Here is a stump-orator, one of the windiest and foolishest, who can, upon occasion, do something besides talking. But no great harm will come of his speeches in the North. The States he is to pass through have loyal governors; and, though it is possible that the policy men of New York may feel encouraged to kill a few black men in honor of this back-handed Moses, Gov. Fenton and Gov. Curtin and Gov. Cox and Gov. Oglesby will, no doubt, be able to prevent any very extensive demonstrations of enthusiasm in that direction.

This tour is merely a show; and Randall is the Van Amburgh. Some young men who were at Manomet[1] last week had a caravan-song, one verse of which ran thus: —

> "This is the roaring lion:
> You'd better keep shy of him, boys;
> For, when he gets into a fit of rage,
> He makes the following noise."

And here went forth a vociferation unpresentable to human eye by any or all of the letters of our alphabet, but which might be exhibited in the "visible speech" of the Englishman who has lately discovered a new one, or pictorially by a woodcut like that representing Ben Hardin's voice in the Comic Almanac of thirty years ago, — a confused tangle of sounds, intended to simulate the roar of the enraged "king of beasts." This is Johnson's speech. It is "the following noise;" and that is the only description you can give of it. And you will have the same noise telegraphed from every stopping-place on the route to Chicago, and back again to Washington. The great representative of American scoundrelism is on exhibition for the next ten days. Price four cents a day; or, if you buy "The Herald," two. Who would go to the theatre or museum, and pay a quarter or half a dollar, when such an entertainment can be so cheaply got?

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[1] "Warrington's" summer-resort.

You should have seen the President in Boston bowing and scraping to the crowd. The grand master of ceremonies must have had a dreadful time of it, holding an umbrella over the august head of the distinguished guest. Instead of sitting quietly in his seat, raising his hat to the ladies, and occasionally bowing to the right and left, Johnson stood up as well as he could, which was but poorly, under the umbrella, and sprawled about from one side to the other, scooping his hat this way and that. I thought of the old nursery-lines: —

"He began to compliment,
And I began to grin:
How do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you again?"

He got very little applause, however. Near the Custom House, a man stationed himself with a huge bouquet of flowers and a complimentary note, purporting to be from the clerks in the sub-treasury, though I hear they had nothing to do with it. The poor fellow stood as long as he could, and then some one kindly handed him a chair; and "he sot, and sot, and sot," till the minutes became hours. Two mortal hours did he wait, the observed of all observers; but the great man did not appear.

"The sun set, but set not his hope;
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eyes;
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time."

At last the tail end of the procession came, and the patient old fellow secured "the victory of endurance born." The dispenser of patronage was before him. He rushed up to the carriage, handed to the President the bouquet and the compliments of the clerks, and sweatily subsided with the smiles of the great chief and the approbation of his own conscience — let us hope. If the President fails to remember this service, he is harder than adamant. And, O ye senators! interpose not, interfere not, I beseech ye, to keep the poor old

office-seeker, whoever he was, from securing the reward of his labors.

But what if Johnson is an ass, a mule, a nuisance, an incubus, a succubus? The Hon. Mr. Wiseacre thinks he has not committed a "misdemeanor;" and the Hon. Mr. Somebody-Else thinks it won't do to have Ben Wade President a few weeks; and the Hon. Mr. Lord-Knows-Who is afraid it will have a bad effect on politics if we meddle with him; and the rich and ignorant classes of State and Wall Streets fear a rise in gold. So he stays, and Congress continues to have a good time.

[May 7, 1868.]

Having a little time, I took up the impeachment trial as narrated by the official reporters and the imaginative special correspondents. The trial proper, that is to say, the evidence and the interlocutory arguments, was good reading. Our old friend of the Middlesex-county bar was at home. He was the only lawyer of the dozen who was not rusty, except, perhaps, Evarts. Curtis and Stanbery long ago left off trying cases; Boutwell never tried many; Wilson and Bingham are lawyers after a Western fashion; Groesbeck is a business-man with a legal education; Nelson, a Tennessee stump-orator; Williams, an ex-judge who never tried a cause as counsel in his life; Logan was put on the list of managers to make up the number, and give the West its due prominence; and Stevens, the ablest man of the lot, was too old to try the case. Butler alone was fresh as a daisy. Evarts told somebody that he was going to show that he was "not afraid of Ben Butler." — "But," said the man who heard him, "he said it in a way which convinced me that he was." It is not to be denied that the general showed greater resources as a trier of the case than any other man there. Indeed, I understand that he declares that the President's counsel are quite unfit to try cases, and that, in Essex and Middlesex and Suffolk, he has met with much more dangerous opponents. Of course he is depreciated, and cried out

against as an "Old Bailey" practitioner; and this cry would do very well if he had not also shown great readiness and power in the argumentative work which was assigned to him.

As for the long speeches, I have tried a few of them. Groesbeck's was good, shrewd, good-tempered, and eloquent; Nelson's was by no means as bad as was represented; Boutwell's was a model of concise argumentation; Wilson interjected one good speech; but as for Evarts's and Bingham's, they are quite too eloquent to be first-rate. Ben Wade is reported to have said, after hearing speeches on both sides about a hundred hours, that he considered Demosthenes and Cicero two of the greatest pests and mischief-makers that ever existed. Evarts made some very good fun of the hole in the sky,[1] which was a choice thing for Boutwell's enemies to lay hold of, and the only thing to object to in his whole argument; but Bingham is quite too wordy and dogmatic to be read with pleasure. The boys at the Latin School have thus far looked in vain for "pieces to speak," and have been obliged, I believe, to fall back on Spartacus, Rienzi, Lord Chatham, Col. Barre, Patrick Henry, Everett, Webster, and the old "stand-bys." "Sink or swim" still reverberates in the school-rooms of Boston; and "Who is there to mourn for Logan?" is plaintively asked in the country villages.

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[1] Travellers and astronomers inform us, that in the southern heavens, near the Southern Cross, there is a vast space which the uneducated call the "hole in the sky," where the eye of man, with the aid of the powers of the telescope, has been unable to discover nebulæ, or asteroid, or comet, or planet, or star, or sun. In that dreary, cold, dark region of space, which is only known to be less than infinite by the evidences of creation elsewhere, the Great Author of celestial mechanism has left the chaos which was in the beginning. If this earth were capable of the sentiments and emotions of justice and virtue which in human mortal beings are the evidences and the pledge of our divine origin and immortal destiny, it would heave and throe with the energy of the elemental forces of nature, and project this enemy of two races of men into that vast region, there forever to exist in a solitude eternal as life, or as the absence of life, emblematical of, if not really, that outer darkness of which the Saviour of man spoke in warning to those who are the enemies of themselves, of their race, and of their God. — *Extract from* G. H. Boutwell's *Speech.*

As for "There stands Massachusetts," and "Give me liberty, or give me death," and "Then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written," — why, of course, it is not to be expected that these efforts will ever be superseded by the Binghams and Evartses of the Washington trial. "Renown and grace are dead;" and, we may add, eloquence also.

[May 21.]

PRES. JOHNSON'S IMPEACHMENT.

The verdict last Saturday did not surprise anybody. After Fessenden and Trumbull and Henderson made their speeches, a week before, or nearly so, there was about as much chance for Johnson's acquittal as for the failure of Booth's pistol in 1865. And the cases are very nearly parallel; the main difference between them being, that Booth was a stage-struck madman, and the treacherous senators were bribed, partly by money, and partly by the voluptuousness of revenge. I admire the spirit of the expression of "The Cincinnati Gazette," which says, "These senators need not shake their trial oaths at us." If there is any thing worse than the treachery, it is the cant which pretends that it is the result of conscientious conviction. Ross's and Fowler's open and avouched corruptibility can be put up with; but Fessenden's and Trumbull's pretence of a conscience is quite unbearable. If they had put in the plea old Mr. Weller desired to have entered in the Pickwick case, — viz., an alibi, — they could not have placed themselves in a more contemptible position. There is no justice in making Ross and Fowler the scapegoats. Fowler only followed his natural bent; and the Republicans who voted to admit Tennessee into the Senate are well repaid by the votes of both its senators for acquittal. State pride went for something; for the snuff-eaters and snuff-dippers of Tennessee are by no means deficient in State pride; and Andy Johnson, after all, is the best representative the border-element ever had in Washington. The model man of the West is not always polite and courtly: he drinks

whiskey, and "shouts the frequent damn." And even the Yankee, when

> "He whittles round St. Mary's Falls
> Upon his loaded wain," —

even he, according to Whittier,

> "Leaves upon the pictured rocks
> His fresh tobacco-stain."

But neither the Westerner nor the Yankee can vie with Johnson in those disgusting qualities which are peculiar to the Tennessee breed. Fowler and Patterson could not shame their ancient and most filthy Commonwealth by voting guilty. Van Winkle's vote, too, repays that totally unjustifiable departure from principle which made a State of West Virginia in the early part of the war.

It will be safe to wager that half, at least, of the "radicals" who have been or will be chosen to Congress from the newly-constructed Southern States will be as purchasable as Fowler or Ross. The Senate and House better not be in a hurry to admit these new States. Let them look out for the congressmen, and, moreover, *look out for the electors.* One of the most serious aspects of the bribery business is the certainty that hereafter presidential electors can be bribed after they are chosen, and appear in Washington to give their votes. Bribery has for some time been a recognized political force in the legislatures of some States: it has now controlled the impeachment question, and settled the occupancy of the White House for nine months: it is much more likely to be used to settle the presidential question for the four years from 1869 to 1873.

To return to the scapegoats: "Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Man of Ross." Who is Ross? Perhaps he is needy; in debt, and out at the elbows: —

> "So weary with disaster, tugged with fortune,
> That he would set his life on any chance
> To mend it, or be rid on't."

Doubtless he has his excuse; and I'll wager that it is a

better one than Fessenden's dyspepsia, or Trumbull's scruples. As George Canning prayed to be saved from a candid friend, we shall by and by have to put up our supplications to be saved from the direful effects of conscience. Commend me to Ross and Fowler rather than to Fessenden and Trumbull. It is too contagious. Whether Fessenden caught it of Trumbull, or Trumbull of Fessenden, is uncertain; possibly Grimes or Henderson was broken out with it first: but it was a most dangerous complaint. Money might be exhausted; but, when a batch of old lawyers had an eruption of conscience, it was all up with impeachment.

It will not do to pass over Chief Justice Chase. He is writing letters to some of his old friends in this region, saying, that if the question had been, "Shall the President be removed?" there would probably have been two-thirds in the affirmative; but as it was, "Is the President guilty of this article?" the article failed. This is only a new statement of the conscience dodge. Is the chief justice such a fool as to suppose that the people do not see through this ridiculous plea? They know that the question was precisely that, — Shall Johnson be removed? — and his sophistry can no more disguise the fact than his judicial robes can disguise the bitter partisan malignity and disappointment which controlled his action throughout the trial. The excuses which are possible for Fessenden and Trumbull fail entirely where S. P. Chase is concerned. He is intellectually strong enough, and the tone of his mind is radical and utilitarian enough, to enable him to discard precedents and the mouldy opinions of the past. For instance, he was never, or at least he has not been for the last twenty-five years, imposed upon, by the traditions of the lawyers, judges, and statesmen, as to the constitutionality of slavery. He was as radical as Lysander Spooner, and in the same direction. He cares nothing for the Madison Papers, or Bracton, or "The Year-Books." He never, like Fessenden, had his sense squeezed out of him by Marshall's and Webster's ponderous speeches and decisions, as old Giles Corey was pressed to death by heavy weights in

the days of Salem witchcraft. Mr. Chase knows enough to discard precedents, and act on common-sense principles; and he can see a fallacy as clearly as Bentham or Sydney Smith could see one. He has deliberately put on this legal cloak for a dishonest purpose; and his action in this case, with the action of the great lawyers who have followed his example, leads common men to the conclusion that it will not do to trust lawyers in great emergencies. "One thing I supplicate your Highness," said Vasco Nuñez de Balboa in a letter to the King of Spain (1513), "for it is much to your service; and that is, that you would give orders, under a great penalty, that no bachelor of law, or of any thing else, except medicine, shall be allowed to come to these parts of the terra firma; for no bachelor comes here who is not a devil, and who does not lead the life of a devil. And not only are they bad themselves, but they also make and contrive a thousand lawsuits and iniquities." The "furred homicides," as Dr. Parr called them, who sat in Westminster Hall, and administered the penal laws in the days of Romilly, had *their* admirers, and so Salmon P. Chase has his; but they will be respectably considered by history in comparison with him. He has disgraced even the judicial ermine.

I do not expect, with some people, that this will be the last of Andy. He has the stuff in him for a hundred brawls yet. His reputation as a bruiser is not at all damaged by the denial, in his answer, that he ever made the naughty speeches at Cleveland and St. Louis; for everybody knows that he did. Let him stand on that record. He is not the man to wrap his mantle, that is to say his overcoat, round him, and undertake to console himself with talk about dying with dignity and honor. He is more likely to be of Falstaff's opinion concerning that ethereal quality: "Can honor set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? a word. What is in that word honor? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednes-

day. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. It is insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it: therefore, I'll none of it: honor is a mere scutcheon." Depend upon it, we shall see Andy on the stump again before many weeks, and, on the first opportunity, running for governor or senator, or alderman at the very least.

CHAPTER XI.

ACTION IN MASSACHUSETTS FROM 1868 TO 1871.

["Warrington's" Letters in Springfield Republican, July 2, 1868.]

THE NEW-YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

People here had begun to settle down into the belief that Hendricks ("Tom Hendricks") would be nominated at New York; but to-day there is a story of a positive declination on his part. "Tom" is not a bad first name for a candidate. It is much better than Salmon. "Our Salmon," "Bully for Salmon!" would not be euphonious and tripping upon the tongue like "Tom Hendricks," "Our Tom," and "Bully for Tom!" Can anybody tell what Pendleton's first name is? "Pendleton" is good: it has an aristocratic, South-Carolinian, slave-driving sound; and nothing suits your genuine Democrat of the American sort like an easy superiority of name and manner. Chase's robes are very well; but he has worn them so unskilfully, that they have not been specially becoming. If the reverend rector of St. Barabbas should, after service in the forenoon, walk down to the stable of the Metropolitan Railroad, or to any other stable, take a dilapidated chair (such as stables have), lean back, pull out his pipe, take a smoke, and between the whiffs swear an oath or two, and tell dirty stories with the stable-boys, the Church of St. Barabbas would soon away with him: not even his robes would save him. Chase has not been careful to preserve his dignity. He put on considerable, to serve his purpose of treachery during the impeachment trial; but everybody knew what he was driving

at. Then there is Frank Blair. There is no cant about him. He is a drunken rowdy, and will not do. The Democracy must have a gentleman. Its candidates have generally been gentlemen: witness Van Buren, Buchanan, Pierce, — rascals, perhaps, but well-mannered. Was not McClellan a well-behaved person, and eke a pious one? I think we shall have a gentlemanly and well-mannered candidate to represent the old rebel element: if not Pendleton, then Hendricks, who always speaks in long, solemn, and measured sentences; or perhaps Seymour, for I have not yet given up the idea that this most gentlemanly and adroit representative of the New-York school may yet turn up. Here is a gentleman of high, the highest "tone." I doubt whether even Ross or Pitt Fessenden could more gracefully put on an air of offended dignity, when charged with a rascality, than Seymour. Greeley, in his indignation, calls him a liar; and so unquestionably he is. But with what a grace he lies! — a very scamp-Chesterfield. Contrast him with Johnson, or Frank Blair, or Nasby, — serviceable rank-and-file men, no doubt, good men for the cross-roads and the corner-grocery, but not fit for the mahogany and the cabinet. Your most useful Democrat, in the long-run, is the man like Seymour, who not only utterly despises Democracy, but who believes, with the New-York school, — the Van Burens, Sewards, and Weeds, — that there is no virtue extant, and that the world is in every thing governed by humbug. Pendleton is a more honest man. Hendricks has a sort of faith in the people, got by residence among them for a long time. All these men believe more or less in the capacity of men for government; but Seymour, like Seward, only in the capacity of man to be governed, and to be humbugged. He is your man, O Democratic delegates!

There is a pretty little poem by Wordsworth, with the title, "We are Seven," which everybody is familiar with; and, though it is a pity to make fun of it, the late funeral-obsequies over Mr. Fessenden's remains prompt me to give some lines of quotation from it. The little maid, seen and

talked with by the contemplative poet, as you will remember, insists that there are seven sisters and brothers in all, though the poet, from his enumeration, can only make out five. She insists, —

> "Seven boys and girls are we:
> Two of us in the churchyard lie,
> Beneath the churchyard-tree."

The poet still demurs; but the maiden proceeds to demonstrate, —

> "Their graves are green, they may be seen,
> The little maid replied."

and more minutely she adds, —

> "My stockings there I often knit,
> My kerchief there I hem;"

(you observe she is in the manufacturing and dry-goods line: Naumkeag steam cotton-mills, Indian-orchard factories, and big commission-houses, grow from just such small knitting and hemming operations,) —

> "And there upon the ground I sit,
> And sing a song to them."

A June idyl is here prefigured: —

> "And often after sunset, sir,
> When it is light and fair,
> I take my little porringer,
> And eat my supper there."

Then the little creature goes on to tell how sister Jane died first, and then how brother John was forced to go; and finally she makes the poet, who is not half as dull as he pretends to be, understand how the seven are made up. Fifty or sixty Boston gentlemen proposed to take their little porringers, and sit down and eat their little suppers by the political grave of the Maine senator; and he, humoring the idea that he is still among the living, but knowing that the delusion would be dispelled if he should accede to their request, by some spiritual machinery or other (planchette, perhaps) replies that he has no stomach for a dinner, and

declines to come. Planchette, however, is exceeding ill-natured. She scolds very bitterly.

Why, we have had no such talk for weeks and months. The senator, or his shade, falls to cursing like a scullion. Hear him: "The air was filled with lying rumors, which found their way to the public ear through the appropriate channels." "The appropriate channels"! Do you hear that, Greeley? Do you hear that, "Cincinnati Gazette"? That means you, though the senator is afraid to speak out very plumply. "Denunciation, vituperation, calumny, threats of personal violence and of lifelong infamy, were profusely hurled at all who might dare to disobey the public sentiment. The men who resorted to these appliances were accustomed to the use of such weapons, and knew well how to wield them. Unscrupulous, familiar with detraction, believers neither in public nor private virtue, — or, if believers, considering both out of place in politics, — they could not resist such an opportunity. Washington was filled with men ready to jump into places to be made vacant (*sotto voce*, by the removal of the score or two of my own relatives now in snug and comfortable places). Gamblers thronged the saloons, and the character and reputation of senators upon whose votes the result was supposed to depend rose and fell, while the telegraph was at hand to carry over the wires to the homes and friends of those senators every calumny which disappointed ambition could imagine, or cupidity and malignity could invent."

And so on, *ad nauseam*. Well, Mr. Senator Fessenden, who is to blame but yourself for this unpleasant state of affairs? Nobody betted or gambled on Lot Morrill's vote. Everybody knew that Maine had *one* honest senator, whose vote was not doubtful, and could not be changed by money, nor revenge, nor spite, nor dyspepsia, nor any thing else. Nobody undertook to slander Wilson, or Sumner, or Patterson, or Cragin. They were known to be men of honor, and not canting *quasi*-judges, putting on some *skunk-skin robe* in lieu of ermine, and parading what they termed their judi-

cial oaths as an excuse for their perjury. It was only the Fessendens and Rosses and Fowlers and Hendersons and Grimeses and Trumbulls who were speculated on; for only they were in the market. It was only they who were talked of and followed; for they only were "on the street."

[July 4.]

THE MOST GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Unquestionably the most glorious Fourth we have had yet. We shall not have a genuine and perfect one until 1869, after Johnson has gone back to his snuff-eating constituents. Perhaps Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony will say we shall not have one until 18—, that distant year when women shall have all their rights. But spite of the presidential anachronism, and the limping and halting condition of the female-suffrage question, we shall have a respectable Fourth by comparison with those of previous years. I am going to have a grand explosion of torpedoes. Huzza! that's for the Union; that's for the Emancipation Proclamation; that's for the surrender of Lee; that's for a patriotic Congress; that's a grand funeral-piece in memory of Lincoln; that's for the Reconstruction Bill; that's for the radical leaders; that's for the army and navy; that's for universal suffrage and universal education; that's for the ladies; that's for peace and a regenerated country. In addition to this, I have a grand pin-wheel for impeachment, which I hope will not prove to be a fizzle; but I am afraid it will, pin-wheels are so apt to be failures.

TUNNEL INFLUENCE AND THE LOBBY.

For the lobby, with its corrupting influences, Massachusetts is indebted to the Hoosac Tunnel. Fifteen years ago, it was unknown. Now it has become so powerful and bold, that it is openly boasted that the "third house" is a necessary and meritorious adjunct of the legislature. And so arranged and systematized is the business, that, when the regular

hands can't do the work, Adams and Westfield, not to mention other places, are prompt to send assistance; and so bold have these fellows become, that they do not confine themselves to the legislative halls, but even invade the executive chamber, and ply his Excellency with their arts and arguments. The tunnel interest does not pay the lobby much money directly; but the lobby works with and for it, and always has, for the influence it can obtain to push other things with, and which will pay. As far as the tunnel itself is concerned, it is put through on the "you-tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you" principle. What a power that is which can

> "Force whole regions, in despite
> O' geography, to change their site,"

the people of the State will be apt to realize before they have paid, in the shape of taxes, the nearly ten million dollars appropriated by the 1868 legislature. It has got to that now, that every thing and every man that will not pay tribute to the tunnel and the lobby are put down in short-metre; while all measures that will are put through with a rush.

> "He comes to shore who sails with me"

has been the boast of the tunnel and the lobby interest.

That iniquitous measure, the Maverick East-Boston Bridge project, never would have gone through, especially over the governor's veto, if its friends had not promised to vote for the tunnel. The appropriation for Provincetown Harbor would have been voted down, if the South-shore folks had not gone for the tunnel. The permission given to the towns along the line of the Williamsburg and North Adams Railroad, to take stock in the enterprise, would have been withheld, had not the advocates of that measure given in their adherence to the tunnel. Mr. Plunkett of Pittsfield, an old-line Democrat, went to Boston determined to oppose all appropriations, especially the tunnel. If he had done so actively, does any one suppose he would have been made State director of the Western Railroad, and could have car-

ried the bill for the removal of the Berkshire-county buildings to Pittsfield? He voted against the tunnel, indeed, if he voted at all. But why didn't he make his promised speech against it? and what did he do with the facts and figures furnished him for that purpose? Are there any persons green enough to suppose the appropriation of forty thousand dollars for the Agricultural College at Amherst could have been carried on "its merits," if Mr. Ward of that town had not, in turn, supported the tunnel? If so, let me disabuse their minds at once. Fussy little Mr. Mixter of Hardwick, an ardent opponent of the tunnel heretofore, who made a speech against it in 1854, and who has been a-going to stop this squandering of the people's money all along, became a sudden convert to the tunnel this year, and after getting all his available means into government-bonds before the 1st of May, and thus beyond the reach of taxation, voted five millions of other people's money for the tunnel without flinching.

Mr. Crittenden of Otis may have supported the tunnel on principle; but it is more than supposed that he did it, and his friends with him, more to get through the appropriation for the Lee and New-Haven Railroad than any thing else. The House virtuously voted, one day, not to buy a thousand copies of Gen. Schouler's five-dollar history of "Massachusetts in the Rebellion." The mistake was discovered, and the vote promptly changed, the next day. It is needless to add, that Senator Schouler has cordially supported the tunnel with voice and vote. Last year, the vote of three millions in aid of the Hartford and Erie Railroad was put through by the tunnel people, — for a consideration, of course; and, as a curious illustration of how things go here, it may be added, that the Hartford and Erie interest took up and carried the loan to the North Adams and Williamsburg Railroad, along with its own bill, and without expense to the latter corporation, who put in their request late, and had no particular claims or hopes.

But why multiply instances? If I have not given enough

to show honest people how log-rolling and corruption prevail at Boston, let them apply to their representative for more. I will only add, that it is a fact, that, at the last end, sixteen members of the House were bought for the tunnel by the promise that the *per diem* should be increased to six dollars a day; and this bargain was kept in the lower branch. But to the credit of Senator Bowerman of Berkshire it should be said, that, though a friend of the tunnel, he refused to perfect the swindle in the upper House. Besides all this trading and bargaining, there are plenty of rumors of the actual purchase of members with money; but, as I cannot speak positively on this point, it is better to say nothing.

It has come to be useless for any honest man to try to get any honest measure through our legislature on its merits alone. People have come to understand, that, if they have any business at the State House, they must at least hire the lobby to keep quiet. But I must pause here, though not for want of material, I assure you. But I have already said enough to call the attention of the people of Massachusetts to the chicanery and corruption which prevail at the Capitol; and that is all that is necessary. It rests with them to say whether our political and material interests shall be left any longer to the control of men who are

"Resolved to ruin or to rule the State,"

evidently not caring much which. Can the people, can the Republican party, stand this thing any longer?

A fellow once sat in the pit of the Providence theatre (Providence is as good a place as any to locate the story in), and, observing on his play-bill that "an interval of twenty years is supposed to elapse between the fourth and fifth acts," rose and retired, saying, "Very few of the audience will live till the conclusion of the piece." I fear it is the same with the tunnel, as far as such old stagers as you and I are concerned. Mr. Whiting of Pembroke, the most original and one of the ablest men in the House, said in one

of his unique speeches, that the people in his region, many of them, believed the tunnel to have been brought over in "The Mayflower." If, contrary to expectation, the contract takes it out of the legislative halls, and relegates it to the executive chamber and the treasury department, does not the Edward Crane and N. B. Shurtleff Commission, with Edward Hamilton for secretary, loom up in the distance? I have put into my index[1] "Boston and Lake Ontario." My successor will never see an end to that entry.

The tunnel and the railroad need no description, of course. I think it is impossible, however, to see the hole in the mountain, without being, in the abstract at least, a "friend of the tunnel." If the work is ever completed, — and it seems evident that nothing but time and money are wanted for its completion; that is, that there is no insuperable natural obstacle, — Massachusetts and its people will always be proud of it. It will be, indeed, the thing best worth seeing in the whole State.

MEDICAL AND OTHER JARGON.

The question between homœopathy and allopathy is pretty much like that between law and equity, — only a question which is the bigger humbug of the two. The "allopaths" have made a serious blunder in not getting their system legalized, consolidated by common law, and copper-fastened by ten or fifteen thousand authoritative decisions. Then the case of Ear-ache *vs.* Thomas à Becket, or Chesterfield *vs.* Carbuncle, would have settled every thing. Homœopathy spreads, not because people, when you pin them down to it, believe in it, but because it is a protest against calomel and jalap and bleeding, as Methodism was a protest against the "grand old ugliness" (as Rev. Mr. Ames called it) of Calvinism, and as Spiritualism satisfies the craving desire for a belief in another world, which the common run of orthodox and liberal preachers have not brains enough to deduce from nature or revelation, or which, perhaps, cannot

[1] To the Journal of the House.

be deduced from nature or revelation by any amount of brains. And homœopathy, like Spiritualism, is peculiarly open to the quack. It requires no great outfit of intelligence to practise it in the average country-town or in the city. If you can persuade the sick man that there is some mysterious way in which the spoonful of diluted nothing works, that is all you want. You can find half a dozen tumblers in every house; the pump is handy; and the youngest child can watch the clock: and all the patient is required to do is to take his spoonful every half-hour or two hours, and then pay the bill, or let it be settled by his administrator.

Mr. Emerson said once, that the only difference between having a doctor, and not having one, is this: If you don't have one, you die; if you do have one, you die: but, in this last case, your relations find out what you died of. Not unless a learned man is called in to make an examination; for I take it the principal trouble with allopath and homœopath is, that the big or the little dose is given generally without the slightest idea, or with only a guess, more or less shrewd, as to what ails the patient, and what the effect of the medicine is to be. There seems to be something exact in surgery; but dosing is mostly guess-work. The laugh being all against the old-liners, we ought not to increase its volume. And really there is something so contemptible in the whole globule system, with its *similia similibus* (derived, way back of Hahnemann, from the man of Thessaly who scratched his eyes out by jumping into one brier-bush, and scratched 'em in again by jumping into another), that we cannot afford to let the old society be laughed at too much. It has more learning than the new school; and learning is, in the long-run, the foe to dogma and superstition, and ought to be encouraged as against empiricism.

The opinion seems to be general, that the homœopathists give less medicine than other doctors, and that this is a gain. I doubt whether this is the fact. Homœopathy, it seems to

me, has proved itself attractive, probably on account of its novelty and mystery, to an inordinate and disproportional number of ignorant asses, compared with the old-line practice; and it makes very little difference whether an ass practises homœopathy, or allopathy, or Thompsonianism, or eclecticism. In the first place, he is almost sure to mistake the symptoms and the disease; and, even if he guesses right here, he will mistake as to the remedy. Hahnemann would be as astounded at the sight of the mass of our present homœopathic doctors as Drs. Bigelow or Bowditch are at the sight of the quacks who practise under the old system; and as it makes but little difference, if any, what system of medicine a fool selects as his way of enriching himself at the public expense, so the degree of faith and wonder with which an ignorant public or neighborhood looks upon its homœopathic doctor, and the assiduity with which it watches the tumblers and the clock to see that the remedies are administered exactly every fifteen seconds during the day, is as pitiable as the faith and wonder men used to have in and for the old saddle-bags of the family physician, who, generally speaking, was a man of some education, to say the least. The apothecaries ask for some legislation to keep ignorant people out of the profession; and their proposition is worth considering, though the true way of making quacks powerless is to instruct the people.

The apothecaries have been to the Committee on the Judiciary to protest against making a law that prescriptions shall be written in the English language. Dr. Buckingham sent a letter, in which he took the ground that this would be a very dangerous proceeding. Mr. Hovey (member of the House), Dr. Lincoln, Prof. Markoe, and Dr. Arnold, stated their views clearly; the main point being that Latin was a universal language, and that drugs were known by different English names in various places. Indeed, it was admitted that these names were arbitrarily fixed by conventions, and some of them had no meaning whatever, except to the initiated, like a password to a Masonic lodge, or Tappertit's

secret society. So, if any of your readers get a prescription, prefaced by an R with a stab through the middle of it, reading,

"ʒ i i j 9; ʒ 3 Hoppergollop; ʒ i j 9; ʒ x o,"

he need not think he can ascertain what it is by going even to a pharmacopœia. The innocent drugs may safely be labelled in English, and perhaps the sick man will save his money at least; and, if the poisons are properly labelled, the patient may refuse to take them, and there will be a clear gain all round. Whatever the doctors may think, this is not a question between them and the apothecaries: on the contrary, the sick man has a good deal to do with it.

The apothecaries, if they are interested in it, ought to allow a clause to be inserted, compelling doctors to write all prescriptions in the English language. That relic of mystery and superstition, the Latin prescription, ought to be abolished. No man with self-respect — and by this I mean with respect for the safety of his own body — will take a prescription from a doctor to an apothecary without getting the Latin translated into English. How does it happen that the three professions — physic, law, and theology — find it necessary, in order to get a living, to make use of jargon? There is jargon to make you believe your soul is in danger from hell, and that only the creed of the Church can save it; jargon to make you believe that only a lawyer and a suit can save your estate from your enemy; and, worst of all, this medical jargon, to make you believe the ignorant experimenter upon your bowels and brains knows more than you do about them. When will jargon be done away with? By all means, let the apothecaries commence this reform in their department.

[July 8, 1869.]

THE PROHIBITORY LAW, AND LAWS GENERALLY.

The prohibitory law proper was passed in 1852, and amended and perfected in 1855. In 1867 it bore the signa-

ture of Henry J. Gardner, a Boston rum Democrat. The constabulary law was enacted by a Republican legislature, but was draughted by Gov. Andrew himself in 1867, the leading advocate of a license law; and was voted for by any number of Boston men, who afterward joined secret organizations to effect its repeal, among them Mr. A. O. Allen, who figured as the leader of the P. L. L.'s in the Republican Convention. Gov. Andrew was again and again renominated and re-elected by the Republicans when known to be against prohibition, and after vetoing the favorite measure of the prohibitionists, — the Jury Bill. Both the prominent candidates for speaker in 1866, Mr. Stone and Mr. Jewell, were well-known opponents of the prohibitory law; and they divided the whole vote of the House. Mr. J. Q. Adams was chosen to the legislature of 1866 as a Republican, and remained in good standing until he ratted to the Copperheads, for reasons solely connected with national politics. It is simply impossible for the Republicans to declare themselves on one side or the other of the liquor question. The reason why the law cannot be enforced, and why it will, before long, either be upheld, or become a dead-letter (as it was in 1864), is simply, that a majority of the people buy liquor, and use it as a beverage, more or less of it; and, as far as my observation goes, the Republicans drink their share.

The people of Massachusetts, I am confident, would be glad to settle the liquor question on a fair basis. It is impossible to settle it at present on any principle; for neither the license party nor the prohibitory party hold to a principle, and one is just as far from holding to it as the other. The legislature came very near carrying out the desire of the people, and framing a law with a fair prospect of permanence. What prevented them? On the one hand, the political interests of the handful of Democrats in the House, which were, of course, adverse to any settlement on a decent foundation; and, on the other hand, the stupidity of the State Alliance. Now, according to my observation, the only way for a minority party to get power, or for a minority principle to get

itself enacted into a law, is either to yield and trim, or to set up independently, and defy opposition. It is just as clear as any thing can be in politics, that the prohibitory party and principle are in a minority in Massachusetts. The only time the issue has been tried since the first Maine Law was passed (in 1852), the law was buried beneath an adverse majority of thirty thousand or forty thousand. It may not be polite to say so; but he is a fool who denies or doubts this. William B. Spooner don't doubt it; neither does Judge Pitman.

Mr. Spooner and Mr. Pitman represent these two ways of getting ahead in the prohibitory line. Mr. Spooner is willing to yield and trim. He did his best to procure a modification of the law, and, for a time, carried men enough with him to control the issue. Mr. Pitman is not willing to yield or trim: if others do so, he will acquiesce (as in the exclusion of cider from the law), but with a sigh of regret over the weakness of poor human nature; and he probably feels that such a yielding only postpones the day of independent action. The majority of the alliance are men who have not political sagacity enough to win, like Mr. Spooner, nor political and moral independence enough, like Judge Pitman, to set up, or even contemplate setting up, a new party; and the result of their control is, or will be, the ultimate defeat of their law and their cause, so far as they are intrusted with its care.

When the advocates of any principle or measure ascertain with a good degree of certainty that one large party is all hostile to them, and a still larger party is indifferent, if not hostile, and that it has nothing to hope in the way of active friendship from either, there are only two sensible ways of proceeding: first, to accept the situation, keep as much of the law as the people will tolerate, execute it as faithfully as prudence will allow, and devote attention to moral and intellectual and social methods of promoting their reform; or, second, organize independently, and try to get out of the fears of parties what cannot be got out of their love.

In the House, a majority of the Republican members voted for a modification of the old law. Almost enough of its

friends broke away from the control of the alliance, and followed Mr. Spooner, to effect their object in spite of the votes of the fifteen or twenty Democrats which were steadily given for the law in all its strictness. The law went to the Senate; and there the adherents of Mr. Spooner's views were still stronger, and they carried, on three or four occasions, a modification of the law: whereupon, by a union of Blifil and Black George, the law was killed. It was too prohibitive for the license men, and too liberal for the prohibitive men. Then the moderate men yielded, reconsidered their votes, re-inserted lager-beer, and passed the bill, cider only excluded. I think this result unfortunate, especially in its probable effect on the general legislation of the State. By political machinery, aided by that inevitable stupidity against which even the gods are powerless, the people (who wanted a law to close grog-shops which could be enforced, and was not liable to repeal every year) — the people are baffled. They have got to try again. But the opportunity for a fair trial is not likely to come just yet. In 1867 a secret society, organized by the grog-shop interest, had the management of the re-action against the extravagances of the alliance and of Constable Jones, left without control as he was by executive discretion.

This State police has a queer history. It was in Gov. Andrew's brain as long ago as December, 1860, or January, 1861, when he found himself unable to put down Mayor Wightman's mob at the Tremont Temple, and was so taken to task by Wendell Phillips for not going behind or stretching his authority, and sending down a military force to the Temple to preserve order. "Mr. Phillips," said the governor, "you are a lawyer; there are a hundred lawyers within five minutes' walk of the State House: if you, or any one of those hundred lawyers, will show me any authority I possess by the laws of the State to put down the riot, I will exercise it at once." Born of this difficulty was, in due time, the State constabulary. The opportunity came when the temperance party was pressing the metropolitan plan;

and the governor interposed, by Mr. Sawin of Natick, this favorite scheme of his.

Such an organization as the P. L. L. could not, of course, make a law which would stand. From the extreme of the deep well and the moss-covered bucket to the other extreme of the red-hot tumbler of rot-gut was too much. So, taking advantage of a presidential election, and of the natural disgust at excessive drinking, the legislature of 1868 came in, with the result we now are likely to see. I don't predict any such overthrow as that of 1867. The history of the P. L. L. ought to go for something; but, if a re-action comes, who will be to blame for it? Not you or I, dear *Republican*. We can, at least, have our "I told you so," can we not? and, more than that, the satisfaction of fighting against both these pestilent cliques. The legislation of the State suffers incalculably from the domination of secret political orders. What right has an American machinist, or shoemaker, or laborer, to demean himself by imitating this feudal nonsense? It is bad enough for wealthy men and aspiring politicians to get up such high-sounding organizations: an American self-respecting democrat ought to keep out of them. But it remains true that our recent legislatures, besides being unnecessarily spun out, are too largely composed of men who are nominated by secret cliques. The head-centre of the rot-gut division of the P. L. L. gets here one year, and is succeeded by the grand perpetual secretary of the independent order of water-drinkers. What these gentlemen think of railroad policy, insurance policy, suffrage, the harbors and flats, the judiciary, and other questions of general interest, is of no consequence compared with their views of what it is expedient for a man to eat and drink.

The worshipful grand fuddy-duddys of both the temperance and rum organizations are pretty sure to be small men, and unfit for public affairs. And here is the secret of the crude legislation of recent years, which I would not by any means exaggerate; for I do not think so poorly of our laws as many people profess to. If they are not the perfection

of wisdom, the grand average of political intelligence in the Commonwealth makes them, on the whole, tolerably wise, and generally in accordance with a good state of public opinion.

Practically, the people of the State stand precisely where Ensign Stebbins stood in 1852 (and I use this illustration because it is my own thunder; and, having become a standard political joke, I am disposed to reclaim it). The ensign's famous declaration occurred in a letter to the Mayor of Saccarap: he avowed himself in favor of the Maine Law, but opposed to its enforcement. So long as the sale of liquor was practically unrestrained, the law was not unpopular enough to excite any special commotion; the moment it began to be enforced to the inconvenience of temperate men, it had to go down. It never went upon all-fours, or had any very logical basis; it did not even follow out closely in its terms the prohibition theory; and, so far as it did go, it could not be impartially executed. It is easy enough to denounce Major Jones, or whoever was responsible, for sparing the tables at Parker's, and shutting up the bars; for stopping perpendicular drinking, and consenting to other kinds. There are some things which no police force, or even military force, can do. And it is a great mistake to suppose that all laws ought to be executed, or are made to be executed. You might as well say all guide-boards are made to be obeyed, and that whoever persists in taking the wrong road to Feeding Hills or Mittineague ought to be mulcted in a heavy fine.

More laws are disobeyed than obeyed. This is no reason for not enacting them, but a good reason for caution in enacting. As Coleridge was not afraid of ghosts, because he had seen too many of them, so men who see the making of a great many laws get to have small respect for them at last, — for them as laws: I mean, when not backed up by, and representative of, common sense and public opinion. The law should be a "terror to evil-doers" undoubtedly; but it cannot always be a *punisher* of evil doers. It is common enough to hear it said that the prohibitory law

ought to be impartially enforced: it is a sufficient answer to say that it cannot be. That "blockhead of a word," as Napoleon called it, — the word "impossible," — is written on the statute as it now stands, and in the present condition of society. The question of regulating the sale of liquor is clearly one of the great questions of the next era. Earnest and sagacious men, whose convictions are definite on the subject, are not to be blamed for making preparations for the new issue, but are to be commended, rather. Such men, at once speculative and practical (by "practical" I mean familiar with public affairs, not "thinking as I do"), are the most useful men in the community.

GUBERNATORIAL VOTES FROM 1830 TO 1870.

The Republican party was organized here as early as 1855, though in that year it failed to carry the State against the Know-Nothings. In 1856 it carried the State by an overwhelming majority for Frémont; but, perhaps on account of the bargains and coalitions which were made with the adherents of Gardner and with the Frémont American party, it cannot be said to have been "fairly" organized even in that year. In 1857 Gardner still persisted in running as the American candidate; and the Republicans made a fight against him under Banks, and gave the latter a plurality of 23,000, — just about the same as it gave Gov. Claflin in 1869. Yet this very year it was in a minority of 8,700 votes; Beach, the Democratic candidate, receiving 31,000 votes. Not until 1859 was the Republican party in a fixed and settled majority in this State. This year it gave Banks 23,500 majority over the Democratic candidate, and about 9,000 over him and Ex-Gov. Briggs, who ran on some sort of an anti-board-of-education ticket, got up mainly in Bristol County and thereabout. This brings us to 1860; and this year, again, there were three parties, — Douglas Democrat (35,000 votes), Bell and Everett (24,000), and Breckinridge Democrat (6,100). Gov. Andrew received 104,000, or 39,000 majority over them all, or about 63,000 over the two

Democratic candidates. Next year we had only two parties, and Gov. Andrew received 65,000 votes, and a majority of 34,000. This was the smallest Republican vote since the party was "fairly" organized; though, on account of the depressed condition of the Democrats, the majority was large.

In 1862 we had the bitter contest with Joel Parker's party; and Gov. Andrew received 79,835 votes; and Gen. Devens, 54,167: majority, 25,668. In 1863 our majority went up to 41,276; Gov. Andrew receiving 70,483 (less than Gov. Claflin in 1869), and the Democratic candidate 29,207. In 1864 Andrew's vote went up from 70,000 to 125,000, the other side having 49,000: Republican majority, 76,000. In 1865, Gov. Bullock's first year as a candidate, our vote went down from 125,000 to 70,000 again; and still our majority was over 49,000, the Democratic vote being only 21,000. In 1866 we increased our vote to 92,000, and our majority to 65,341; the Democratic vote being only slightly increased up to 26,000. Now comes 1867, when, under the liquor-law excitement, and in spite of the "off year," our vote went up from 92,000 to 98,000, and the Democratic vote jumped from 26,000 to 70,000, leaving our majority only 28,000. In 1868 Gov. Claflin received 132,121 votes; and Adams, 63,266: Republican majority, 68,855. And now (in 1869) the Republican vote has gone down to about 73,000, and the Democratic to about 50,000. (I have not the figures at hand.) The Labor candidate receives 15,000 votes; and if we suppose, which is but fair, I think, that 9,000 of them were cast by Republicans, we shall find the actual Republican majority to be about 25,000, — larger than that of 1858 or 1859, the same as 1862, and nearly as large as that of 1867. And, when we remember that the vote of 1867 was 45,000 larger than that of 1869, we shall see that our peril and our loss were much greater in 1867 than in the present year.

I do not disagree with "Templeton"[1] as to the causes of

[1] George H. Monroe.

our comparative weakness within the last three years. The liquor law is the great cause of the trouble; and the reason why our majority is substantially greater than it was in 1867 is because the Republican party is less entangled with the question of prohibition than it was in that year, and, I may add, because Gov. Claflin is less entangled with it than Gov. Bullock was. It is of no use, however, to disguise the fact, that, since the war ended, the Democratic party has strengthened itself without regard to the liquor question. There has generally been, say for the last twenty years, a Democratic party of about 40,000 votes, which in an emergency, and joining with disgruntled Republicans, could make its footings about 50,000. It gave McClellan this number in 1864, and the people's party mustered rather more in 1862. Then the Irish vote has largely increased year by year. Johnson's defection in 1866 gave the party hopes of success in the coming presidential election; and, though things were not ripe then for a strong movement, it is no wonder that the next year, under Mr. Adams, they brought their vote up to 70,000, and our majority down to 28,000.

[July 20, 1870.]

REV. J. D. FULTON AND HIS ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

Of course you have seen and relished the full report of Fulton's speech at the meeting of Baptist ministers called to settle the question whether Rev. Mr. Murray was acting according to evangelical ideas in saying a good word for Charles Dickens; and, as a corollary, whether Fulton and Dunn were justified in sending the novelist to hell, as they did so recently, and with such self-sufficient unction. Incidental to this question was the one, whether the novelist aforesaid was really undergoing the punishment appointed for all men who satirize the clergy and drink wine. The meeting did not decide this last question; Dr. Murdock's suggestion, that it be left to the Almighty "with full powers," being considered a wise one by all except Fulton, who

has no idea of leaving such matters to the Almighty; at any rate, without his aid in the shape of advice.

At first thought, it seems sad that Dickens cannot read the proceedings of this meeting, especially Fulton's speech. But, after all, the wonderful humorist knew Fulton intimately. As Shakspeare knew all the Dogberrys, all the Cades, all the Touchstones, all the Pistols, all the Fluellens, all the Gobbos, that had gone before or would come after him, so did Dickens know Fulton. The primal ass involves, includes, prophesies, all asses, from the creation of the world downward or upward. Dr. Murdock, Dr. Neale, Dr. Eddy, and the rest, though provoked, no doubt, at being put into such a position, must have secretly enjoyed the meeting, and especially Fulton's speech. Who could help enjoying it? Satire pales its ineffectual fires before such a sublime reality. Do you know that I claim to have been the first discoverer of Fulton? and I flatter myself that I have brought him out. Nothing in his discussions of the woman question has at all equalled his scintillations since Dickens died. He seems to be conscious that he has a genius for donkeyhood which nobody else approaches. No newspaper can afford to ignore Fulton. He is an institution which must henceforward be acknowledged.

Isn't it a little odd, by the way, that his demonstration is so coincident in point of time with the poor old Pope's assumption of his infallibility? You are reminded a little of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, though Fulton is not a follower of Pius the Ninth. Not he. He is an opposition pope. He keeps the shop over the way. He shows up the Pope every other week, alternating him with Dickens. He is not so powerful, however, as the Roman Pope. The latter sets all Europe at loggerheads: Fulton only sets all America into fits of inextinguishable laughter. Everybody was on the broad grin yesterday and the day before. "Ho, ho! Look here, old fellow: have you seen 'The Advertiser'?" —"What? Oh, yes! Fulton! Haw, haw, haw!" One man stumbles against another, nearly knocking him down, and,

as he begs pardon, bursts out laughing, "Excuse me, sir; but I was thinking of Fulton: seen the report of his speech?" — "Oh, yes! very funny! No consequence, sir. Good-morning!" — "Halloo! Come in here! Want to show you something." — "What's that? Oh! I know — Fulton! Good gracious! don't you suppose I've seen that! Ho, ho, ho!" And so it went, up and down the streets. I doubt whether "Pickwick" itself ever made people so good-natured.

As Dickens's death "eclipsed the gayety of nations," so Fulton's exploits eclipsed the sun itself. Heat was forgotten, the soda-shops neglected, and men were as willing to wear thick clothes as thin ones. It was "all along" of Fulton and his ecumenical council that Boston was so good-natured on Tuesday and Wednesday. But Fulton was voted down. Pius Ninth is declared infallible; but Dr. Murdock, speaking the solid sense of the Baptist clergy, says, "Let us leave the question of Dickens and his soul to the Almighty, with full powers." Forty to one, the council says Amen to Dr. Murdock, and Fulton goes home to write another shrieking sermon for the Tremont-Temple conventicle. You don't know Fulton if you suppose he is going to leave it to the Almighty. Not he. Tremont Temple is a co-ordinate branch of the divine government, in his opinion; and Dickens will not be saved with his consent. He hopes for better things than that. Fulton himself is a fore-ordained and predestined blackguard; and, if he is ever redeemed, the grace of God will have one of its greatest personal and historical triumphs.

[Oct. 19.]

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE DEMOCRATS.

Mr. Adams's letter previous to the convention, written in grave style, — grave as his great-grandfather's "Novanglus" Essays before the Revolution; graver, according to my imperfect recollection of those productions, — gave the impression that he was anxious to withdraw from the field.

It is doubtful if this is so. He informed Judge Abbott that he should not be a candidate, and volunteered to aid the judge; but afterward changed his mind (for good reasons, no doubt), and denied that he was out of the way. Mr. Adams is not a fit candidate for any party that makes pretensions to contest the field. To be a political leader, a man must at least put on a pretence of earnestness, if he be not really in earnest. He may be an office-seeker, and a corruptionist, ready to buy and sell, to be bought and sold; but he must at least believe in his party, if in nothing else. Mr. Adams believes in nothing. He has not even an outward show of respect for the commonest public opinion. The language of trifling is his natural tongue. He is a humorist, I admit; but the greatest humorists have been earnest men, while he is earnest in nothing but mockery. No one cares less than he about the "heathen Chinee;" yet he takes up the cry against them as glibly as if he believed in it. Nobody cares less than he about taxes (except those paid by the Adams family), or the tariff, or railroad grants, or the prosperity of the shipyards, or long sessions of the legislature, or any thing else talked about in his letter. His bluster about the lobby and the railroad loans is positively funny; and anybody who recollects how valiantly he opposed the grant of a hundred thousand dollars for repairing Provincetown Harbor, and how suddenly he caved in after having being taken down to the Cape on a junketing excursion, will appreciate his talk about the veto-power. He veto a railroad-grant! Well, that is a good one! What if he should? Judging by "The Post," any "plan of plunder" would receive a two-thirds vote of the Democrats in the legislature; and a veto would be of no service in defending the public treasury without Republican aid. Sessions dragged out till midsummer indeed! How is Gov. Adams to stop the extension? Members of his party are invariably the greatest obstructionists as well as the greatest corruptionists, and Adams knows it; and he is an arrant humbug for pretending the contrary.

Reform in the civil service! This is to be effected by a Democratic restoration, it seems. Fancy, if you can, Charles G. Greene, Charles Levi Woodbury, James S. Whitney, Patrick A. Collins, J. M. Keith, A. O. Brewster, and J. Q. Adams, sitting down after the election of John T. Hoffman to the presidency, and draughting a civil-service bill; or writing a letter to J. T. H., requesting him to order competitive examinations for the Boston Custom House. Does not satire pale its ineffectual fires here? What in the world is Adams quarrelling with the Republicans for? He says he knows that "most of the wise and conservative men of the Republican party" are against the prohibitory law; but they would not say so in their resolutions: so he goes for a party which makes a declaration for the purpose of catching votes, and which never can have the power to affect the question legislatively, one way or the other. O Jack, Jack! why didn't you carry out your first sensible intention, and wait "two years" before you fully made up your mind on which side you would exercise your powerful and "effectual intervention in national affairs"?

Mr. Adams was one of the Jack-at-a-pinch nominations, caught up in an emergency in 1867; and, the liquor issue having died out, he does not now represent any thing in the party. Nothing justifies such a departure from the Democratic traditions, except success; and Mr. Adams, though he has run well, has not succeeded. He has a wholesome contempt for everybody, — rather too much of it, in fact; and it is impossible to make a Democrat of him, though he is anti-Republican enough. No wonder he wants to get rid of the honor of a fourth campaign. Next comes T. H. Sweetser, who was the candidate before Mr. Adams. Mr. Sweetser is a lawyer, and one of the best; not specially a student of politics like Mr. Adams, but capable of studying it. He has no more belief in human nature than Mr. Adams (probably not so much), but is a good deal more in earnest in any enterprise he engages in. He, too, is no Democrat. He was in the Chicago Convention of 1860, led

there by his hatred of Gov. Banks, of whom there was then some fear. He soon, this danger over, relapsed into hunkerism, which is his native element. He is an able, contemptuous, independent, fearless man; but would be a poor governor on a good many accounts.

Then there is William Wirt Warren of Brighton. He is a smart young lawyer, in good practice, and personally clever, but is not known widely. And Charles Levi Woodbury, who is a man of the world, a reader and scholar, a good speaker, who is invariably listened to with interest. He is not, perhaps, a man of strong convictions as to principles (though in this I think he has the advantage of the other men I have named; for he argued the Sunday library and the reading and writing questions like a man who thoroughly believed what he said, and he argued them also with skill and ability); but he has the advantage of being a strict party man. He believes the Democratic traditions. This is very much better than to believe in nothing. A party man generally has a sense of responsibility to his organization; and his party, if national, is always respectable, and represents widely a popular feeling and impulse. He is kept by this sense of responsibility at his work, and makes a better executive or legislative officer than if he were at loose ends and floating about. If a man is not a great genius, and capable of constructing and leading a party, he had better quietly follow it, and do the best he can. Mr. Woodbury would make a respectable representative candidate, and not, as Choate said of the harness, a "good, sound, substantial second-hand one," either; for he is fresh, never having held an elective office.

[Nov. 30.]

STATESMEN AND POLITICIANS.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, in "Old and New," lays down with great unction the distinction between the statesman and politician, when, in fact, there is no such distinction.

The words are synonymous. It suits the purposes of certain *dilettanti* to attach a low meaning to politician, and a high one to statesman: that is all. To show the absurdity of Mr. Clarke's attempted distinction, it is only necessary to look at his examples of statesmen. He says a politician is a man who thinks of the next election, while the statesman thinks of the next generation. Jefferson and Hamilton, he thinks, were statesmen: so were Jay and John Adams. Yet one half the people in their day thought Jefferson a politician of the lowest order, and the other half thought no better of Hamilton; and both these men thought as much of the next election as ever Stephen A. Douglas did. Nor do I think it can be denied that Mr. Webster was a statesman. No man ever took more thought than Mr. Webster for the next election, or less for the next generation. Charles Sumner was a statesman and a politician too.

Mr. Clarke might find a distinction between the statesman or politician and the publicist; but there is none, either in theory or practice or in history, between the two classes he tries to set against each other: and there is no end to the mischief he, and such as he, does by attempting to fix a stigma upon the word "politics" and the business of managing public affairs. I believe the politicians of Massachusetts are the most honest and useful men in the State, and that a man who attains a position of usefulness among them is sure to be a man of character and worth. Instead of turning up their noses at politicians, such men had better become politicians themselves, and not leave the business of government to the baser sort of politicians, who take up with it because better men will not. Just now we are having one of our periodical spasms of sniffing, snuffling virtue by clergymen, college professors, half-naturalized English or Irish editors, half-graduated fools from the colleges, about the politicians. Now, if these new dictionary-makers, wiser than Worcester or Webster, would define politician and statesman according to their real idea, they would say something like this: "A politician, for example, is a man who

reads 'The New-York Tribune;' a statesman, one who reads 'The New-York Nation.' A politician is a man who belongs to a party, holds office, seeks for it sometimes, does as well as he can to carry on public affairs, guides when he can, and drifts when he must: a statesman is a man who talks loftily about the corruptions of politics, keeps away from the elections, prophesies evil continually, reads books on minority representation, deplores the tendency to democracy, has a good deal to say about the unwashed, thinks there ought to be some new restriction on voting, rather regrets that we ever undertook any democratic experiments;" and so on.

Mr. Clarke is not naturally with this sort of men; but he has fallen into their canting ways in the article I have referred to. Here is another of his brilliant definitions: "The politician believes in the newspaper; the statesman, in the people." Yet Hamilton and Jay and Webster notoriously did not believe in the people. Jefferson did, and so was called a demagogue and a politician by the Federalists. I should like to know how a man can believe in the people, usefully, without reading the people's newspaper, and believing in it to the extent of studying it to find out what the people believe in and desire. A "statesman" who should confine his political reading to Benton's "Debates" and "The Federalist," and Bentham and Mill and Bastiat, and the congressional documents, and Niles's "Register," and the files of "The Richmond Enquirer," to the neglect of the New-York and Chicago and Boston and Springfield newspapers, — well, he might as well confine himself to "The New-York Nation" and the letters of the Yale professors, and done with it. The politician may be "very near-sighted;" but better that than altogether blind. I have the misfortune to believe that the politicians are as good as the people they represent; and that when the people rise (as they did in this State in 1855 and 1867), and throttle the politicians, the State is rather worse off than if they had been let alone.

[Dec. 7.]

MR. WILLIAM GRAY AND THE CITY ELECTION.

Mr. William Gray went to his house and his bed on Monday night evidently in a very self-satisfied condition of mind. He had emerged, for this time only, from his comfortable dwelling-house, in order to take a part in politics. He had been complimented with the presidency of a citizens' caucus. He had met with these citizens; and, "upon inquiry," these citizens had satisfied themselves that Mr. Gaston was the man for their money. Accordingly, they had nominated him for mayor; and Mr. Gray had written him a letter, clothed in Harvard-college English, to which Mr. Gaston had replied in the same polite and unexceptionable tongue. The business of the caucus having been finished, Mr. Gray had been thanked for the able, impartial, and dignified manner in which he had presided; and to this vote of thanks he had replied in a speech characterized by the greatest decorum, and sufficiently pointed to be interrupted once or twice by "applause." Mr. Gray had declared to his caucus, that, in his opinion, an importance had attached to it "much beyond the present election, or any single election which ever has been or ever can be held." Gracefully referring to the fame and character of "the old city of Boston," Mr. Gray deprecated the approach of the day when it should be necessary for the Commonwealth to govern it by commissions, as the State of New York governs the city of New York; but he feared that day would come, "if we" (the caucus aforesaid) "are unfaithful to our duties." He delicately referred to the charge which had been made, that persons of independence and public spirit (like Mr. Gray) could have no influence in our primary meetings: he would not undertake to say whether this charge is true or not. Some one here aided him a little to form a judgment on the matter by crying out, "True, true, true!" Self-poised, and by no means allowing himself to be swayed from his condition of doubtfulness on this point, Mr. Gray proceeded, on firm

ground, to say, or rather to "undertake to say," that "this convention, formed almost by an accident, in consequence of the meeting of a few individuals of Ward Eleven at the St. James Hotel," had become a body, "which, in point of character and respectability, decorum, and kindliness of feeling, cannot be surpassed anywhere." "I came here a stranger to almost every one of you," said Mr. Gray, "and most of you were strangers to me as I was to you; yet, with different opinions, we came together with an honest purpose, — to select honest, competent, and disinterested men for public office." And, warming up with a sense of the prodigious magnitude of his great mission, Mr. Gray went on to say, that if we could see, year after year, a convention as earnest as this has been, "we should have taken a step in advance of any thing ever taken in a large city in the history of republics." Mr. Gray could not say much after this; and, after thanking the caucus for its kindness, he closed his speech, and went home and to bed with emotions which are easier conceived than described.

This is all laughable enough to those who know that the Mercantile-hall movement is entitled to no greater respect than the score of Parker-house committees, Faneuil-hall committees, Republican committees, and Democratic committees, which have got together, openly or secretly, to control city politics for the last ten years. How the wire-pullers of the caucus must have laughed in their sleeves when Mr. Gray alluded to the origin of the committee, — "almost by accident"! Ah! Mr. Gray, look into your Pope, and read, —

> "All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
> All chance, direction which *thou* canst not see."

The prospect of a reform in city politics is, notwithstanding Mr. Gray's speech, very poor indeed. Mr. Gray will not, probably, emerge from his library again, until he deems his presence needful in the next tremendous crisis; or, if he does, the gentleman from Ward Two or Ward Seven, the initial of whose surname is Mac, will have twice as much

influence as he with the Roxbury lawyer who wrote him the polite note accepting the nomination for mayor.

PRES. ELIOT AND HARVARD COLLEGE IN 1871.

Pres. Eliot is said to be a good deal of a reformer; but he has not yet reformed the style of printing the order of exercises for Commencement Day. If he will abolish Prof. Lane, or whoever is the author of the outlandish and symbolical Latin which appears there, he will do good service, even to the graduates of the college, not one in ten of whom can tell what it means. And if a graduate trained in the classics is puzzled, what must be the emotions of a "layman"! Fancy the feelings of the mother of Augustus Jay, as she clasps to her bosom her successful first-born, and finds, when he produces the programme, that he has been transformed into "Avgvstvs Jay"! "My dear boy, how *u* have changed!" she will say. And Samuel Brearly's father finds his son transmogrified into "Samvel," — a parody on Mr. Weller, jun., and obliged to spell his name with a "we" henceforth! Arthur Rotch, probably styled "Art" by his little sisters, has become "Arthvrvs." "Art is long," sure enough, under such a system. Here and there, a young man escapes. Happy Alexander Robertson, whose name apparently defies this barbarizing process! The names, however, are comparatively easy to make out. The first page is a complete rebus. Go to, "Carolvm Gvilielvm"! reform this with the rest of your reformings!

These young men at Cambridge doubtless thought themselves very great men; I heard their young lady friends murmur "Splendid!" once in a while: but I would not trust one of them to carry a point in town-meeting, or get a delegation elected in a town-caucus. Here and there, a man of them will become a brilliant scholar or writer: but most will subside into lawyers' offices, to be beaten out of sight by some young countryman who has studied human nature all his life, and the Revised Statutes two months; or into pulpits, to be sneered at and criticised,

and finally turned out to grass; for talent goes to the world, rather than to the church. Fortunate are those who discover soon that the world is the best pulpit and rostrum, and betake themselves to active life, forgetting their Greek and Latin, and, if necessary, swearing their way into usefulness.

The best education is life experience and work. Of course, if a boy has decided genius for any thing which can only or best be indulged or forwarded by a college course, he ought, if possible, to try that. A business education — not trade, as it is commonly called — is best for body and mind. Cultivation of frankness is necessary: nothing is so important as this, especially if any young person gets into any sort of difficulty. Get habits of industry, and leave the rest to the higher powers.

On the whole, I think it pays very well to take a ride over to Cambridge on Commencement Day; and though the college turns out many boobies, or rather leaves them boobies as it finds them, it is a noble institution. We who have no learning see a great many graduates who excite contempt, and even pity; many who would have been better off if their fond and partial parents had not been so fond and partial, but had sent them into a Lowell machine-shop, or into a flour-store on Long Wharf, or put them on a horse-car as driver, or steam-car as brakeman. But how much better off we should be with the acquirements which Harvard College could give! How much better articles and letters we should write! Occasionally, I find it convenient to use a Latin phrase; and when I look into the back part of my Webster or Worcester (as the case may be; for I use both, and so am sure of "the best"), and see that I quote it correctly and properly, I feel ashamed of myself, because I feel that I am guilty of a false pretence, and am imposing on my readers the idea that I know something of the classics. But this is a world of false pretences; and I half suspect that three-quarters of the graduates who were at Cambridge yesterday would not venture to quote a common Latin maxim

of ten words without doing as I do. We all remember how the great Webster and the great Mann were at loggerheads over *captatores verborum*, and how Prof. Felton and Prof. Beck mixed in the affray.

CHAPTER XII.

POLITICAL SITUATION IN 1872-1873; AND "WARRINGTON" ABROAD.

LETTER TO CHARLES SUMNER.[1]

DUBUQUE, Io., June 24, 1872.

MY DEAR SENATOR, — I have written to you a couple of letters, which I suppose you received. The habit of obtruding advice, or rather opinions, is one which I dare say I shall never recover from; and I don't know when there was ever greater occasion for a man to say a word in good faith to his political and personal friend, or for a follower to give such advice or opinion as he may have to his political leader. I left Boston three weeks ago, just after your speech appeared. Let me tell you what I thought and think of it. Its general arraignment of Grant and the administration seemed to me just and needful. I have not changed my opinion of Grant or his rule. You flattered me once by saying that you wondered how I, who had not seen them at Washington, or with any close view, had measured them so accurately. They have never harmed me; but I know that the President is unfit, and that his rule is a bad one. I put no faith in the theory, that, if Grant is re-elected, things will be better. They are likely to be worse, — intolerable for such men as you who are in public life, dangerous for the whole country. Yet there is public virtue enough to prevent anarchy or despotism, either now or four years hence. It would not surprise me if the same reasons which compel men to support Grant now should make him a candidate again in

[1] Never before printed.

1876, if he is now successful. He is so utterly destitute of appreciation of his proper position, and of his own unfitness for it, that it would be the easiest thing in the world to continue him in the field. How long the country could stand him is indeed a question; but of the final result I have no doubt. The public virtue will take care of that matter.

But to finish what I have to say of your speech. Some parts of it seemed a little *overdone;* but these were not the most important parts. I thought that probably you laid stress and emphasis on certain things, which, if you had not had a personal grievance, you would have overlooked. I do not think your criticism on his letter to the colored people was quite justifiable; nor, on the whole, do I think that the colored people have been, considering the difficulties of the situation, and the struggles of opinion in Congress and in the party, neglected. Grant has — this is what I mean — fairly kept pace with Congress and his party in the reconstruction policy. I believe in *thoroughness*, and don't think *candor* the first of virtues in a partisan, and so don't specially object to these parts of your speech, except that I fancy and believe they have injured its effects. There is precious little logic in individual men, but oceans of it in the aggregate; and they are quick to see any thing which looks like unfairness towards a man or a party they have been in the habit of thinking well of. Enough of this.

How is the *public virtue* to be brought to bear for a reform in national politics? I cannot think it is by supporting Greeley. I have just been reading in "The Chicago Tribune" a sketch, by Horace White, of Carl Schurz's speech at the Fifth-avenue Hotel conference. Of course, no man presents the reasons for supporting Greeley any better; at least, the reasons which would be apt to affect a reluctant mind like mine: for I know how contemptuous an opinion Schurz must have of Greeley, and how strong must be his distrust of the result of the experiment. To divide his reasons into three branches, they are, *First*, The relief of the "governing class" of the South from the oppressions of the administra-

tion. That oppression is the work of the Republican party, and not of Grant. It is the work of Congress, your work as a senator, the work of the Republican members, my work, the work of the Republican voters; and although I, agreeing rather with Schurz than with you, have been against the two last Ku-Klux bills (and so quarrel with the party rather than with the President), yet, *on the whole*, I cannot say that the rebels have any grounds of complaint. No: our policy may have been unequal and imperfect, halting, inconsistent, but not oppressive to these great criminals, not unduly protective to their old victims. If other things were right, we should not find fault with this.

Second, We must seek, says Schurz, practical results; and it is now too late to defeat Grant, except with Greeley. I agree to this last. I fully assent to the proposition, that all roads from Greeley lead to Grant: but so do all roads from Grant lead to Greeley; and the one proposition is as inconsequential as the other. We are familiar with that argument, and despised it long ago. I know we must seek practical results. The critical habit has grown upon me, and possibly I care less for "practical" politics (so called) than five years ago: but I would do almost any thing to bring about practical reform; certainly would risk much in men and in party connections. But I see in Greeley a man, who, in a different direction from Grant, is just as unfit as he. Look at him clearly. Read his paper every day now, and think what he has been for thirty years, and you cannot imagine a more unfit person. His quarrel with Grant is not one of principle: there is no pretence that it is. It is solely a personal and custom-house quarrel: it is the quarrel an insatiable office-seeker makes with one who has disappointed him and his class. For this (look at "The Tribune Daily") — for this he has turned his back on *every one* of his old professions, — every one; so that, as far as I see, there is no substantial difference between his paper and any one of the old-line Democratic organs. What is to be predicted of such a man? Schurz has tried to persuade himself

that he will make a good cabinet. It is impossible. He will be the prey of innumerable factions. Schurz, when he reflects, must know it. It is running for luck, with the imminent danger that we shall be worse off than ever; for Greeley, in a word, lacks CHARACTER. He has got nothing to build upon, — absolutely nothing. A coward in danger, a sentimentalist, he loses his head whenever an exigency arises. He was frightened after Bull Run; frightened at every crisis of the war; *never* — I say it aiming at accuracy — *never* leading or coming up abreast with radical opinion; turning about with every breeze, and not even waiting for a wind or gust. Oh! when I think of his record, I am ashamed that anybody should dream of giving him a vote. Public virtue can stand him as it can stand four years more of Grant; but how shall this virtue *best* be utilized? By independence of thought and action, it so seems to me. Personal government must be rebuked and overthrown by a protest against *both* these personal parties. "A plague o' both your houses!" Presidential fitness must be restored by a protest against both the unfit candidates.

Why, see what Schurz has come to! What was the keynote of his great speech at Cincinnati? Governmental reform; not "Any thing to beat Grant." Now it is, "Any thing to beat Grant," because, without beating Grant, we cannot have governmental reform. A very different proposition. True, we cannot have reform without beating Grant; nor can we without beating Greeley. One question is, Which is the nearest road? and another individual question is, What is individual duty? To defeat Grant is a gain: to defeat Greeley is a gain. To defeat Grant is to rebuke present and tried unfitness and corruption: to defeat Greeley is to prevent untried, but *equally certain*, unfitness and corruption. Both events release the country from the dominion of the present Republican *régime* sooner or later. The defeat of Greeley quite as surely releases it as the defeat of Grant. The defeat of Greeley releases the real reformers from the responsibility of shouldering a party and

an administration, which under such a leader, and with such auspices, *cannot last a month;* at any rate, a year. I am persuaded that Greeley and Brown with their tails — Fenton, Blair, and so on — cannot gain the confidence of the country. The Republican masses, which, after all, are the best part of the country, would return upon it, scatter it; and all through the next term we should be howling to each other, "Any thing to beat Greeley;" and so *ad infinitum.*

I have treated Schurz's second and third reasons under one head, and have written four sheets, instead of one or two. I can only hope that I have contributed towards the aggregate of opinion among your friends, which I know you are not unmindful of. I shall leave here for home next week, and perhaps you will be in Boston as soon as I am. I see "The Advertiser," "Journal," and "Springfield Republican," and know what is going on in Massachusetts. We are to have very interesting times there, in various ways, for several years to come. This does not diminish my anxiety that we should all be able to justify ourselves as "practical" politicians, as well as reformers, for the course we may take.

Why will you not take pains to save my letters, if it is not too late as to the others, so I may at some time reclaim them. I am sure I shall myself read them with pleasure, if you do not. There's for you!

Yours faithfully,

W. S. Robinson.

Senator Sumner.

P.S. — Looking this over, I find I have omitted one point I intended to write on; to wit, the way the Cincinnati Convention was raided on and captured by the worst men in it, — an omen of almost certain disaster and failure to the administration, should one be elected under such auspices. The confessions of Carl Schurz, Samuel Bowles, and others, after May 1, go further with me than their present wry-faced attempts at optimism. W. S. R.[1]

[1] This letter was shown to Dr. S. G. Howe, who made the following comment upon it: "Good medicine, but not pleasant to take." — S. G. H.

[Jan. 3, 1873.]

"WARRINGTON" ON HIS FATE. — THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO HIS DEFEAT AS CLERK OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The newspaper which I described as the representative of "counting-room journalism" says that the clerk of the House of Representatives was, on Wednesday, "summarily and disgracefully ejected." This is an admission which "The Traveller" did not intend to make, and which is due to its inability to command the services, at a moment's warning, of a man who could express himself according to his intentions. If I might venture to interpret the broken English of the erudite and pious Crooke, who edits that paper, I should guess that he meant to intimate that the ejection was disgraceful to the person ejected, and not to the ejecting parties. Assuming, then, that there was "disgrace" somewhere, suppose we seek to find out where it is. It surely does not *prima facie* belong either to the one who seeks an office, or who desires to retain one.

Col. Taylor had surely a right to ask for the clerkship; and it is nonsense to say that anybody under the canopy ever dreamed of censuring him for so doing, or of abusing him on that or any other account. Nor, as the world goes, is there any reason for scolding as to the means employed. I do not at any rate mean to complain, but only to describe. And let me say in the outset, that, if what I write shall be classed under the general title of "sore-headism," I shall not complain or dispute. Your defeated office-holder or office-seeker is, of course, a "sore-head;" and you must make allowances for that in considering his statements and comments. Bear in mind, then, this general truth in estimating whether I describe correctly or incorrectly the parties who organized this movement, or were drawn into it. In itself, it is of but slight consequence; but within a few days it was made to bear some relation to the pending question of the senatorship. So far as it bears on this matter, it probably enures,

for the time being, to the benefit of the Boutwell-Butler combination, or at least to Gov. Boutwell. Its influence on Butler's fortunes, should the party of the first part be elected to the Senate, is, however, a matter of guess-work.

The members of the House of Representatives who signed the invitation to Gov. Boutwell to become a candidate for the Senate were not all friends of Mr. Taylor, nor are they all friends of Butler; but the connection is still marked enough to be noticed. Messrs. Hoyt, Blake, Winslow, and Palmer, are, at any rate, active Butler men; perhaps, on the whole, the most active Butler men in the House; though Blake could not, I suppose, help or hinder anybody a great deal. Middlesex County still maintains its sway in the political machinery of the Commonwealth. It is numerically the strongest county; and Suffolk, Essex, and Worcester are babes in intrigue in comparison with it. Wilson, Boutwell, Banks, Claflin, Butler, Judge Hoar, George F. Hoar, Williams, Gooch, the Lowell squads, the Charlestown squads, — all attest the supremacy of Middlesex in our politics. Wilson, it is now said, is committed to Boutwell's support. They were coalitionists twenty years ago. You can learn something by studying the roll of the Constitutional Convention of 1853. Besides the names of all those mentioned there, except Judge Hoar and his brother, Mr. Claflin and Mr. Williams, you will find Dana, Burlingame, Thomas Talbot, Charles R. Train, Josiah G. Abbott, J. B. Winn, F. O. Prince, C. C. Hazewell, John Sargent, Isaac Livermore, Richard Frothingham, and (to drop into the obsolete) Joel Parker. But Boutwell, Wilson, Butler, and Banks were, on the whole, the most influential men in that body; and to them, more than to any other four men, was due its splendid and ignominious failure. I ought to except Banks, who, as presiding officer, was not responsible for its policy.

It is but natural to find Wilson, Butler, and Boutwell on one side now, and Dawes on the other side; for he was on the other side then; though, of course, this is no sure sign. I suppose that G. F. Hoar, and perhaps the judge, would, on

local and other grounds, prefer Dawes to Boutwell: so would Gooch, on the ground of old Washington friendship; but Gooch is too timid to be reckoned as of much service to one side or the other in such a contest as this. Wilson, in addition to the claim of old political association in favor of Boutwell, is afraid of Butler. He is afraid of him for the same reason a hen is afraid of the hawk. He has no dread, well defined, of harm to himself, or even of exposure; but he believes himself to be a sort of guardian of the Republican party, and, through that, of the interests of the country; and he would put up with any insolence or injury Butler might inflict or threaten, rather than protest against it, at the risk of endangering the election of a town constable regularly nominated by the Republican caucus of the precinct of Squashville. Boutwell and Butler are really the only elements of the combination on one side. I stated their case, I believe, correctly last week; and though the late fight for the clerkship had but a slight bearing on it, still it had a little. The late clerk has had no reason to suppose that the secretary of the treasury cares a farthing whether he is in or out. There is no reason why he should; but, now that he has formed a coalition with Butler, he naturally sympathizes with all his hates.

The common stabber who represents the Essex District made up his mind long ago to be revenged upon me for the prominent part I took in keeping the State out of his hands in 1870. Ah! let me indulge in pleasing recollections, as Mr. Webster once said on a great occasion. You remember, old fellow, how we slaughtered and cut up this beast in August and September, 1871. It was deftly done, was it not? But "under pain, pleasure, under pleasure, pain lies." For the time being, he has got one of his revenges, or thinks he has, which is all the same to him; being one of those philosophers who confound phenomena with realities, and deem the verdict of a petty jury as final and important as a cycle of civilization, and are not able to distinguish the one from the other. The mischievous monkey-tricks which would form

the serious work of a council of chambermaids are just as serious to Butler as any thing else.

He promised to support Mr. Dean for clerk, until he found that Mr. Taylor was the man, and then left Mr. Dean in the lurch, of course. What did he care for Dean, or, for that matter, for Taylor, either? So by private correspondence, and by setting his flunkies secretly at work throughout the State, he wrought as efficiently as he could. It is needless to inquire how much he did toward the grand result. Nobody knows, nobody cares, so far as I am aware. Other things worked in harmony with him: for instance, there was the "sojer" element. Butler — though no soldier himself, but only a court-martial and proclamation general, having a hand in the death of no rebel except Mumford of New Orleans (who was paired off to the other world with Theodore Winthrop, — one the victim of Butler's cowardice, and the other of his blundering), and coming within smell of gunpowder never, except when it was embarked upon the powder-boat — sympathizes intensely with the man who *did* fight, particularly if he had luck enough to get home, and keep settled long enough to maintain a right to vote and to get chosen to office. I suppose he would contribute liberally to the comfort of the poor soldier; but it would be in the form of paying his poll-tax, provided he would vote early and often for him in the primary caucus.

Then, again, there was Masonry. It is fortunate that my opinion of this institution is no after-thought, or after-expression of a thought. Neither this organization nor that of the Grand Army is political in any general way, or on a large scale. It is only or mainly in cases where personal preference is involved that the *esprit* comes in, as it doubtless comes in, to a degree, in the professions and trade. There is no help for this. I ascertained a year ago that the Masons were expected to aid in what Crooke blunderingly calls this "disgraceful" job. One gentleman blandly informed me that he had been urged to become a candidate for the office of clerk. I had heard of him as a "grand lecturer;" possi-

bly a great-grand, a great-great-grand, a pseudo-great-grand, or something of that sort. The alphabet, to one of these "orders," is simply an ancient invention for the purpose of lengthening out the titles of nobodies (or of somebodies who want to impose upon the nobodies), and for whom the plain "Mister" is deemed insufficient. Jeduthan Scrubbs, who began life as a cook's mate on board a down-East coaster, appears some day, a few years later, as "Sir Knight Jeduthan Scrubbs" of the De Molay or Ivanhoe encampment; and "the baby's milk is watered," that Scrubbs may obtain a new sword; and Scrubbs's wife goes without decent clothing, that her husband may be able to wear an embroidered shirt-tail outside of his otherwise respectable habiliments.

As I was saying, our "lecturer" had been urged to become a candidate for clerk. The suggestion could never have occurred to any one except a Mason; nor even then, unless he was thinking as a Mason, and inside a lodge: so I could not help concluding that Masonry was in the contest. I do not suppose it had large influence upon the result. There! — if I get you into difficulty by this, I am only paying you off; for, as if I had not sins enough of my own to answer for in your paper, I have also to bear some of the offences of your other correspondents. One of them had spoken of a member of the last House as a "bore," or something of that sort (the member I refer to was not *the* bore, whose name and residence I need not here or anywhere specify). Now, I had carefully refrained from saying any thing of this sort. "The" bore *par excellence* I had let alone; and not only that, but all the smaller bores. O my friend! if you did but know how many times I have held in in this way, you would wonder, not at my frankness, but at my caution and reticence. Yet it was bruited all abroad that I had thus abused this innocent and inoffensive person, who, though a bore, to be sure, was not, in any sense, a bad man, or, on the whole, a bad legislator.

Then there had been for months personal solicitation and

button-holing, and finally, on the last day, a raid of a parcel of scaly politicians and Jeremy Diddlers from the town I live in,[1] who invaded the State House in a way which would have justified Detective Heath in putting himself into disguise for the time, and compelled the sergeant-at-arms to relieve Sergeant Plunkett from duty at the door of the coat-room in favor of some man with at least one arm at his disposal. I had committed various offences against these men, of which *knowing* them was a sufficient one. Whether I bolted their nominations when they carried on too outrageously (which was a frequent occurrence), or supported their fraudulent or imbecile tickets, as I too frequently did, they were equally dissatisfied. Here I come to that superior organization known as the Middlesex Club, of which the Malden and Somerville clique was, in this case, the "tail and striking muscle," as old Josiah Quincy said of Preston Brooks. This is an organization which controls the offices of that great county, — sheriff, deputies, county commissioners, district-attorney, postmasters, custom-house officers, and, what is more important, their heirs, executors, and assigns. The members of Congress elect who live in that county conciliate this power, and the secretary of the treasury occasionally dines with them at Parker's. This is not the Banks Club, which is of older date, and had its origin as far back as the schism between the Know-Nothing and Anti-Know-Nothing Republicans, — say 1856 or 1857. It is more numerous and influential than the Banks Club, which, indeed, has for several years past been social rather than political, having a sprinkling of Democrats among its members.

I might here close the list of this complication of disorders, which should, indeed, be summed up much more briefly; for, except in its political relations, — to the senatorship, for instance, — it is of but slight general interest. Yet I see that "The Daily Times" thinks that my free speech against Gen. Grant, and the nearness which it is assumed that

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[1] Malden, Mass.

I got to the liberal movement, had something to do with the election of Col. Taylor. Very little. I only said in print what half our members of Congress elect said at the dinner-table; saying it much better, however, I hope, than they did. No. I don't believe any plain talk about Gen. Grant had much to do with the matter. That a *Republican* organization which could ignorantly or willingly lend itself to carry out the revenges of Butler, or unanimously elevate Dr. Loring to the presidency of the Senate, or boast of the Johnsonized, Hanscomized Buffinton as one of its members of Congress elect, should find fault with me for speaking freely of Gen. Grant, is simply incredible. It would indeed be a spectacle to see *Butler* objecting to anybody for depreciating the President.

But I have already discussed this matter much more than I have any right to: and, if I have not assigned reasons enough for my failure to be rechosen, let me fall back on the old one; to wit, the lack of a sufficient number of votes. I shall endeavor to make it apparent to the chief conspirator, before he is gathered to his fathers, that he has not made a great deal by the operation, and that the old proverb I have more than once quoted in connection with him will still turn out to be true, — "The Devil is always an ass."

[March 7.]

ON RESCINDING THE RESOLUTION CENSURING MR. SUMNER.

The hearings on the question of rescinding the Hoyt-Butler Grand Army General malice-resolutions in relation to Mr. Sumner were very interesting, both of them. The speeches in favor of rescinding have been pretty fully reported; Mr. James Freeman Clarke's in full. It was the most effective speech of the first day; and the closing quotation from Burke, which I remember was once quoted by Mr. Palfrey in an address to his constituents in the old days when he was condemned for expressing his antislavery opinions in defiance of the central clique, or, as Lowell called them, —

"The waiters on Providunce here in the city,
Who compose wat they call a State centrul committy," —

this quotation was specially effective. Ex-Gov. Washburn did himself great credit by his willingness to come out, and his speech was an excellent one. Rev. Dr. James W. Thompson of Jamaica Plain, once of Salem, and Stephen C. Phillips's old pastor, came in to bear his loyal testimony against opposition to Sumner on such trivial and contemptible grounds as those which governed the movers in the matter last December; and Gov. Claflin, in a dignified and manly way, took charge of the whole proceeding.

If these men had had the opportunity to appear at the extra session, and had appreciated the danger that the legislature would pass the resolutions, they might have acted then, and saved the State the disgrace of adopting them; but, busy as the demagogue and the mischief-maker always are, they could not have reasonably supposed that he would have made his appearance at the fire-session[1] for the purpose of satisfying his base propensities. "The people of Massachusetts" indeed! This Revere and Athol rubbish pretending to be the people of Massachusetts! "We, the people of England!" resolved the tailors of Tooley Street; but the illustration is somewhat musty.

On the second day, Mr. Garrison appeared, and — greatly to the astonishment of those who had not witnessed the energy with which he had taken notes on Wednesday, and heard his expressions of dissent in conversation — made a speech in opposition to rescinding the resolutions. I did not hear any of it; but you will, no doubt, get a sufficient report of it. Mr. Garrison's hostility to Mr. Sumner has been very intense ever since the senator ventured to think that Gen. Grant was unfit for the presidency; and more than once — once at least — it has taken the shape of a quasi-denial of Mr. Sumner's claim to be considered by his friends as a grand historic figure in the antislavery enterprise. It has always seemed

[1] Extra session of the legislature on account of the great fire.

to me stupid business, this apportioning out of the relative measure of fame to the various eminent abolitionists now living. I suppose the country and the cause would have got along without any of them. If A had not sprung up, B would have made his appearance; and if not B, then C. Read Gen. Wilson's book, and you will see that there were antislavery men before Garrison, or even Lundy, — as far ahead of these men, in point of time, as Garrison was before Phillips or Sumner; and furthermore, though it may be a sort of treason to Massachusetts to say so, it will appear that New York had a great man intellectually and morally on the antislavery side at a very early day, as we had. It seems to me that the motive, conscious or unconscious, of Mr. Garrison's hostility to Mr. Sumner, grows out of this feeling of rivalry as to what shall be the verdict of history, and what is the estimation of contemporaries. Then Mr. Garrison, as it seems to me must be admitted, is so terribly deficient in that imaginative element which sees the relations of things to each other, and is able to "make allowances" for other men's opinions and actions and for the circumstances of the times, that he is apt to be, if not unjust, at least very *uninterestingly just*. He is like a teamster, who, because his wheels are made to fit the axletree, and purposely intended to revolve, should therefore insist on refusing to grease them, but whip up his oxen, "shout the frequent damn" to them if necessary, and make them drag the wagon over the muddy or frozen road, no matter whether they went round, or were straightforward hauled at a quadruple expense of force. "They were made to revolve, and revolve they shall! Grease! — good heavens! talk not to me of grease! Suppose grease had never been invented!" I reverence this sort of blind logic, in a certain way; but it furnishes opportunity for satire. In the present case, it does not seem to me that Mr. Garrison had an opportunity which called at all for the interposition of that logic and that conscientiousness which he possesses in so strong a degree. If he is correctly reported, he does not seem to have been at all strong in his

convictions of the necessity or justice of a legislative condemnation of Mr. Sumner, and came up rather to protest against indiscriminate eulogy upon the senator than for any other purpose.

Well, what if Mr. Clarke and Dr. Thompson did overdo that matter a little? as I don't think they did. Personal loyalty is not so plentiful that we can afford to sneer at it. I heard a part of Mr. Towne's speech, which, I suppose, was merely stimulated by the fact that he felt that he was under censure as one who had taken part in the sorry business of last year. Hoyt also spoke: him I did not hear; but I understand he made the astute suggestion, that the clerk of the House of 1872 entered the resolutions upon the Journal surreptitiously, for the purpose of having them rescinded. If he had not entered them at all, you can imagine what ground would have been taken, and the noisy bellowings with which the Athol representative would have denounced him for suppressing them. I understand they do not appear upon the Journal of the Senate. Let the warrior, on this last ground of grievance, turn his guns upon the clerk of that body. For my own part, I should have been glad to have been spared the necessity of entering upon the Journal the record of the passage of these blundering exhibitions of malice, as well as the language itself; and it is one of the compensations of loss of office, that one is not obliged at any time, or under any circumstances, to speak or write with the appearance of respect the names of men who deserve no respect. This is one of the compensations of life for which I am profoundly grateful.

WARRINGTON ABROAD.[1]

London, March 5, 1874.

This city is so big, that the newspapers are happily exempt from the temptation and necessity of printing the innumerable small items of news which form so large a part of the

[1] In Boston Journal.

contents of an American newspaper; and, accordingly, the reader of "The Times," "News," "Telegraph," "Standard," and so on, finds himself limited to two or three principal topics, — just now, for example, to the Ashantee war, the Bengal famine, the minor appointments under the new ministry, the Tichborne trial, and law reform, the debate on which subject has been revived by some extraordinary exhibition of "uppishness" on the part of the inhabitants of the Inns of Court.

The passengers by "The Parthia," which sailed from Boston on the 31st of January, heard of the result of the elections from a couple of young men, who, in some unaccountable way, got on board before the ship arrived at Liverpool. One of them was cashier to some broker, I believe, and undertook to enjoy a vacation of twenty-four or forty-eight hours at sea; but the storm, which was so violent that "The Parthia" was unable to put in at Queenstown, led him and his friend to avail themselves of the safety and shelter of the steamer, — perhaps when the pilot came on board. I found him a "conservative," and able to give pretty good reasons for the defeat of Mr. Gladstone, and disposed to rejoice over it, but not inordinately. He spoke as if the ministry had blundered, and tired out the people, and not as if he thought liberalism a very bad thing. I should not have supposed him to have any prejudice against working-men, or any feeling that their rule or representation would prove injurious; yet he spoke of the election of two M. P.'s by this class as if he desired to impress me with a sense that there was more or less danger from even so slight an innovation on the British Constitution as this. His theory as to the cause of the liberal disaster was as good as any I have heard. Nobody, I think, really believes that England is any less liberal than it was five years ago, or that the Tories have any better chance of establishing a permanent re-action than they had then. Still the liberal leaders are a good deal discouraged by the magnitude of the majority against them. Occasionally some old connoisseur of hunkerism (like A. H. Stevens

or Jerry Black) writes to the leading newspapers, and talks about the "Tory" party, and Church and State, as if he supposed the good old days before the "bearing rein" was removed were to come back again; but it is evident that Mr. Disraeli encourages no such general delusion. Still the distinction between Whig and Tory, liberal and conservative, is marked enough to make the result of the election a subject of regret to the progressive classes, wherever they are.

Our friends up in Tremont Place[1] will be glad to hear that the friends of woman suffrage reckon up a probable gain in the new parliament. Mr. Disraeli is a friend of their movement; though I guess it will not be safe to calculate that he will make an issue on it. Their victory in Boston, however, will console them for all other disasters.[2]

No American topic seems worth considering by the English papers, except Dr. Dio Lewis's crusade against the liquor-dealers in Ohio and elsewhere. This must seem very comical to the English people, who, like most grave people, are a race of humorists; but they take it more seriously than I should suppose they would. It is not likely that they seriously fear any successful crusade of this sort within a hundred years; but the possibility of the path to the public-house being obstructed by groups of praying women may well appall them. A "permissive" bill seems all that the temperance people here expect. This, if I understand it, is about the same as "local option," which was abolished last winter in Massachusetts because it was the most dangerous enemy of the cause. The liquor-dealers, by the way, bore their full share in the burden of the conservative movement; the Church and the gin-shops and beer-shops working harmoniously together.

If you are at all acquainted with English literature, you can hardly fail to be interested in driving down into the queer lanes and alley-ways, the names of which at every step almost remind you of Dickens, or Thackeray, or Scott,

[1] Woman's Journal office in Boston.

[2] In getting women on the School Committee.

or Johnson, or Goldsmith, or something or other in English history, the stage, or tradition. The shops are scarcely less enticing. Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, and so on; Regent Street, the Burlington Arcade, — this is a "nation of shopkeepers" indeed; and although London is more than twice as large, in point of population, as the State of Massachusetts, it seems a standing mystery how such a multitude of tradesmen can get a living. The wealth stored in private houses in the aristocratic parts of the city must be still more incomputable.[1]

ROME AND PARIS, June 1.

Italy is as quiet as if it had never been the arena of contending armies; and France is rich and prosperous; though, of course, the taxes must be high in both nations. Countries recover so rapidly! The battle-fields are "healed and reconciled by the sweet oblivion of flowers," to quote some of Mr. De Quincey's rhetoric. If the peoples of Southern Europe are ground down by government expenses and standing armies, they live upon little or nothing, compared with the people of the United States. I will not bother you or myself about the superstition and ignorance on the one hand, or the Church and art-magnificence on the other, of these regions. No doubt, things are improving. Rome was rather an exceptional place. About five P.M., every day, I found the wind intolerable. We were told to hurry away from London, and not to stop long in Paris, and to reach Rome at least by Easter; for it would be hot afterwards. This seemed reasonable; for I had attached a tropical significance to the south of Europe. The upshot was, that I left mild weather in London the first week in March, a little in doubt whether I had not better put on clothes of the description sold in Boston for dog-days; and returned to Paris two weeks ago and a little more, after encountering snow at the outlet of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and wearing the same thick overcoat and gloves that I went out of London with. A week ago, they

[1] How Butler's mouth would water at the sight! — W. S. R.

had heavy frosts and snow in Naples. I am more and more impressed with the truth of Hawthorne's remark; the substance of which is, that travellers had better go where winter is a seasonable institution, and provided against by the customs of the country. Winter is winter anywhere; and a fire improvised in a cold room after your return from a long walk or ride is not a fire in any genuine sense of the word. I must say, however, that I found no place in Italy where you could not get a fire; although, to believe some people, Rome had seen no fires since Nero's day, and friction-matches were things as unknown as then.

The hotels are of various descriptions, of course, but generally good. I have not only seen good bread and good butter, and good meat and good soups, in this part of the world, but very seldom any bad articles of these descriptions. The bread from London to Naples is excellent. The beds are as good; bed and bread both being hard. I have heard of the flea; but I do not deem him a frequent nuisance: and I have not heard of the bed-bug. Of course, you must put up, unless you have a good deal of money, with less and poorer air than in the best parts of Boston and the neighborhood. And this is a pretty serious matter. Dress also, even to the male species, has a significance that it does not have at home, — a more serious matter yet. The remonstrance over your old glove and necktie, even if it be mute, is not inexpressive; and there is a temptation to buy here and there a thing you do not want, or at least do not need, because it is only half as expensive as the same thing in Boston. Unless you confine the wristband of your shirt with a piece of twine, as when you went to school, the chances are that you came from home with some sort of an ornamental button or fastener; and so, when a prettier one, at half the home-price, appears in a Florence or Paris window, what can you do? You cannot, I guess, get so good-looking a suit of clothes in London as in Boston, unless you employ a tailor of above the average ability; and as for the London bonnet, it is universally allowed to be hideous. I do not speak of female opin-

ion alone on this latter point. Those who think English women handsome must have seen them with their bonnets off. The Paris women, on the other hand, dress well. The head and foot are equally well clothed, except, of course, in the case of those who wear shoes with heels set in the middle, and who come home "tired to death" in consequence. I do not know how far the dress-reform may have gone in the United States; but, if it was confined to the waist and corset, it was far from reaching the whole difficulty. The heel, as in Achilles' case, is a vulnerable point, at least in Paris.

The sensible Parisian woman, like the American, wears a handsome boot. She also dresses the head with good taste, if at all. Great numbers of them go about simply with white and invariably clean caps on, and without bonnets; and great numbers more, for short distances, go bareheaded. They have, up to middle life and beyond, a cheerful look, due, I suppose, to the variety and responsibility of occupation which they have. I have not observed any intermittency in this respect; and conclude that Dr. E. H. Clarke's book has not reached here, or has not been translated. I hope not, at any rate. It would be a pity to see this beautiful and now peaceful city barricaded by women apprehensive of a serious attempt to deprive them of their living for any considerable part of the time; or compelling them to work by relays, as they sometimes have to do in English factories under the short-hour system. Rumors of the book have reached here; and such of the women as seem alarmed, I have assured, in broken French, that while it is a very good medical book, no doubt, it is a good-for-nothing educational book, and is about as much in the way as one by you or I, Mr. Editor, on Journalism and Judaism, or one by Gen. Butler on the Moieties and the Moralities, or one by anybody else on any other two subjects not connected by any study or knowledge in the mind of the author.

I can give you little or no information on the politics of France, Italy, or England; and yet I think, when I return to America, I shall not hesitate to attempt (if required) to

write a leader on either. I have for many years regretted that I had not studied European politics, so that I could presume to give information to the Boston or even the New-York public on all questions, not too minute, which habitually arise. Having read the London papers three weeks, and "Galignani" and "The Swiss Times" as many months, I now see that I might years ago, by a training of one season, have become a valuable English editor for a first-class American daily. Nobody, of course, will ever penetrate Spanish politics; and there is a mystery about the Swiss Constitution: but every thing else, how plain! — at least, how plain compared to our own affairs!

The London papers of, say Monday, give us long articles on every French crisis or important debate of Saturday night; and their articles are of very much the same description as those they give on English affairs. They are grave, with good long circumlocutory preambles, and something about former French ministries, changing Peel and Canning and Palmerston for men of corresponding rank here. The French paper, for aught I see, discusses politics as freely as the English paper. Perhaps, if there were danger of turbulent times, this would be different. The policeman seems to be doing nothing more oppressive than taking statistics at the omnibus-stations, or preparing to "go for" the fellow who draws out a friction-match and threatens to smoke at the circus.

I seldom hear of large fires here. The one in London in February, which destroyed the Pantechnicon, would hardly have been a week's wonder in any American city of large size. There are plenty of books on all sides, new and second-hand; and I have seen here in Paris the strongest indication I have anywhere seen, that our friends of New York, Chicago, Louisville, Springfield, and Cincinnati, are about to succeed in making journalism an estate of the realm. They build little chapels or shrines at the corners of the Parisian streets, and in the squares, — five-cornered places, about as big as a confessional in church, — for the sale

of the sacred "Figaro" or "Temps." At the *duval* and the fixed-price restaurants, where the people get excellent dinners for 1 franc 75, or 2 francs 25, their delicious soups are made frequently of macaroni or vermicelli, cut up into the shape of letters of the alphabet, — A, B, C, &c.; which may, for aught I know, be a governmental plan of education; or, on the other hand, it may be a device of the ultra-republicans, requiring a key, perhaps, to unlock radical intent. These eating-houses, by the way, are excellent in every respect. The *cafés* are not to be so well spoken of. When here on our first visit, we had rooms and kept house in the Latin Quarter, Rue Jacob, — Hôtel de Saxe, if you will know more particularly, — had our breakfast at home, and our dinner (at six P.M.) at one of these *duvals*. The dinner seldom cost us more than five francs (three of us); and it was as nice and perfect as could be desired, and included Mâcon wine, a very fair description, though I am no judge of wines. I do not feel prepared to discuss the wine and beer question as to the good or evil effects of either beverage; but I have an idea that there are questions of climate, custom, stomach, brain, youth, age, vigor, debility, political economy, personal obstinacy, philanthropy, and non-interference, which must for a long time, by their friction, centripetal and centrifugal forces, and so on, prevent any decisive settlement during your or my day. This is a topic I feel not half so much like dogmatizing about as I did twenty years ago.

There are great shows of pictures in Paris now; among others, a "Christ" by Bonnat, concerning which there is much discussion, though not much is possible as to its great power and merit as a work of art. It is as rationalistic a Christ as Mr. Weiss or any other member of the Radical Club could desire; and I have an idea that some of the "conservative" members of that society had better buy it, and set it up in Mr. Sargent's or Dr. Bartol's parlor, to counteract the worship of Buddha, which is thought to be the latest tendency of the "advanced thought" of Boston.

CARLSBAD, AUSTRIA, June 30.

Relatively to the rest of the world, I can hardly tell you where this place is; for the guide-books are deficient in large maps. It is, however, in Bohemia, about latitude 49° or 50°, and in a north-easterly direction from Nuremberg; not far, indeed, as to hours, from Dresden, Berlin, Prague, and the rest of the great German places. Carlsbad is famous as a watering-place. It is on both sides of the River Tepl,[1] which is a rapid, rocky stream, about as wide as Washington Street, Boston, where "The Journal" office is situated (inclusive of sidewalks), crossed by numerous bridges, only a few of which are for carriages. The streets are very narrow, and fast driving out of the question: indeed, the streets on the sides where the springs are situated are so crowded in the morning with drinkers, from six o'clock till eight, that carriages are then practically interdicted. The river has a rocky bed; and out of its rocks, known as Sprudelschale, the waters break out violently.

The oldest of these springs is called the Sprudel; and this is the hottest, — 167° Fahrenheit. The others, nine or ten in number, are of various degrees of temperature: the difference in them consists, they say, only in this, the ingredients being the same, — sulphur, salt, and carbonate of soda. There are plenty of physicians here, each one of whom seems to have written a little treatise; and I believe they agree in these particulars. The chief value in a physician would seem to be in the sagacity and experience which enable him to discover your malady, and whether or not persons similarly troubled have been relieved or cured by these waters, or by the regimen imposed as an accompaniment. You find the allopathic and homœopathic distinctions kept up; though what they can mean, when the only medicine is a cup, more or less, of Sprudel or Schlossbrunn or Marktbrunn or Theresenbrunn, and more or less advice as to whether you had better take beer and butter, or abstain therefrom, I cannot tell.

[1] A branch of the Eger.

Carlsbad is an inexpensive place, compared with the large cities and towns: of course it is so compared with the fashionable watering-places of the United States, where you have to pay the absurd American hotel-prices. The paternal government of Austria helps the town by sending down Mr. Labitzky, who is said to be a rival of Strauss, — and he is certainly no mean rival, — and his orchestra. They play from six to eight A.M. at the Sprudel spring, and every day at four or six P.M. at some one of the principal *cafés*. There is, however, a "general tax" and a "music-tax," which the government has imposed upon every traveller who stays more than eight days. He may be as healthy as "the oldest Mason," — who died last week in Oregon, having exhausted the pleasures of the other thirty five or six States, — and as deaf as a post or an adder: still he must pay, — "couchant or levant, he must pay." I beg pardon: physicians and surgeons, with their families, are exempt from "the general tax," and also all "indigent persons;" and the last-named class is exempt from the "music-tax" also.

The weather here is as capricious as in New England. It was cold when we got here, ten days ago; but has been generally warm and pleasant since. The weather which is altogether lovely is always somewhere else. I find some people think it is in Egypt and Syria; and one gentleman told me he only found it in Algeria. We have heard of the cold and disagreeable April and May in Boston and vicinity; and so, on the whole, are not so much disposed to grumble over the same traits in the European spring. I observe that neither rain nor mud has much effect upon the water-drinker here. He seems to believe in it more implicitly than the average man who is under other descriptions of medical treatment. You find him turning out early, hurrying along to get a place which will bring him quickly to his medicine, and then patiently returning, and, even on moist and disagreeable mornings, taking his hour's exercise on his way to "The Elephant," or "Pupp's," or the "Sans Souci," —

"Smiting the sturdy earth with many a pensive lick."

The weather is really, however, the second topic of conversation in point of interest. "How do you find yourself? how do your legs serve you? is this your first? is this your second? (and so on up to your 'fourth,' making the new-comer think he is helping to examine charades in a young people's magazine,) has the doctor put you on the baths yet?" are the commonest questions. There are water-baths and mud-baths here. A gentleman who has taken a mud-bath, and is enthusiastic over it, says the substance is about the consistency of the liquid the wayside "flag" grows in. The patient resembles, while undergoing the operation, an angle-worm of the saurian period. It is not any thing which sticks, however, like a vote on the Salary Bill, or a suspicion of connection with the Sanborn Contract, but is easily got rid of, and leaves an agreeable feeling.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MR. GEORGE B. MONROE, ("TEMPLETON.")

CARLSBAD, AUSTRIA, July 15, 1874.

MY DEAR MONROE, — I have this week got hold of a file of "Evening Gazettes" (six or more) in May and June; and they have reminded me of a promise I made to send you a letter. I have seen "The Journal," also, from about the 8th to the 26th of June. I have read the legislative proceedings. After three or four days' reading of the Senate's doings on the Tunnel Bill and the various liquor laws, I felt as Douglas Jerrold did when he read Browning's "Sordello." He rushed into the street, smiting his forehead, and shouting, "Am I mad? am I mad?"

Butler is apparently dead: if so, it is a case of *felo de se,* for no man ever had a better chance to be governor. A man of Butler's real vigor of mind ought to be able to find in Massachusetts politics enough to build up a reform party on, even though the people, as in his case, are averse and hostile to *him.* Have seen only one number of "The Commonwealth" since I left home; but the German, Italian,

and French porters and waiters have furnished me with all the broken English I want, without reading Slack's editorials.

The Supreme Court, it seems, is still governed by the opinion in the case of Wheelgrease. As near as I can make it out, their decision is, that analogy gives the School Committee of Boston power to determine the qualifications of its members. The court, even if it declined to interfere, ought, at least, to have inserted some *dictum* against such usurpation of power as the Boston School Committee has been guilty of. It seems to me, however, that whoever has had the management of these cases has made a continued mistake in appealing to the court. It is a popular question, and, as such, must be settled in Massachusetts. It will do, perhaps, to ask the opinion of a court which is (1st) able, and (2d) which pays some due and proper regard to popular rights in the light and under the guidance of our own Constitution. Our court is not "able," and apparently has not looked at the Declaration of Rights, — not a member of the court since he was appointed. Almost the only part of the Constitution our court has any right to look at is the part it has carefully avoided seeing. I except the clause which relates to the judicial salaries and tenures.

To-morrow (Sunday) we are off to Munich, and thence, after a day or two, to Ragaz in Switzerland for about two weeks, where people go to "complete their cure" after drinking the waters here. It is a place for warm baths.

Now be sure and give my love to all friends.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SITUATION IN 1874–1875.

That is not a sentimentally amiable mind which feels any great satisfaction — what you may call a thrill of it — at the irreparable misfortune or disease of any old friend, or any old party organization with which he may have been connected. I can understand what Jerry Black's or Brick Pomeroy's emotions may be; but a Republican's must be rather different. There are so many good fellows and old friends dead, or maimed for life, and left to be picked up by the ambulances! Here is a hand with an old friend's ring on one of its fingers; (perhaps it was stolen; but you have seen and admired it so many times!) a sleeve-button which you recognize as having belonged to your quondam fellow-committee-man (it was a gift from Contractor Quartz; but it adorned irreproachable linen, and an arm often extended to give you a hearty grasp). Forgive these tears.

Mr. Carpenter of Wisconsin, of the Republican senatorial leaders, seems about the sole survivor. Morton, an abler and more dangerous man, went down a month ago. Let us hope that the Indiana election taught him that the day for framing constitutional amendments with the furtive and dangerous clause, or claw, to the effect that "Congress is hereby empowered to carry out this amendment by *appropriate* legislation," is now past. That word "appropriate" in such a place is an exceedingly bad one. Conkling — who, with his mind on Webster, and his mind's eye on the traditional blue coat and brass buttons, got himself and his one

speech elaborately up at Utica, and went forth to Brooklyn or New York to save the country and party — is as badly beaten as anybody else. Chandler, probably, is only frightened; but he, after all, is not so bad a senator or man as he might be. Butler — but words are vain here! Boutwell is as badly beaten as he. The household troops are more than decimated, and the military staff is broken in pieces. The worst beaten man, however, does not know it. With the salary-grab in his pocket, and the parasite at his elbow, what does he care?

One of the papers speaks of this and the other campaigns as "war." There is a certain degree of appropriateness in the word; for a defeat, especially so sweeping a defeat, brings about as much personal distress as one on the field of actual battle. The armies numbered their tens of thousands. But is it not about time to stop this sort of nomenclature? An election ought to be mainly a change of policies, with change enough of men to keep the forces together and in good order, and no more. If this election means any thing, it means a vote of total want of confidence in the wisdom and capacity of the administration and the Republican party as practical managers of the affairs of government. The White House and the Capitol are both pronounced against. Root and branch, the party is defeated. East and West, North and South, it is smashed.

Now, if this were a defeat of the antislavery policy; if it indicated any purpose to disregard the constitutional amendments, or to restore the government to the hands of unregenerate rebels, — it would be proper to talk about renewing the "war" in 1876. But it is mainly a declaration against unfaithfulness and incompetency in the practical affairs of government. If any tendency or principle has been rebuked, it is the tendency toward the predominance of that rule which I heard Mr. Boutwell express not long ago: "If you want good government, you must pay for it;" by which he meant simply (in the light of current events), "Trust those who are 'on their make' to give you good administration,

and good in proportion to the pay, and don't ask too many questions." As Hosea Biglow said, —

> "Withered be the nose that pokes
> Into the public printing!"

If any principle is pronounced against, it is that which has ripened into the overthrow of State governments by judicial decisions and cannon-shot, as in Louisiana; which proposes, as in Morton's Constitutional Amendment, to let Congress supervise the electoral votes, and, in emergencies, make a score of statutory sections to carry out the fundamental law, and, if necessary, nullify the popular verdict, and change the actual result. And both these tendencies or principles ought to be done away with. The people are against both, by vast majorities. Why not see it and acknowledge it? Why allow the Democratic party to be the champion of these reforms, and insist on trying to put that party down by bayonets at the South, and bad laws and practices at the North? There can be but one result. If the Republicans carry the country in 1876, it will be because they hold the purse and sword. The people are against it. They may be loath to trust the Democrats, and may refuse to do so; but it will be the very last time. The people are in earnest, although they are as yet unorganized, and groping about for leaders and methods. There is to be an end to this semi-military *régime*, this mixture of West Point and Sing Sing, — thievery organized, and marching to drum and fife.

Almost everybody sees what the situation is, — great masses of honest men, and lovers of good government and correct administration, differently dressed, in sight of each other, and only held from fraternization and peace by party drill. Republicans are admonished to keep their eyes opened, because there are lots of rebels on the other side; and Democrats are held in readiness for a fight, because, in the last one, Butler was noticed to have an important command. There need not be an entire disarmament at once; but a

"peace footing" ought to be contemplated, at least. Why not let Massachusetts lead in this re-organization, as in 1848?

The Republican party has had the government nearly all the time since 1860; and will have the Executive and Senate two years longer, unless Grant "rats" to the other side, as Johnson did. It has had a hard time of it. It had to save the country from dismemberment, and, of course, to employ all the "war-powers." The pioneer and woodsman expends a good deal of tobacco-juice and swearing upon the trees he has to cut down, and, when he gets home, is very apt to make a spittoon in every corner of his house, and to damn his wife and boys on pretty small provocation. So the "war-powers" became favorite reading, and sublime subjects of contemplation, long after we ought to have resumed the theory laid down in the New-England constitutions, — that the military shall always be kept in an exact subordination to the civil power. The "colonel" multiplied inordinately; and there were more concealed bullets in the adipose parts than would ever have been discovered, or ever will be, if *post-mortem* examinations are universal. Of course, this dissipation has "told" upon the party. It is not as long-lived as a party which has had less temptation to intemperate living. The number of common drunkards who live to the age of ninety-three, and then die because the quality of new rum has depreciated, is small.

No wonder the Republican party is prematurely old. But let the fact be recognized; for it is a fact. Its legal and proper expenditures have been enormous; its necessary *attachés* and holders of office largely increased in number. Its unwounded and unharmed pensioners are counted by tens of thousands; and quack Butler, who insisted *during* the war that the educated soldier must give way to the lawyer and politician, was equally positive *after* the war that the civilian should give way to the corporal, the sutler, and the army contractor. The consequence of all this is, that the party has impaired its constitution. It is in no condition, physically or morally, to carry on public affairs. Why not put *it*, also,

on the retired or pension list? A beginning has been made this year, to be sure. Butler himself has found his own Togus Springs at last.

Dissipation, decay, premature old age, waste (perhaps inevitable waste) of vital powers, — these have left the party unable to cope with its adversary. Of course, the quack doctors, like Boutwell, Conkling, Morton, have had a good deal to do with it; and the thieves crowding the ante-rooms, slyly fitting their false keys into the locks, or carrying off the plate and pictures, have hastened the demise of the victim. It made no difference that the successful party was more than suspected of being led by as great rascals as the Republican. It was a strong-handed party, partly because it *was* poor and desperate. I am a man, says the hired murderer of Banquo,

> "So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
> That I would set my life on any chance
> To mend it, or be rid on't."

It seems impossible to determine, and, in the interest of reform, unwise to try to discover, any one cause for the probable speedy termination of the life of the Republican party.

Why shall not the still vigorous-bodied and vigorous-minded men co-operate with the vigorous-minded of their old opponents, and take the affairs of State in their own hands? Shall they be prevented by the theory which still supposes that the Republican party is going to exist and be victorious for a number of years to come? This is preposterous. Gen. Wilson predicted that it would live "a thousand years." It is as likely to live a thousand years after 1873 as it is to live three years. I have a healthy vigilance of feeling, I hope, against the danger of a Democratic re-action; but as between Republican interpretation and misrule at Washington, and such a re-action, I cannot feel that there is any occasion for the most radical of abolitionists to be alarmed.

The Democrats do not care whether Grant, or any other man of the other side, is in power. "For Banquo's *issue*

ideas, though he was not very prominently before the public until after his entrance into Congress; and in May, 1860, he made a speech entitled "The Republican Party a Necessity," which had the old ring in it.

In January, 1861, however, he turned up a compromiser. Seward, about this time, was holding communication, through James E. Harvey, with the traitors of South Carolina, advising with Jerry Black and James Buchanan, and proclaiming that there was no power to coerce the rebels. It is not important to know whether Mr. Adams fell under Mr. Seward's influence, or Mr. Seward under Mr. Adams's; but they were in sympathy with each other. A theorizer and doctrinaire when out of public life, when he got into Congress he fell into the company of men, who, originally theorizers and doctrinaires like himself, had also an idea, that, when they become in any degree responsible for public affairs, they must *necessarily* compromise in order to be "practical." Sagacity, in their opinion, consists in being the first to offer terms, instead of being the last to accept them.

A writer in "Lippincott," in giving a biography of Mr. Adams, made loud complaint that the leaders of the coalition kept him out, although they provided places for Boutwell, Sumner, Dana, Griswold, Hallett, and so on. The reason why they did not provide a place for Mr. Adams was that Quincy was a coalition town, and these other men resided in Whig towns.

The story that the Free-Soil party and the death of Whiggery grew out of a quarrel beginning as far back as 1841, and that it culminated in a consultation between Conscience Whigs like Mr. Adams, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Palfrey, Mr. Wilson, Mr. E. R. Hoar, Mr. S. C. Phillips, and others, with J. G. Whittier, Wendell Phillips, Mr. Garrison, and John Pierpont, could hardly have originated with Mr. Adams. This must refer to what was called the "anti-Texas movement," which was strictly non-political, or Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips would never have had any thing to do with it, as

they never had any thing to do with the Free-Soil movement. This anti-Texas movement was a movement for public meetings and petitions, and nothing more; and its editorial writers were Elizur Wright and William Henry Channing mainly. Mr. Wright edited its newspaper, which was called "The Chainbreaker." It lasted till Texas was annexed, and had no further immediate influence on politics. "This was the death of the Whig party," says "The Nation," ignorantly following this ignorant writer in "Lippincott." Why, Mr. Webster was almost at the head of this "Conscience" Whig movement, and wrote, with Judge Allen, its address, which was adopted by a Faneuil-hall meeting; and it was not until after the Mexican war broke out, and Mr. Winthrop went in for the "country however bounded," and Gen. Taylor began to be thought an available candidate for President, that the terms "Conscience Whigs" and "Cotton Whigs" began to be heard. Judge Hoar, who was in the State Senate in 1846, first made use of these terms in debate there.

The parallel this writer draws between Gen. Wilson and Mr. Adams is true enough on one side of it. The writer says Mr. Adams had great faith in principles, and not so much in expedients. The truth is, that, while Gen. Wilson is an expedientist, Mr. Adams is no less so. I have heard him suggest expedients by the hour together. He was always of a diplomatic turn of mind, and of course fitted for what goes by the name of statesmanship, after the old-fashioned pattern; but the difference between him and Mr. Sumner, for instance, or Judge Allen, in the way of frankness and directness, was world-wide. The Adamses are an independent race of men, and that is a very great point in their favor; but none of them was ever yet hanged for his frankness, or a disposition to do away with the arts of diplomacy, even in the *minutiæ* of local politics. Mr. C. F. Adams, sen., got to Congress about the time the war broke out; and his career there strikingly illustrates his diplomatic and expedientist turn of mind. He was with Seward

throughout. His principal speech was a disgraceful attempt to bridge over the difficulty by a compromise; and his name is identified with an attempt to amend the Constitution *in the interest of strengthening slavery* for the purpose of preventing the war, which original thinkers and sound moralists knew could not be prevented by any process of this sort.

In his younger days, Mr. Adams was a bold man. No man, from 1840 to the downfall of the era of the Whig party in Massachusetts, was more fearless or more able than he on the antislavery side. No man, it seemed to me, had less regard for the social and political environments of Boston and Massachusetts Whiggism. His hates and contempts for the cottonocracy and the doughfaces were salutary and refreshing. His speeches and reports and newspaper-articles were of the most downright character. He was not conservative enough, or practising lawyer enough, to be bound at all, like some other Free-Soilers, by judicial decisions or old-fashioned constitutional theories. He was never found among those antislavery men who thought, that, if the Fugitive-slave Law was not to be obeyed, it at least ought not to be resisted. He gloried in the "Jerry rescue" at Syracuse, and in all other rescues of fugitive slaves. The indomitable spirit of his father was in him always.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

John Quincy, Democrat as he is, seems to me the best inheritor of the Adams qualities; lacking some, because he was young during the thick of the antislavery war, but making up by being more a "man of the world" than most of his race. He is independent, like his ancestors, and as honest, I dare say, as they were or are. There is, I am sorry to say, in this connection, nothing in the blood or history of the Adams family to inspire confidence in their superior honesty over the rest of the human race.

The other sons, instead of being, as their father was at their age, bold and downright, are politically timid; and Mr.

Henry has altogether too much of the English and diplomatic and supercilious character which belongs to "The New-York Nation" school to allow him to become a useful public man. These men are independent students of political affairs: they think for themselves. There is some of the cant which goes by the name of "high tone" about them; but this comes of too much reading of "The New-York Nation," the organ of "tone." J. Q. has not much of this, however; and the younger brothers will get rid of it by and by. I apprehend that John Quincy's experience in his office of trial-justice, in the Quincy caucuses, and in the councils of the Democratic party, has banished "high tone" pretty nearly from his mind.

I presume the great-grandfather and the grandfather, in their youth, had some of the demagogue element, but not much. Charles Francis never, apparently, had any of it; but this great-grandson blooms out richly. He is a young man of fair talents, but absolutely without convictions upon any subject whatever. His first splurge, in the legislature of 1866, was an attack upon Judge Lord and District-Attorney Abbott of Essex County, on account of their supposed partisanship in prosecuting certain over-zealous Republicans who had tarred and feathered a Swampscott Copperhead. He brought in an order, instructing the attorney-general to take charge of the cases; and the result was that they were quashed, or in some other way discontinued. This proceeding greatly shocked the conservatives, especially the conservative lawyers; but Adams never affected to have any thing but contempt for them and their opinions on this subject. By and by he took a lurch to the other side. Resolutions on national affairs came up; and he alternately fought and dodged these, appearing one time as the zealous friend of Gen. Wilson, who at that period was occupying a "conservative" position. When fall came, he went, with John L. Swift and the rest, into Johnsonism, presided at one of the State conventions, ran for the legislature and got beaten, and was then quiet until he turned up

as the candidate of the P. L. L.[1] branch of the Copperhead party.

His father and grandfather were deadly enemies of all secret societies, and never specially advocated the interests of the liquor-dealers. "Jack" went in all over, like the man who blac ed himself from head to foot when he undertook to play Othello. I dare say he treats the whole affair as a joke; for he is considerable of a humorist. His letter will not bear very close analyzation. He hints that he entertains some "strong opinions" upon questions which the Democratic resolutions do not touch. He avows his admiration for Jefferson's theories in terms which indicate that he believes in them. No party can succeed which adopts the contrary theory.

It was said at the Virginia election that some of the negro voters in Virginia were turned away from the polls because they had forgotten the names they were registered by. This is not uncommon. A young man named John Quincy Adams, living out here in Quincy, has forgotten *his* name, though it is quite an illustrious one, and would seem to be difficult to forget. These negroes have not forgotten their party name. They are not apt at spelling, and would probably tell you that "c-o-n-s-e-r-v-a-t-i-v-e" spells *rebel*, and "r-a-d-i-c-a-l" spells *loyal;* and they do not get far out of the way. It is melancholy, no doubt, that Jack and Peter have forgotten their names; but the blame partly rests on their former owners, who never gave names to half of them. The mischief is not irreparable: they will learn fast enough. Meanwhile, let radicals, who are half disposed to vote for Copperhead candidates in Massachusetts for the sake of rebuking somebody or other, consider whether their memory of their own names is not getting a little defective. The capacity of the whole people for being governed as well as for governing must be acknowledged. Some whim prevents John Quincy from seeing the truth of the woman question; but he will by and by be logical even on that.

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[1] A *secret* free-liquor party.

JAMES C. AYER.

ON HIS NOMINATION, IN 1874, TO CONGRESS.

Dr. Ayer has at last purchased a nomination in the Lowell and Lawrence District. The only redeeming feature in this case is that Ayer probably has no idea that he has done any thing contrary to good morals or common decency. If he ever heard of Robert Walpole, the only thing he ever heard of him was his celebrated saying, that "all those men have their price." This nomination is so disgusting, that it seems impossible that it should be followed by an election. Mr. Tarbox, his opponent, is, on the stump, a strong partisan, but a very honest man, who in the legislature always acts with less regard to party than men who appear less stiff in their partisanship. It was said two years ago, that a large part of Ayer's money, used for electioneering-purposes, forgot to come out of the pockets of the disbursing agents. It was "high jinks" for a long time by the lobbyists, who probably thought they would "save" the doctor for another trial. They may conclude that they will "save him" again for 1876. Such a man is by no means to be thrown away; and they know full well, that, if he is elected, there will be no more money for them. A cynic or a satirist might justify this nomination on military grounds.

When the Pemberton Mill fell, Mr. Frank Watson, of one of the Lawrence papers, wrote an account of the event, which, I am informed, Ayer got reprinted on one of his advertising sheets, in company with a proslavery speech or address purporting to be by himself, and with which he flooded the Southern country, sparing neither age, sex, nor condition. He probably slew more rebels, real or incipient, in this campaign, than Gen. Grant in all of his. When God lets loose a pill-maker on this planet, then look out! It is really a very small thing to elect such a man to Congress. The wonder is that he was not chosen before. If he had been made a "colonel," he would have got there eight or ten years ago. I suppose the real trouble has been the indis-

criminate character of his slaughterings. For every Southern stomach disarranged, a Northern kidney has been "devilled." However, time has finally set all this aright. If Ayer is successful, the quack epoch may be fairly said to be inaugurated. If Grant is choked off from his third term, it will be by an Ayer "movement." We are, speaking geologically, in the bottle strata of our history. Our chronology will henceforth contain such items as these: "In 1860, Ayer's peddlers first entered Scandinavia; in 1865, a deluge of cherry pectoral flooded Japan; 1866, Cathay captured; 1867, the study of Ayer's Almanac made compulsory in Australia." History, geography, mathematics, Kosmos itself, is to be rewritten in the new light thrown upon it by the Lowell congressman, whose statue will, four hundred years hence, be found in cities buried volcanically, and whose autographs and recipes on the obelisks of interior Africa will puzzle the explorers of that era.

FRANCIS W. BIRD IN 1870.

Mr. Bird has qualities which make him, on the whole, about as strong a politician as any man in the Commonwealth; and of his faithfulness it is unnecessary to speak. He combines, better than any other man, wise political foresight and practical wisdom of organization. His influence upon politicians and public men has, I am confident, been greater than that of any man among us. Mr. Bird is a thorough believer in William Leggett's motto, that "the world is governed too much." He is a free-trader and an anti-restrictionist in most things, and one of the shrewdest politicians in a party which is not famous for shrewd politicians. Few men, if any, in Massachusetts, have so many mental resources for a fight of any kind as Francis W. Bird.

SILVER-WEDDING ADDRESS TO HON. F. W. BIRD. — WRITTEN BY "WARRINGTON" IN 1868.

Dear and honored Friend, — In congratulating you and Mrs. Bird upon the return of this anniversary of your mar-

riage, — upon your silver wedding, — we cannot let the opportunity pass of expressing to you personally, and by some substantial token, our warm affection for you, and our profound admiration for those qualities of heart and mind which have made you not only the delight of your intimate friends, but a most useful, and we might almost say indispensable, member of our social and political body.

Most of us have known you long; all of us long enough to appreciate those strong personal and public virtues which have enabled you to wield, socially and politically, a power in Massachusetts and national politics superior to that held by any man among us who has not been in the exercise of high public functions. You have illustrated the fact, that an earnest, indefatigable, independent man, by the power of his will, the vigor of his brain, and the magnetism of his friendship, may influence to a very large degree the action of men, who, being more ambitious of personal distinction, have attained much higher public station. For twenty years past, you have done more than any other man to hold together, to concentrate, to inspire, the reformatory public sentiment of this Commonwealth, and to lead it on to victory. Your counsel has been sought by governors and senators, and seldom disregarded except to their loss; while to the humbler members of the party of progress you have been an invaluable guide, philosopher, and friend. We know perfectly well, that, at least up to a very recent period, you have been one of the best-abused men in the community. Your habit of denying theories which were supposed to be well established, of giving hospitality to unpopular doctrines, of exposing prevailing fallacies, and of deriding the omnipresent and innumerable humbugs of the day, have made your name a bugbear to the ignorant. But you have outlived all this. You have beaten down, by sheer force of character, all opposition; and now, hard upon sixty years of age as you are, you are as young as the youngest, and more useful than the most useful, man among us.

We honor you for your public virtues, and for your private

qualities we hold you in the warmest affection. Yours has not been "a fugitive and cloistered virtue," nor has radicalism made you an ascetic. Good-fellowship has been in you most admirably joined to steadfastness of purpose, and earnestness of principle; and, although you have liberally scattered, we rejoice to see everywhere about us, in doors and out, that you have as liberally increased. We rejoice in your worldly prosperity; we congratulate you on all the happy circumstances of your lot, — on the love of wife and children, the loyalty of friends, the respect of all men who know you, and whose respect is valuable; and we ask you to accept of this gift[1] as a token of our love, to be kept as a memorial of this occasion, and handed down to your posterity as an heir-loom, to tell your children and your children's children of that high degree of appreciation and love with which "Frank Bird" was held by all who knew him.

THE BIRD CLUB IN 1860.

You must know, now, that there are two sets of dinner-eaters at Parker's every Saturday. The radicals attend "Bird's dinners," and the anti-radicals the other dinners, which have no distinguishing name. This line of distinction is the best I can draw; but it does not, after all, tell the exact truth. The prevailing tone of the Bird dinner is anti-Banks and pro-Seward; yet I know some strong friends of the governor[2] who attend them, and others who do not assent to the expressions of hostility to the governor which are frequently heard there. On the other hand, several cordial haters of his Excellency, and some radicals of an intense character, frequent the other table. When I say that a subscription-paper in aid of any radical and ultra antislavery movement would be pretty certain to be carried to Mr. Bird's party first, and would obtain a more cordial reception there, if not more money, than at the other place, I perhaps best express the difference between the two parties. The gov-

[1] A silver service. [2] N. P. Banks.

ernor frequently attends the anti-radical dinner. Senator Wilson, who is cosmopolitan in his tastes, visits both, but, I think, prefers the radical set. John A. Andrew is a regular attendant upon Mr. Bird's party.

[From Diary of Feb. 27, 1865.]

DEAR SIR, — Saturday next will be March 4, — Inaguration Day. We should be happy to see you, with such friends as you think would enjoy the gathering, at Young's Hotel, at half-after two o'clock.

Yours truly,

F. W. BIRD.

Tickets, two dollars, paid to the servant on entering the hall.

About thirty of us were present, — Dr. Estes Howe at the head of the table, Gov. Andrew on the right. Among others present were F. W. Bird, Gen. Oliver (State Treasurer), two colonels, Adin Thayer, William Stowe, Charles W. Story, Edward L. Pierce, Coffin ("Carleton" of "The Journal"), William L. Burt, J. M. Day, Charles W. Slack, S. R. Urbino, Elizur Wright, James M. Shute, &c. We congratulated each other on Sumner's resistance to the Louisiana Bill, and its success. Bird showed me a letter from Sumner, in which he says it is whispered that the bill and the proposition to make a bust of Taney may be hitched to the Appropriation Bill; and he significantly adds, "If that is done, the Appropriation Bill will not pass." He told the President, "Mr. President, this bill ought not to pass, and it shall not pass."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton dined at Young's with Mr. Bird and his club once in 1868. I don't know whether there is any thing very extraordinary in this; at any rate, there ought not to be. Women are very interesting people for men to dine or breakfast with. I do not attach any particular significance to Mrs. Stanton's presence at the dinner at Young's, and am not sure even that it indicates any new light on the question of woman's suffrage; but I am sure that the company of intelligent ladies is the most pleasant company intelligent men can have, and *vice versa*.

I have never yet seen or heard of any Boston club or society so powerful in its influence (taking its history for twenty or twenty-five years together) as the Bird Club. And this is not even a "club." It is not a secret order, or an open order, or order of any sort. It never had an officer, or a record, or a treasury, or a committee, or a membership, more than custom, not very strict, gave it.

ANSON BURLINGAME.

The first time I saw "Massa Ansongame" (as the colored man called him, in his hurried ejaculations of joy over his election at the time Mr. Appleton came so near defeating him) was in 1848. He was in his office in the old State-house building, — an office in which he pretended to practise law, but in which the clients he met were mostly the young and enthusiastic Free-Soilers of that day. It is just twenty years since E. R. Hoar and others sent out that queer circular summoning the anti-Taylor men to Worcester to organize. I mention Judge Hoar's name because he was the author of the circular. We got together under that call to oppose Taylor, because he was "not a Whig." I wrote many a column in "The Lowell Courier" before the nomination, and in "The Boston Whig" after it, to prove that Taylor was no Whig, and therefore that it was no part of the duty of a Whig to support him. After the nomination of Van Buren, if I remember rightly, less emphasis was placed upon *that* argument; and it would have been much more candid at the outset to acknowledge that our purpose was to break up the party which had shown itself incompetent to deal with the living questions of the day. Burlingame was the favorite young orator of the party; while S. C. Phillips, Charles Allen, Henry Wilson, and C. F. Adams, did the heavy work. Sumner was more sought after than all the others, attaining to such popularity among the rank and file, that they insisted on his nomination for the Senate. The coalition only two or three years after defeated the Whigs, and took the State out of their hands.

Anson got into the Senate from Middlesex, and gave offence to some of his Free-Soil constituents — indeed, to nearly all of them — by opposing the prohibitory liquor law. In 1853 he made his appearance as a carpet-bagger from Northborough in the Constitutional Convention. Hallett carried his bag to Gill, Boutwell to Berlin, Sumner to Marshfield, Dana to Manchester, Griswold to Erving, Alvord to Montague; and so on. I cannot say that carpet-bagging in this case was a success. If these men had all been kept at home, we should probably have had a better constitution, or, at any rate, one less likely to meet with opposition.

Some of us used to laugh at his speeches; but they were wonderfully effective to the ear; and no man was so popular in Faneuil Hall or in the country towns as he, except Sumner, who was infinitely stronger, and very eloquent too, twenty years ago. Burlingame made no great headway in the Senate or in the Constitutional Convention. When the coalition went down, in 1853, Wilson, Banks, Burlingame, and a lot of others who had no visible means of support except by politics, were almost in despair. The temptation to take up Know-Nothingism was too strong for them; and, after providing for Gardner by making him governor, Banks and Burlingame took a couple of the congressional seats, and Wilson the senatorship, dividing the spoils with such rubbish as I need not name. Wilson's activity saved him; Banks's imposing voice and manner persuaded the people that he was indispensable; and Burlingame went in on his luck. John L. Swift used to say, "The difference between Burlingame and Wilson is that Burlingame never gets up, and Wilson never goes to bed;" and so our young orator went to Congress from a tough and difficult district, and kept there three successive terms.

It seemed that luck failed him in 1860; but he was defeated only to become minister to China, and then ambassador to the world: and so, instead of having Judge Russell to deliver his eulogy, and a lot of his old political advocates for his pall-bearers, he has Dr. Peabody and Dr. Briggs and

Mr. Winthrop, two of whom never knew him, and the third of whom hated him with the utmost cordiality. Such is the sad penalty of greatness. But we shall all remember Burlingame as a thoroughly good fellow, a man who did yeoman service in the good cause, and, after all, a man of real diplomatic skill. Few men did so good service on the stump; and I know of no member of Congress from this State, who, amidst temptations to swerve him from the antislavery path, was truer than he, while many of them have fallen far short of him. He was never found wanting when the vote came; and though I think we have always had half a dozen better speakers in this State than Burlingame, yet his speeches were always full of the right spirit. The old antislavery men and Free-Soilers are fast dropping away. John R. Manley, the fast friend, confidant, and stay of Theodore Parker, has died; Dr. Swan, candidate for governor in 1857 of those Republicans who were too "straight" for Banks, is also gone; and so is William Walker of Pittsfield, the truest and best man in Berkshire, without fear and without reproach.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

B. G. Northrop, who was Boutwell's assistant in the office of the Board of Education, has written an article in "The Independent," the first paragraph of which resembles the sonorous style of Johnson. "Among the sons of toil," says Northrop, "are many minds gifted by nature, yet dispirited by their hard lot and meagre opportunities. With their tendency to despondency, they need encouragement. To such minds the story of those who have risen from humble life to positions of influence and usefulness may give a healthful stimulus, without awakening visionary aspirations. Such, in my judgment, is the history of George S. Boutwell."

I doubt whether Mr. Ballou or Col. Wright could find any thing better than this, if they should turn bottom upwards a second barrel of old editorials. I have seen nothing finer since I read the opening chapter of "Rasselas:" "Listen

to the story of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." The beauty of this is, that it is written for the "youthful readers" of "The Independent." "My duties," says Northrop, "are much with the young, as well as for the young. For twenty years it has been my privilege to address, on an average, over thirty thousand children annually. I long ago learned that youth need inspiration, even more than instruction;" and so on. "My duties," on the other hand, are much with the middle-aged; and for the benefit of old birds, who are not caught with chaff, let me reconstruct some portions of this biographer's account of the secretary, with such aid as my own memory and my own sources of information — much better, by the way, than Mr. Northrop's — have given me; and, as I am confident (as I have been all along) that the secretary of the treasury will be Wilson's successor, this may help to make up the inevitable chapter of biography which all enterprising newspapers now feel bound to print when a distinguished man dies, or is elected to office.

Mr. Boutwell was born in the town of Brookline, Mass., in January, 1818. His father was Mr. Sewell Boutwell, who represented Lunenburg in the Constitutional Convention in 1853; and George was in a store in Lunenburg from the age of thirteen to that of seventeen. This brings him to the year 1835, when he entered a store in Groton; and, as clerk and partner, he staid there many years. That he improved his time and opportunities there we need not doubt. His privations do not seem to have been any thing so great as those of Henry Wilson, driven by stress of absolute poverty from Farmington to Natick; but otherwise the story is not unlike that of Wilson, and it is that of hundreds of thousands of other boys and young men just as good as either of them. In "schooling" he must have had superior advantages to those enjoyed by Wilson; for he studied Latin "under Dr. A. B. Bancroft," whom he appointed physician to the Chelsea Marine Hospital four or five years ago, thus showing his gratitude, although increasing the bills of mor-

tality of that institution, which had been previously well managed by Dr. J. W. Graves of Lowell. I mean his gratitude to both doctors; for, while Bancroft had taught the secretary Latin, Graves had been a most faithful friend and supporter in politics. Probably, in a doubtful case of this nature, Boutwell felt under necessity of giving the place to the one who was likely to carry out his economical system by discouraging the introduction of new patients *pro rata* with the increase of the death-rate before mentioned.

He was a politician early, being actively for Van Buren in 1840. I find, by referring to Butler's "History of Groton," that that town gave a hundred and eighty-five Whig and a hundred and seventy-three Democratic votes in that year. The year before, however, it gave a hundred and ninety-eight Democratic and only a hundred and twenty-two Whig votes; and as far back as 1835, when Boutwell made his appearance in Groton, the vote was a hundred and thirty Whig and sixty-eight Democratic. This confirms the old accounts I used to hear of Groton politics from such men as Jack Graves (the butcher), John Boynton, John C. Park, and others, that Boutwell had gradually organized the Democratic party, which was, when he went there, scattered in the outskirts, — those groggy Alsatias, of which at that time Groton had its full share, — and had brought them together under his skilful leadership, and half the years, at least, successfully contested the field with the aristocratic old set who had ruled it so long.

In 1842–44, 1847–50, he was in the House of Representatives. Here he got that practice in debate which is his best talent. "He has trained himself to think on his legs." There have been in our legislature but very few better debaters. Rantoul must have been his superior; for, with equal readiness "on his legs," he had a much finer mind, and much greater fertility of illustration. Seven years in the House of Representatives, in perpetual contest with such men as the Whigs used to send there, was a better school for a young politician than a man is often lucky

enough to get; and it is no great wonder, that, when 1850 came, he was, on the whole, the most promising candidate of his party for governor. This was the time of all others, also, for a rising man. Boutwell had never been aught but an old-line Democrat, — a thorough party hack, flinching not at Texas annexation, nor at the denial of the right of petition, but, of course, keeping his eyes open to the advance of that party, which, in 1839, cast 307 votes (denominated scattering); in 1840, cast 1,081 for Mr. George W. Johnson; in 1841, cast 3,488 for Mr. Lucius Boltwood; in 1842, cast 6,382 for Mr. Samuel E. Sewall; and so on up to 1849, when it had advanced Mr. Sewall's vote to 9,193, and which, the next year, had nominated Stephen C. Phillips, and given to him 36,000 votes. This last vote must have admonished Boutwell that there was a force in politics stronger than the old Mortonized-Sam.-C.-Allen-Whitmarsh-and-Rantoul Democracy. It did not make him a Free-Soiler; but it made him willing to receive Free-Soil votes. Indeed, he was never a bigot on such a question as this. No close-communion theories, no strictness of ecclesiastical organization, ever got mixed with that free, catholic open-mindedness which characterized him as a political man. Was there ever a candidate for office, indeed, who ever scrutinized very closely the creed or other qualifications of those who seemed inclined to support him? In this respect, Boutwell was like all other men.

He was not averse to "the coalition." The formula of William Jackson (one of the best of men, though he announced this doctrine in offensive phrase), that "it will not do to be too perpendicular for the sake of principle," found ready assent in him, as in Wilson, Banks, and most of the other Democratic and Free-Soil leaders. Of course, I cannot tell the story of the coalition. It elected Boutwell governor; though he had only some 43,000 popular votes, to 60,000 or more for the Whigs, and 36,000 for the Free-Soilers. My figures are from memory, and may more nearly apply to his second year; but they are not much out

of the way. His inaugural was short, timid, and feeble, containing an old-fashioned protest against meddling with slavery or resisting the Fugitive-slave Law, and some platitudes in favor of freedom generally, and the restriction of slavery to its old boundaries. Mr. Sumner was chosen senator with great difficulty, and on the twenty-sixth ballot. The next year the game was successfully repeated, as far as Boutwell was concerned. The great event of his second year was the passage of the first Maine Liquor Law. The governor vetoed it because it did not provide for the approval or disapproval of the people at the polls by secret ballot. The two houses then passed it without submitting the question in any form; and he signed it: at which there was a great laugh, and a general expression of contempt. Otherwise his administration was a prudent, successful, and creditable one.

Among his appointments was that of Thomas Russell as Judge of the Police Court of Boston, and Caleb Cushing as Justice of the Supreme Court. Being an ultra devotee of the proslavery interest, Cushing's nomination was very unacceptable to the Free-Soilers; and the Council, which had a majority of Free-Soilers, determined to reject it. Five minutes before the vote was taken, one of the Free-Soil councillors, who was opposed to Cushing, was called into the ante-room; and when he got back the roll was called, and Cushing was confirmed by one vote.

To maintain their power, and to reform the Constitution, the coalition resolved on a convention; and the people called it in the fall of 1852, though they elected Clifford governor at the same time. Boutwell was unexpectedly beaten in Groton by John C. Park, but got in afterward from one of the rotten boroughs, — the town of Berlin. Mr. Northrop says, "Mr. Choate was his leading opponent." There were plenty of Whigs there who had more influence than Mr. Choate, and some coalitionists who were not less influential than Boutwell. It is true that he spoke well, took and maintained a leading position, and made an able

answer to Choate's speech on the district-system. Nobody, except, perhaps, Mr. Dana, showed a better talent for debate. Butler appeared here to better advantage than ever before or since. Sumner and old Gov. Morton also defended an equal system of representation; but Boutwell, Wilson, Griswold, and the rotten-borough men, carried their point, though the people rejected their work, and three or four years after, by general consent, decided that Sumner, Morton, and Choate were right. Boutwell, who went for abolishing the life-tenure of the judiciary (the best thing he did there), was strong for the secret ballot, and was useful in matters of form and detail. When the Constitution was rejected, his condition was not quite so wretched and abject as that of Wilson. Pierce had been chosen President, and Boutwell had never forfeited his position in the Democratic party. He applied for the office of postmaster of Boston, but did not get it. In 1854 he wrote a brief letter, objecting to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and then waited for events.

Northrop says he was "a leader in the organization of the Republican party of Massachusetts." This is a mistake. He was not heard of in that organization at all — certainly not in any place of prominence — in 1854–57. These were the years which witnessed the struggle for the formation of the party. He appeared as a candidate for office again, however, in 1858, three years after the Republicans had passed through the Know-Nothing *imbroglio*, two years after they had given Frémont the vote of the State by an immense majority, and one year after Gardner himself had been sent into retirement; and by this time the party may be said to have been tolerably well upon its legs. He was beaten by Mr. Train, and had to wait a while longer. Mr Lincoln then gave him the office of commissioner of revenue. He got into Congress afterward, and, in 1866, was made secretary of the treasury.

His biographer truly says that no other man living in the State has held so many offices. This is a tribute to his ability

and usefulness as a public man; for no man ever had fewer personal friends. Cold, selfish, intellectual, he never did any thing for anybody upon any spasm of impulse, or freak of generosity. As a treasurer, he has the same talent which made him successful as a grocer, and since as a farmer. The story goes that Gen. Grant appointed A. T. Stewart to the treasury department because he had heard of his wonderful success in organizing the biggest dry-goods house in America. This experiment failing, he tried Boutwell on the strength of a conversation with him, in which Boutwell told him that one year he sold thirty-five bushels of chestnuts off his Groton farm. If he could not have the great organizer, he would take the small economizer. The secretary is an honest man pecuniarily, a just man in all the ordinary relations of life. In 1853 he was an ultra state-rights, city-rights, town-rights man: now he represents the idea of centralization and consolidation, and has no scruple as to the constitutionality of measures, provided they seem necessary to subserve what he deems the general welfare, and tend to keep the treasury full and the debt from increasing, no matter whether the people are crushed by unnecessary and unequal taxation, or relieved from it.

N. P. BANKS.

N. P. Banks's early life is lost in the dim mystery of tradition; for his history as a machinist and bobbin-boy is a doubtful legend, for the most part manufactured for campaign-purposes. I do not mean by this that he did not work in the shop and factory; but he did not hurt himself with work. The story that he liked to travel to Cambridge to borrow books is much more likely. He was early on the Democratic side; got into the Custom House early; and, before 1842, edited the Democratic paper in Lowell a while. He was poor, and, I have been told, used to walk home from Lowell to Waltham on Saturday, and to Lowell again on Monday. It is said that he also edited a paper in Woburn; but he had no talent for editorial work, nor for the bar,

although he studied law, and appeared in one or two cases. Waltham was a Whig place in those days, and did not favor Banks's attempt to get into the legislature: it defeated him once or twice; but at last he was chosen to the House, and from that time he never failed to carry a majority of the Waltham voters.

I do not remember the precise circumstances of his first election to Congress; but it was, if not directly, yet substantially, by a union of Free-Soilers and Democrats, and, I believe, as some sort of a compensation for Democratic support to Dr. Palfrey, then a Free-Soil candidate in a neighboring district. The coalition found him ready to co-operate in overthrowing the Whigs. When John Quincy Adams died, in 1848, as Banks marched on foot at the funeral, while the old Whig magnates rode in the carriages, he said to his neighbor, — blaspheming, I fear, at the same time, — "By and by you and I will ride in these carriages, and these fellows will go on foot as we do now." And so it was.

We come now to 1854. The Know-Nothing had a dread of the politicians, especially of the Democratic politicians who had received office by Irish support. They were over-reached by the nomination of Gardner, a Whig of no very high reputation. Wilson had made himself useful to them, and they were grateful and friendly to him. But Banks — well, no; on the whole, no. The Rev. Lyman Whiting, an Orthodox clergyman of proved hostility to the Pope, was preferred in the secret conclave; as, in other districts, Rev. Mark Trafton, Rev. Robert B. Hall, Damrell, Comins, Chaffee, Davis, and other enemies of the scarlet woman, had also been successful. DeWitt of Worcester, and Anson Burlingame, were the only politicians of any repute who passed the ordeal, if I remember rightly. Banks was, the morning after, in a desperate strait, — poor, and with the certainty of losing his seat in Congress. But the Rev. Mr. Whiting was induced to withdraw his claim. Banks, though he probably never placed himself on record, gave the coun-

cils in his district to understand that the Pope would have no quarter from him; and he was allowed to return to Washington.

I believe he supported Rockwell in 1855; and in 1856 he and Wilson, for the sake of forming a sectional party on Frémont and Dayton, crammed Gardner down for the third year, with additional blasphemy. The next year, Banks swore himself through *against* Gardner; served three years as governor, exhibiting on an excellent field again his talents as a histrion. He promptly acceded to the request of the legislature to remove Judge Loring, and vetoed three bushel-baskets full of parchment-rolls, containing the revision of the statutes, because the word "white" had been struck out of the militia chapter. At the end of the term, and all through his term, he was praised for great "executive ability;" but carpers and doubters never saw wherein it consisted. In the fall of 1860 he went to Illinois, receiving an offer of seven thousand dollars a year from Mr. Osborn of the Illinois Central, who wanted him as a star actor before the legislature of the State, and for other purposes. When the war broke out, he offered himself to the government, served patriotically and to the best of his ability during the war, and, at its close, found his old district trying to select a man in place of Mr. Gooch, who had resigned to take a more lucrative place in the Custom House. The choice was between J. Q. A. Griffin and James M. Stone. Banks appeared like a spectre, and took away the nomination from both.

Banks's talent is histrionic. His skill as a presiding-officer exhibits this talent, which may, perhaps, be styled a genius for being looked at. His presence of mind seldom fails him; his voice is always rich, and in good order; and his vocabulary easily arranges itself into sentences which mean little or nothing, though I have known his words, by accident, to fall into their proper connections, and to convey sense as well as information. He is not a warm-hearted person, and was never known to go out of his way an inch to confer a favor on a friend or supporter, unless another

and a greater favor was expected at a future period. I have spoken of his general success in whatever he undertakes; but I think his essays in the editorial and legal professions are exceptions to the rule. For a short time he had charge of "The Lowell Advertiser, or Patriot," a Democratic paper; but I could never discover any remarkable ability in it at that time. He was born for a talker, not a writer. As a stump-speaker on the Democratic side, he early had a high rank; and he has maintained it to this time. Few men appear better on the political platform. I do not think he is a great worker or a deep student. He is a man of intuitions, rather than of study and contemplation. His decisions as presiding-officer never seemed to be the result of research into precedents: he decided according to the exigency, and trusted to find the reasons and precedents afterward, and always succeeded. It is common to speak of his great and unrivalled success as a politician. It does not seem to me to have been very great. His merit as a presiding-officer made him speaker of the House of Representatives two years, and president of the Constitutional Convention of 1853. The same quality made him speaker of the United-States House, at a time when his peculiar political position — one-third Democrat, one-third American, and one-third Republican — pointed him out as the available man. The friendship of the Free-Soilers, won by his own tendency toward liberal principles, gave him a seat in Congress. But his Americanism, on the whole, has been the great blunder of his life, although by it he was chosen governor. It was contrary to the principles of his youth, and the principles he had always professed; and no man can disregard these with impunity.

Banks is a man of the people, and it cannot be denied that he is a *live* man: he was a "bobbin-boy" in his youth, and has been "bobbin' around" ever since. His good luck is equal to Guy's, in Emerson's poem: —

> "Early or late, the falling rain
> Arrived in time to swell his grain;

Stream could not so perversely wind,
But corn of Guy's was there to grind;
The siroc found it on its way
To speed his sails, to dry his hay;
And the world's sun seemed to rise
To drudge all day for Guy the Wise."

EX-MAJOR-GEN. B. F. BUTLER IN 1871.

Gen. Butler represents as well as any man in the country that worst — I might almost say that only vicious — principle of our present affairs, — the tendency toward personal government, instead of a government of politics. This tendency has grown up since the Rebellion was over. Eldest born of Shoddy, by War, it will die, by and by, no doubt; but meanwhile it is lusty and vigorous, and disgustingly healthy. For a man of such immense intellectual ability and vitality, he is the greatest piece of folly known to American politics. He has lost within the last four or five years about all he gained during the five or six years before that. Hardly any man has been so befriended by circumstances and the course of events. His radical positions on antislavery questions during the war, — i.e., after he got over the notion that it was his duty to keep the peculiar institution alive in Maryland, — his hanging of Mumford, his vigorous administration of affairs at New Orleans, his generally consistent course on reconstruction, the hatred with which he was endowed by the rebel leaders and the copperheads, all helped him in the outset. This gave him an election to Congress without a struggle, and in spite of some theories which shocked the conservatives of Massachusetts. But in Congress he has been a mere sensationalist and gladiator; and, during the vacations, he has done nothing but make speeches without rhyme or reason. Butler lives for a day and a minute, for a city, town, or ward, not for a people and for all time. In a word, he has no sense, and I fear he never will have. This is sure to be regretted, because he has at bottom a good many good notions. He is a radical, and always was. He is never blinded by fallacies unless he chooses to be. He is

never intellectually cheated, however willing he may be intellectually to cheat other men.

If Butler were an honest-minded and unselfish man, and with even a reasonable degree of sensationalism, he would be immensely useful in this country. "The Newburyport Herald" tries to make him the leader of the new Republican departure. No person is so unfit for such a leadership, or for any leadership. "Press where you see his white plume shine," quotha? It is impossible to press after it. It is in one part of the field this minute, and in another part next; one moment dashing against enemies, and the next moment against friends, and the next hiding itself in some intrigue about a corporalship, to the utter disregard of how the battle goes, whether for or against them. What revenue reformer could trust and ride after such a man? what labor reformer? what temperance reformer? what radical of any sort? As a governor, if you can imagine him elected, he would propose two absurd things for every good one; compel the laughter of the people, and opposition of the legislature; multiply dead-locks and permanent quarrels; and finally retire at his year's end with unanimous consent, or defeat which should be memorable as that of the Paris commune itself.

"WARRINGTON'S" REPLY TO BUTLER.

The "personal collision," hand to hand, which Gen. Butler says he had with me some "twenty-five years ago," was just this. I think it was in 1842 that I had reported for "The Lowell Courier" (of which I was the assistant editor) a very scaly and disreputable trick by which Butler had got a criminal released from the prisoner's dock in Concord court-house.[1] I had returned to my post, and was one day sitting at my table, writing, when Butler entered, and asked who wrote the report. I told him I wrote it. He asked me if I would retract. I replied, that, if he would satisfy me that I

[1] See Appendix C.

had made any misstatement, I would correct it. That did not content him; and he again demanded to know if I would retract. "Certainly not," said I. Whereupon, I being still seated at my desk, and he standing beside me, he brought down his hand, and, striking my spectacles, knocked them upon the floor. Whereupon Col. Schouler, editor of "The Courier," who had been standing by, an amazed listener, turned Butler out of the office. To do him justice, he was not reluctant to go: on the contrary, his evolutions toward the door, and down the stairs into the street, were performed with a celerity which gave rise to the impression that he feared the colonel's boot would re-enforce the order to quit. The city laughed about the account which we gave of the "collision." Everybody said it was characteristic of Butler; and I never supposed it would be used to point a moral in relation to "The Springfield Republican's" hostility to him. I doubt, indeed, whether any one connected with that paper ever heard of the "collision" before: so it could not have contributed to the general's unpopularity in that office.

As for me, — why, I have suffered for years under the reputation of being "a Butler man." Butler and I were elected to the legislature, ten years after this occurrence, on the same ticket. I remember it well; for he was a dreadful load for the party to carry. "The New-York Nation" twitted me with supporting Butler when he was elected to Congress; and indeed it was on this very account that I came near quarrelling with my friend Gen. Hawley, whose paper, "The Hartford Courant," I partially had charge of in the fall of 1868. I told Hawley he ought to let the Massachusetts Republicans fight their own battles and manage their own affairs. No: he insisted on pronouncing against Butler. He said he was a demagogue. "Well, everybody knew that." — "He was a blackguard." — "Of course he was." — "He was a scamp and a disorganizer generally." I could not deny it. But still I insisted, that, if Essex County wanted him, it ought to be allowed to take him; and on the whole, if he could be confined there, so much the better for us generally throughout the State.

This is not the only time I have suffered on Butler's account. One year we asked him to preside at the Republican State Convention. I was not guilty in this more than others; but, as I was secretary of the committee, I was blamed for it. Meeting Gov. Andrew one day on Tremont Street, he, after "passing the time o' day," asked rather gruffly why the committee had invited "that scoundrel Butler" to preside. I gave some excuse, and added, "You know, governor, that we invited you; but you declined." — "Well," said he with an emphatic sort of grunt, "if I had supposed you would have been fools enough to ask Butler, I would have accepted." I respected his honest, well-grounded, intelligent opinion, and did not press mine upon him any further.

So in the legislature, when an election for major-general of the militia took place, and the "conservatives" were trying to defeat Butler for his radicalism by running Gen. Bartlett, I did what I could for the former; and, whatever may be the opinion of military authorities in relation to Big Bethel and Fort Fisher, nobody can deny, that, as was said of one of our former governors, "he did well at Concord." I know of no man who carries on a fight where they fire only powder better than Butler.[1] So I have never regretted the support I gave him for the major-generalship: and he was apparently very grateful for it, and acknowledged the favor by a neat letter and a present; I can hardly call it a handsome one, it being merely his *photograph*. Butler can hardly make out a connection between the "collision" thirty years ago or so and "The Republican's" hostility to him. He succeeds, however, quite as well as in most of his attempts at a logical solution of the mystery which surrounds the opposition of the press to his nomination. Indeed, there is no mystery in it to the "average" mind. Butler is simply a political and social nuisance; and that is all there is about him.

[1] He is the only one of our generals who has been so lavish of his powder as to fire it by the *shipload*.

BUTLER AS JUDGE AND EXECUTIONER OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.[1]

"Judge and executioner," — this is in accordance with Butler's own notions as to the functions he expects to perform when he is elected governor of the Commonwealth. Heretofore these functions have been kept distinct: the legislature has made the laws, the judge has tried and passed sentence, and the sheriff has hanged the culprit. But what is the Constitution to Butler? If he is to be "judge and executioner" of a party, why not of a State government? and, if judge and executioner, why not legislator also? This whole theory of Butler's fitness for the governorship is built up on his supposed fitness for dealing with turbulent communities. He did well at New Orleans: so he will do well here. He executed Mumford: so he will have a drumhead court-martial in the anteroom of the Council Chamber. He helped frame the reconstruction acts for the government of the Ku-Klux: so he will govern the million and a half respectable people of Massachusetts quietly. Very well. When the people of this Commonwealth are willing to acknowledge that they are like the rebels of New Orleans and the Ku-Klux of Georgia, they may be willing to ask for Butler's great executive powers as a ruler over them; but not before. And let the laboring-men beware lest they get more than they have bargained for in this man. He is not, like one of the *sans-culottes* of Paris, ready to lead a mob of prostitutes and ruffians to the sacking of rich men's houses, but (as he says) the owner of a major part of the stock in one corporation and of part of another, and an enemy of strikes, who (to come back to Phillips) simply proposes to be "judge and executioner" of the Republican party.

This is all; and this is precisely what I have said heretofore when I have traced his connection with the conspiracy

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[1] "The Republican party knows that its judge and executioner has come." — WENDELL PHILLIPS *at Salisbury Beach, Sept.* 14.

of 1870. Read Phillips's speech. It confirms every word that I have said as to that event, and more. It has wider bearings than last year. Mr. Richard Spofford introduced the orator at Salisbury, styling him "Gov. Butler." Who is Mr. Spofford? Always and now a Democrat. More than half Butler's caucuses are made up of members of that party and of Phillips men. Not even a gathering of gentlemen and ladies at a family party like the Salisbury-beach festival, a party to which such men as Gov. Claflin, and Gov. Weston of New Hampshire, and John Quincy Adams, were invited (who, if they had been present, would have been grossly insulted by the ruffianism of the speeches), is free from this raid of Butlerites. They are the crowd come to view the hanging. The flower of Essex, the beauty and literary skill of Newburyport and Beverly and Salem, gather at Salisbury Beach, while the clown, as in Shakspeare's play, says, "Awake, Master Barnardine! get up and be hanged." "Behold, Master Republican Party, your judge and executioner!"

Well, we were summoned to be hanged last year; but, like Barnardine, we said, "Go away, you rogue!" and we got a reprieve for a twelvemonth. The clown himself proposed to hang us then; and finally, when he concluded to let us off, he notified us that there would be a more peremptory hangman in 1871. And the grim Butler appears. He says, that, when elected governor, he will "execute the laws;" and it seems that he imagines his oath of office comprehends an execution of *all* the men who make the laws, as well as the laws themselves. For every rumseller who is jugged in Sheriff Clark's jail, a Republican officeholder is to be trussed up. The whole party is to be made an example of; and a hundred thousand voters, more or less, are to "flash their ivories in Surgeons' Hall" as soon as Jack Ketch has done his perfect work on them. Phillips is to listen to the last wail of the condemned; and when he hears that the Republican party is dead and buried, "and that the people have strangled the press in one hand and the moneyed corpo-

rations in the other," he says he "shall say Amen, so be it; glory to God!" and, after this pious ejaculation, he will go home and revamp his lecture on "the Lost Arts," including the art of printing among these old and discredited humbugs.

Well, all this balderdash and Butlerdash of Wendell Phillips is by no means without a meaning. I have already shown that the Butler movement of 1871 is but a second and enlarged and larger-papered and more widely-margined edition of the Butler-Phillips movement of 1870. I have quoted already what Phillips said before the election of 1871: "I will step aside next year, and show you a real governor." I have requoted the European maxim, changed to suit the modern exigency, "Scratch Phillips, and you find Butler beneath." They mean the same thing. Phillips is trying to kill the Republican party from the outside; Butler, from the inside. Phillips adores Butler, and thinks him a greater man than John A. Andrew, or, indeed, than any governor since Samuel Adams, simply because he has found out that Butler hates the Republican party quite as bitterly as he hates it, and has even more power to injure it. Phillips has hated the newspapers for thirty years; yet he let them run over him rough-shod in 1870: but Butler means to strangle them, and there an end. The voice is to be the only medium of communication with the public. I know now why Frank Bird is so odious. He is a paper-maker! "Contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill," O Bird! Let Alexander Rice beware! And all these venal thirty-dollar-a-month scribblers, like "Warrington," — why, sentence is to be passed on them at once. "Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck!" The great point, however, is the slaughter of the party. Both of these men mean to destroy it. *From the day Butler entered it, he has worked for its destruction.* It is needless to recapitulate or to do more than allude to his abuse of, including personal insults toward, Gen. Grant; his betrayal of Dawes, the Massachusetts candidate for speaker; his

attempted bargain in relation to the chairmanship of the most important committee; his desire to supplant Senator Wilson, — acts which are well known here, but are ten times better known in Washington and in New York and the West, where there is very much greater cause for the "strangling" of the press than there is here.

The three men in this country who have brought most discredit on America in Europe (says a distinguished gentleman just returned from the other side) are Pendleton, Jim Fisk, and Ben Butler; and he might have added, that these three men have brought more discredit upon America among Americans themselves than any other three men. It is not possible to exaggerate the mischief which Butler has brought to the party which he now professes a desire to reform and rehabilitate. What sent Missouri over to the Democracy? — temporarily perhaps, but long enough to elect Blair to the Senate. What has kept the great and enlightened State of New York out of Republican hands for the last three years? What has lost us the South? That demoralization and corruption of politics, that irresistible gravitation (thus far) to personal government as against the government of law or political ethics, of which Butler is the most complete representative, take him all in all, in the whole country. If he should be nominated for governor of this Commonwealth, no honest man could rejoice except those extreme optimists who think with Emerson that government is a succession of felonies, and magistrates a succession of felons, and whose hopes of ultimate good rest in the streaming through of some irresistible tendency which is to make things all right by and by.

"WARRINGTON'S" LIFE OF BUTLER IN 1871.

Now I will tell you a secret. "Warrington" is collecting materials for a life of Butler. Seventeen Hartford publishing-houses are competing for the job, and thirty presses are now in course of construction for the printing of it. It is to begin at the beginning. Let me give you a choice specimen. He has in his historical researches unearthed an old history

of England (London, 1706), which gives the following suggestive account of one Butler who flourished in the reign of James I. It was written by Arthur Wilson, Esq., a native of Suffolk, an Oxford man, a traveller in Spain, France, &c., with Robert Devereux, the last earl of Essex of that name, and said to have been "perfectly well informed in all the material transactions of King James's reign." In addition to this, let me add, he seems to have been endowed with the gift of prophecy. The first marginal note is Mr. Wilson's; but the others I have supplied.

"There was one Butler, an Irishman (which vaunted himself to be of the house of Ormond), who was a kind of Mountebank, which the Duke and his Mother much confided in. This Butler was first an apprentice to a Cutler in London, and before his time expired, quitted his Master, having a running head, and went to the Burmudaes, where he lived some time as a Servant in the Island; and walking by the Seaside with another of his Companions, they found a great Mass of Ambergreece that the Seas Bounty had cast up to them, which they willingly concealed, meaning to make their best markets of. Butler being a subtle Snap, wrought so with his Companion, with Promises of a Share, that he got Possession of it; and in the next Dutch ship that arrived at the Burmudaes, he shipped himself and his Commodities for Amsterdam, where, having sold his Bargain at a good Rate and made his Credit with his Fellow-Venturer cheap enough, engrossing it all to himself, he came into England, lived in a gallant and noble Equipage, kept a great and Free Table at his Lodgings in the Strand, which were furnished suitable to his Mind, and had his Coach with six Horses with many Footmen attending on him, with as much State and Grandure as if his Greatness had been real. But tho' his Means lasted not to support this long, yet it brought him into great Acquaintance; and being pragmatical in Tongue, and having an active

Butler a Mountebank.

His speculation in Ambergreece.

Butler a Subtle Snap.

His Great State in England.

Becomes Partner in a Distillery?

Pate, he fell to some Distillations, and other odd extracting Practices, which kept him afloat; and some Men thought he had gotten the (long-dream'd-after) Philosopher's Stone; but the best Recipe which he had to maintain his Greatness after his Amber-money fumed and vapour'd away, was suspected to come from his Friends at Whitehall; and the Story of his Death (if it be true) is one great Evidence of some secret Machination betwixt the Duke and him, that the Duke was willing to be rid of him. For Mischief being an Engrosser, is insecure and unsatisfy'd, when their Wares are to be vented in many Shops. Therefore he was recommended upon some plausible Occasion by the Duke's Means (as Fame delivered it) to some Jesuites beyond the Seas, where he was entertained with a great deal of specious Ceremony and Respect in one of their Colleges or Cloysters; and at night they attending him to his Chamber with much Civility, the Chamber being hanged with Tapistry, and Tapers burning in stretch'd-out Arms upon the Walls; and when they gave him the Good-night, they told him they would send one who should direct him to his Lodging; and they were no sooner out of this Room of Death, but the Floor, that hung upon great Hinges on one side, was let fall by Artificial Engines, and the poor Vermin Butler dropp'd into a Precipice where he was never more heard of. That there are such secret Inquisition-Conveyances, of a horrid Nature, is obvious; and such close contrivances may fly up and down upon the Wings of Rumour; but it is impossible to find out the Bottom of such black Pitfals, but with as much danger as those that find the bitter Effects of them. And this was reputed to be the end of Butler."

His Extracting Practices.

Is thought to have gotten the Philosopher's Stone.

The Duke desires to be rid of him.

Entertained by the Jesuites.

"Over the left."

A Fall in Vermin.

The end of Butler —Amen!

Looking further into this volume (which may be found in the Athenæum), I find other traces of the Butlers. For instance, it is related that in 1569, during Elizabeth's reign,

Edward and Peter Boteler (spelt Butler in the index)[1] "after they had insulted their neighbors in Munster, and grew too big to be restrained within the bounds of law," they were imprisoned, but not brought to trial, "as they deserved," saith the historian. "That which went a great way to procure this grace," the historian goes on to say, "was the near relation between them and the queen." It is to be hoped that the "near relation" between our modern Butler and the Washington administration may not prevent the former from being brought to trial "as his offences deserve."

"Warrington" has also seized upon many curious illustrations of Butler's means of gaining his great wealth. I was amused at finding in his manuscript the following quotation from the Book of Jeremiah, which he evidently intends to make some use of as pointing a moral. I believe it is a schedule of the spoil which the Chaldeans got at Jerusalem. I had not supposed your correspondent so familiar with the Hebrew Scriptures.

"Also the pillars of brass that were in the house of the Lord, and the bases, and the brazen sea that was in the house of the Lord, the Chaldeans brake, and carried all the brass of them to Babylon.

"The caldrons also, and the shovels, and the snuffers, and the bowls, and the spoons, and all the vessels of brass wherewith they ministered, took they away.

"And the basins, and the fire-pans, and the bowls, and the caldrons, and the candlesticks, and the spoons, and the cups; that which was of gold in gold, and that which was of silver in silver, took the captain of the guard away."

I interviewed "Warrington" as to his feelings in relation to Butler's frequent notices of him; and he replied, that he felt like saying to the great orator what Mr. Bumble said to Mrs. Bumble concerning her tears: "It opens the lungs,

[1] It is curious, that, while this ancient Butler was known as a *Boteler*, the modern and perhaps more notorious Butler was universally, after certain events in Virginia in 1865, known as the "*Bottled*."

washes the countenance, exercises the eyes, and softens down the temper: so cry away."

BUTLER IN 1873.

The whole history of Butler and Butlerism in the State would be instructive reading. I have very full materials for one; but it is never likely to be called for. Butler has complained, time and again, that he has been made an outlaw from the beginning. He made himself so. I know a man who lived in the same house with him when he was a schoolboy. He told me that he has hated him ever since, because he licked Ben once, and the latter told the master, and got *him* licked. *Always* a coward, he grew up, through a career of impudent pettifogging, into a position of some degree of height in those very discreditable tribunals, the criminal courts. His office was the educator of a pestilent brood of lawyers as base and impudent as himself. The judges allowed him not only to insult the witnesses, but to browbeat and insult *them*. Sharp-sighted and sharp-witted, he was excellent at picking flaws in indictments, and noting exceptions to judicial rulings; so that in "the judicial system," which is a system of hinderances, obstructions, and frauds, he became an important figure. He had great capacity for labor and for organization, and not only moved his own ten pickers and stealers, but after he got into a still wider field of fraud, the civil war, he commanded all the thieving faculties of other men. Of course, such a man became an outlaw. He got to Congress because he performed the part of Jack Ketch on a poor devil of a rebel in New Orleans.

After that he used to say, "You fellows say you mean to keep me localized down in Essex: we'll see about that." So he went for the State in 1871, with Essex all behind him, except a few towns, and a few true men whose courage and whose patience cannot sufficiently be applauded. He was beaten then and in 1873; yet circumstances were very favorable to him, both years. Almost any other man of equal physical and intellectual vigor could have carried the con-

vention either year. He was ass enough to suppose that his own personal ambition and audacity could *compel* a nomination against the deliberate will of a majority of the voters, — deliberated when aroused; and yet, when beaten, he left his friends in the lurch, and returned to Essex to growl over his "localization," to employ his clerks writing notes stabbing below the arm all the men he could reach who had opposed him, and lending himself to all the private quarrels of every town to pay his hired assassins. The roar with which Gloucester itself sprang upon the dead carcass and dismembered it is his recompense. This base man has been the trusted and influential adviser of Gen. Grant in all the matters appertaining to the offices for years past.

What a pitiable delusion the "labor-men," whether skilled or unskilled, day-laborers or mechanics, are in, if they suppose they are to gain any thing but increased taxation and new disabilities and wrongs if the Butler system is to carry the day! Originally, by the emergencies to which a young pettifogger, struggling for a living, is subjected, Butler became a ten-hour man and a labor-reformer. He was as honest in this as it was in his nature to be. He fought the Lowell corporations, agents and overseers, brought suits for the factory-girls, and made speeches in the Lowell City Hall; but, as he rose in position at the bar, his ability and sharpness made him useful to the corporations, and they frequently employed him. He fought hard for the Ten-hour Law in the days of the coalition, and, as he says (though this was *after* Sumner was chosen senator, and Boutwell governor, instead of *before*, as he puts it), Lowell was carried for the coalition ticket in 1852; and the year after he was put on it, and also chosen. I do not remember that he showed any zeal on the subject afterward. At any rate, he was a member of the Senate in 1859, and never lifted his finger or made a motion of any sort on the subject. From being a liberal and progressive Democrat, he about this time became an intense hunker. In the fall of 1859 he ran for

governor as the Democratic candidate, and received 35,326 votes; and this, instead of being the largest vote, as he boasts, was less than Beach received in 1856 and 1858, less than Boutwell received in 1850 and 1851, and Bishop in 1852, and 20,000 or 30,000 less than the Democratic party has received since he left it. In 1860 his hunker tendencies led him to betray Douglas, and sent him finally over to the secession Democracy, whose candidate for governor he became, receiving 6,118 votes. All this was about the time of the re-organization of the Middlesex woollen company in Lowell, by which he became a mill-owner. When the war broke out, he went into that.

Nobody desires to disparage his patriotism or his military services; but it was not very long before he was found appointing as his quartermaster the most notorious jobber in New England, and contriving to throw contracts into the hands of his brothers-in-law and a ring of relatives and political associates. Has he ever since that time, until he conceived the idea of making the international labor movement subservient to his political ambition, shown any sympathy with the labor party? Never. He is the representative, on the other hand, of the piratical and cut-throat system of politics, which is death to the mechanic, because it piles on him accumulating debts, and keeps him down, forever a son of toil, for the benefit of just such base plutocrats. If he is for co-operation, he would start a co-operative theft society; and the protective union would, in his hands, become the independent order of Dick Turpin. It is nothing less than insanity for mechanics to put themselves into his power.

I hear people say he bowed gracefully to the decision of the Worcester Convention. Just as a condemned criminal bows gracefully to the invitation of the hangman to have his arms pinioned and be led out to execution. The ring of necessity was round him. The iron shroud was collapsing, as in the old Blackwood story; and at the stroke of the bell he had only time to fold his arms, utter his last words, and

make an attempt to die with decency. He went out the worst-beaten man that has been known in our political history for years; for the stake for which he played was nothing less than the presidency, and he ignominiously lost it. I do not believe he will ever have half so favorable an opportunity again. One worse, and apparently a final catastrophe, has been added to his long series of failures. The people are against him, and he is against himself. A self-willed egotist, he asks no advice, and takes none when offered. Conscienceless and remorseless in all his public acts, however kind and agreeable in the private relations of life, he must continue to fail until the people of Massachusetts and the United States become as conscienceless and as remorseless as himself. Whatever happens now, Butler is certain, if he lives three or five years longer, to be the best hated and the most justly despised politician in the country. As sure as fate, all this salary-grabbing gang have got to go to the wall, even if another gang of thieves take their places: and they have got to be *pushed* to the wall; for Providence has probably got enough to attend to in a general way, without specially taking care of Massachusetts politics. We have good poetical authority for believing that

> "God hates your sneakin' creturs that believe
> He'll settle things they run away and leave, —
> The sneakin' kind, that sets and thinks for weeks
> The bottom's out of the universe coz their own gill-pot leaks."

If So-and-So, and This, That, and the Other, are for Butler, so much the worse for *them*, not for *us*.

BUTLER'S EPITAPH.

I understand, that, although Butler has drawn his back pay, he feels constrained by public opinion to devote it to some public institution. One of the Lowell banks (being the one he keeps his deposits in) is his present preference; though he thinks favorably of the Middlesex Mills, the Pentucket Navigation Company, the Ballou Boot and Shoe Sewing Machine Company, the Cape Ann Granite Company (or

whatever its name may be), and some others. If he selects the Granite Company, there will be a suitable inscription placed on one of the stones to be used in the enlargement of the Post Office; perhaps this: "I have builded a monument more lasting than (my own) brass."

HENRY WARD BEECHER IN 1864.

Beecher is the greatest stump-speaker we have, as Phillips is the greatest orator. His language is as common and forcible as Cobbett's; his illustrations homely and humorous, and exactly suited to the average abilities of the people. He knows men and women, and always keeps his hearers on good terms with him; and, when he has any thing to say, says it in a way which takes hold of them and carries them along. He says what the people have been saying to themselves, and so flatters them with the idea that they have been thinking wisely all the time. So sometimes he confirms good ideas, and sometimes bad ones. Beecher seems to me to be exceedingly cautious, even cunning, in the use of language. It would be difficult to catch him in the utterance of any heresy, political or religious, even if his prominent position and popularity did not deter the heresy-hunters from pouncing upon him as they did upon his brother Charles. He is a thorough Yankee, loving money as well as the best. He is a wonderful stump-orator. He tells stories and cracks jokes, and oft-times touches the sympathies of his hearers in a masterly way. Beecher is a humorist, and is fully conscious of the fact. Indeed, I doubt whether men often say witty and humorous things by accident, or, at least, without being fully conscious of the wit and humor as soon as the word is spoken. Speaking of Napoleon in one of his lectures, Beecher said he was superior to his rivals, the other kings of Europe; not so good, perhaps, as "an *average good man when he isn't tempted*," but, on the whole, a useful man. What a satire on the whole human family was contained in this humorous hit! Speaking of the swiftness with which we had raised an army of half a million men, he said, "Our

only *military education* heretofore had been once or twice a year to *laugh at the militia.*" What an exquisite idea of a military education!

Beecher treats the question of emancipation with great nonchalance; intimating, that, if the blacks are forty years longer in the wilderness, they may consider themselves well off; while their rebel masters and haters are hardly used if they are kept tramping about forty weeks. Philadelphia (and the great mass of the enlightened people of the country agree with Philadelphia) answers, and says, "We prefer that the white traitors, rather than the black Unionists, shall have their term in the swamps and morasses, and the Tennessee Moses [1] may flounder round with them for aught they care." If Beecher had not been destitute of any acute moral sense, if he had not been a mere sensationalist and a quack, he never could have given utterance to such a sentiment, or to his *quasi* indorsement of the New-Orleans murders. He may make as many jokes as he pleases: the people will never forget such insensibility to the sufferings of the white and black Unionists of the South.

REPRESENTATIVE BUMSTEAD IN 1873.

The office-holding class is as distinct a class as the shoe-and-leather interest, or the railroad interest, or the banking interest, and a great deal more expensive than either of them. Trace the career of one of those mute, inglorious Simpkinses, or, since the war was over, those Bumsteads, guiltless of their foeman's blood. He is the progeny of Free-Soil parents: that seems, in the light of antislavery events of the last twenty-five or thirty years, to be needful, and necessary to be stated. The number of those fathers who cast the first Free-Soil vote in Podunk, or presided at the first antislavery meeting in Snake-hollow Corners, is enormous. The boy grows up; he goes to the village school more or less every year, from the time he is five till the time he is fifteen years old; he

[1] Pres. Johnson.

enters an academy; he works for his board; he goes to the singing-school, and home with the prettiest girl unless cut out by a rival in her affections; he is employed as a teacher; tries conclusions with an unruly boy, and flogs him into submission, thereby getting his first impressions in favor of compulsory education and the Prussian system; joins the Good Templars, and becomes in time the grand cocked-hat of the order; gets him a farm, and raises the prize-cucumber for the annual show; is appointed chairman of the committee on milch steers; studies political economy; is converted to the Stebbins theory of the prohibitory law; believes in forbidding all drinks, except that produced from apple-trees, he having an incipient orchard of that class; is mentioned by partial friends for constable of the town; takes his first oath of office with an emotion not to be described; resolves to become a public man; is soon promoted to the office of school-committee-man; neglects no home duty meanwhile, but raises sturdy boys, pays his taxes without protest or abatement, and contributes an occasional item of news to the county paper; engages after a while as a regular correspondent; becomes interested in antiquarian matters; writes to his uncle in Maine to know if he has any genealogy of the Bumstead family; helps start the public library, and contributes a volume of patent-office reports; rapidly rising in town office all the while, through the various grades, — overseer of the poor, assessor, selectman, and finally representative in the General Court; takes his carpet-bag, makes his way to the State House, seeks an introduction to the sergeant-at-arms, and tells him his history; goes to see the speaker; produces letters recommending him as a suitable man for the railroad, the education, the public charitable, the town, the roads, the judiciary, and the finance committees, — all or any three of them; gets appointed on county estimates; posts up the Podunk statesman on all matters of interest which occur; votes to instruct Senator Wilson, and censure Senator Sumner, and to increase everybody's pay; and goes home, with the approbation of an applauding

conscience, to his summer farming and his autumnal office-seeking. This is the career of several hundred, if not several thousand, fellows who "run" the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, — God save it!

RUFUS CHOATE.

Mr. Choate was certainly a man of genius; one of the few men of genius in political and professional life. This was, after all, the great secret of the liking people had for him. There were other lawyers as learned as he; for instance, Mr. B. R. Curtis, Mr. C. G. Loring, Mr. Sidney Bartlett: there were also others as acute and skilful as he in the trial of causes; for instance, Mr. B. F. Butler and Mr. Otis P. Lord. But these, though men of learning and shrewdness, were not men of genius; especially the first-named class had not this quality. They were not men of whom anecdotes are told; men who say things worth reporting and remembering, poetical things. I have been told, that, when Mr. Choate first came to Boston, the leading lawyers were disposed to prevent him from rising in the world; but they soon had to give way. He raked them all down, to use a vulgarism. The man who came nearest rivalship to him in the field of eloquence was Peleg Sprague, who, soon after 1840, was placed upon the bench of the District Court. Richard Fletcher, one of the most persuasive of men, as well as one of the ablest of jurists, must have been a very formidable antagonist. Mr. Rantoul might have disputed with Mr. Choate the palm of superiority at the bar, — for he was a far greater man in most respects, having the logical faculty and the debating power better developed than almost any Massachusetts man of this century, — but he chose the broader and nobler field of politics. Mr. Choate soon reached the position of acknowledged leader of the bar, and kept it till he died. Although he mingled to some extent in politics and legislation, he never succeeded in these fields. He was a great lawyer, rather a great trier of causes. I am not aware that he ever did any thing toward simplify-

ing or ameliorating the law, or getting rid of its old-world rubbish. He was neither a Brougham nor a Romilly. In his peculiar sphere he was unrivalled; but that sphere was not the greatest.

There are traditions as to the extraordinary sensation Mr. Choate created in the House of Representatives at Washington when he first made his appearance there as an orator; but in an old number of "The Salem Register" of 1833, which I came across not long ago, I found, quoted from one of Mr. James Brooks's letters to "The Portland Advertiser," the following curious description of the promising young member from Essex, which would seem to apply to some such man as Mr. Charles Hudson, or Mr. John Davis, rather than to a man of Mr. Choate's fervid temperament: —

. "Mr. Rufus Choate is a most promising young man from Essex District, who does not speak often, but who speaks much to the purpose. Few men in Congress command more attention. He has a *well-disciplined, but perhaps not a brilliant, mind; or, if brilliant, he has not suffered himself to strike out many oratorical sparks in the oratorical debates in which he has participated.* He argues closely, clearly, and, of course, forcibly. He came into Congress with a high reputation preceding him, — not always the most fortunate recommendation; for it makes critics more critical, and the public more greedy, — and has thus far sustained the expectations of the public, and increased his own reputation. There is an apparent frankness, a sincerity, and *sober earnestness*, in his manner, when he addresses the House, which are admirably calculated to make an impression, and which does always have an effect. Mr. Choate returns from the House this session to pursue his profession of law at Boston, it is said, where there is but little doubt that he must soon be in the front rank at the bar. Massachusetts will lose much in losing him from Congress; for, the longer he was there, the stronger he would become."

Mr. Choate was a great speech-maker, and his death the cause of great speech-making in others. "Lying Jack Campbell has added a new terror to death!" exclaimed Lord Brougham when he heard that Lord Campbell was about to write the lives of the chancellors. I think Choate would have made a similar exclamation if he had been told in his

last illness that Ben Hallett would take the opportunity of his death to eulogize his *religious character*. Ought there not to be a statute against such outrages?

Choate was a man of the world and of common sense, who, however disappointed for himself or his friends, did not sulk and growl and grumble, and go about exhibiting his wounds, and telling how badly he had been used, and getting only laughter instead of sympathy. He pursued his regular vocation with matchless ability to the end; and, though occasionally turning aside to give the public the fruits of his scholarship and reading in an oration or lecture, did not make this his whole business, but did it only at intervals, as he could snatch moments here and there from the incessant warfare he was waging for his life and the welfare of his family. There is a world-wide difference between a man of this sort, whatever his opinions may be, and one of the nice men of Boston. Choate was not one of the "Massachusetts magi." He was always at work. He was not seen except when he was busy. If you wanted to look at him, you had to go into the Court House; and there he was, seated at his table, and exercising his wonderful skill in winning a victory, rightfully or wrongfully, for his client. He was generally wrapped up in half a dozen great-coats and tippets; but, when he came to his argument, he unrolled himself, and went at the reluctant and suspicious jury, with a confidence in his cause, and a skill in its presentation, which were wonderful to see and hear; and, when intermission came, he hastily wrapped himself up again, darted into Parker's for dinner, and then back to finish his speech. It was work, work, work, every-day work, necessary work; and, though not the very highest work for a man of great gifts, yet work requiring great intellectual force. To be the greatest of advocates, the acknowledged leader of the bar, the ablest and shrewdest man to fight battles in the courts, the cunningest at tongue-fence, and equal to any at logic-chopping; to magnetize and electrify and bamboozle and somnambulize the juries; to fill the house with hearers, — big men and little

men, the educated and the illiterate, — even when the contest was on a dry question of law, or involving a small sum of money, — this was evidence of greatness which all men can admire. For my part, I think one of the chief attractions of Boston is gone. It was almost a sufficient solace for scantiness of employment that I could go to East Cambridge and see Choate and Butler try the case of Kimball and Devens, which lasted two or three weeks; but he is gone, and there is nobody left worth hearing at all times.

Choate was the greatest genius who has appeared in the courts of late years, or perhaps ever appeared here. People looked at him with admiration, as at Webster, with a mixture of wonder. There are single tones and phrases and words of his which haunt the memory. Get some old *habitué* of the court to imitate them, and to repeat to you how he used to talk to the judge and jury. In the Phœnix-bank trial, before Judge Washburn, he had a point of preliminary law to argue, and there was an adjournment till the morning for preparation. He came in, and, for two or three hours, talked as I thought no mortal ever talked before, or ever would again. It was a point involving some legal principle; and his little phrases, — something about the time when our ancestors brought the first rude law out of the woods of Germany, or tracing it to the day "when the warm blood of Seneca was let out in the Roman bath," the last two words being uttered just as he turned toward his manuscript again, or with that lift of the shoulders, and lowering of the voice, which were so attractive, — all these knacks of expression were as delightful evidently to Mr. Webster, who was present, as to any one else; for he followed him with the most expressive interest in his face through the whole speech.

Mr. Choate, in one of his moments of intellectual "freedom," but moral despondency, wrote to his friend Charles Eames, then in Caracas, in the year 1855, a dismally humorous account of the Hiss legislature,[1] and the "enormous

[1] Joseph Hiss, a member, was expelled from the legislature of 1855 for misdemeanor.

impossible inanity of American things." "Your estate is gracious," said he, "that keeps you out of hearing of our politics. Any thing more low, obscene, feculent, the manifold oceanic heavings of history have not cast up. We shall come to the worship of onions, cats, and things vermiculate. Renown and grace are dead. 'There's nothing serious in mortality.' Bless your lot," he continues, "which gives you volcanoes, earthquakes, feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky sights of the tropics." Such little felicities of expression occurred constantly during his pleadings and in his orations. I remember his quoting from "Ivanhoe" something like this, — "Throw over our spices, and robe the roaring ocean with our silks;" and Dr. J. W. Stone put it phonographically down without quotation-marks, and "The Boston Courier" spoke of it as a specimen of Choate's genius.

[1870.]

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING AND THE RADICALS.

Mr. Channing, in his discourse at the Radical Club in Boston, gave an account of his wanderings, which was indeed very interesting: I mean his spiritual wanderings. He told how, upon leaving the Divinity School, he found himself a deist; how he preached as a candidate in Brattle Street, and I believe somewhere else in Boston, and how he failed because he was not at one with the societies to whom he spoke; how he went to Europe and studied; how he became a minister to the poor in New York; went to Cincinnati, and was settled regularly as a Unitarian; when Parker arose, how he believed with him, and sincerely had to tell his people so, and leave them; how he became an associationist, then a mystic, abandoning Parker for Behmen and Swedenborg; went to Europe again; returned when the war broke out; abandoned non-resistance when he saw the soldiers march through Washington to the South, and wanted to go with them (once before this he had abandoned the peace doctrine when the slave-catchers invaded Boston);

how he went to Europe again, and now has returned, having found peace and stability, as I inferred, but in what I did not fully understand; and I mistrust that he has not yet found it, and perhaps that he will not, unless he seeks for it where Brownson and Hecker sought for it, — in the Holy Catholic Church.

I used to hear Channing, about 1849, in a hall in Bromfield Street, preach Fourierism. Earlier than that, I remember him speaking on the antislavery platform with Garrison, Phillips, Pillsbury, and John A. Collins, disagreeing with them as to the wickedness of the Union, if I remember rightly; always saying a good word for the nation and for unity, which was rather his hobby. Mr. Channing remains a mystic, a religious man, a socialist, penetrated with sentiment, brimful and running over with love for the human race, and apparently not quite able, on this very account, to pour out his love to advantage. His speech was deeply interesting. On the topic which may be considered the principal one at this club — to wit, "The Divine Character of Jesus" — he was mystical as on all others; but he said he was a Christian, and could not, like Francis E. Abbott, give up the name; and the bearing of his address was on what I may call the conservative side. At this club, Jesus (as the Son of God in any peculiar sense) is — I mean to speak respectfully — on the defensive. Nobody defends the Church; and long ago, as the London wits said when the case was decided in favor of the essayists and reviewers, "Hell has been dismissed with costs" in all the polite ecclesiastical courts of this neighborhood. As to the Scriptures, nobody within the same circles pretends to believe in their verbal inspiration. Rev. Dr. Bellows and Rev. Dr. Clarke are holding a sort of ecumenical council in Mr. Hale's monthly ("The Old and New"); and they are showing, the first, that, the less you believe in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, the more of a believer you are; and the second, that miracles are to be believed, but they are not miraculous, and that supernaturalism is the most natural thing in the

world. They have both at last taken their stand on the character of Jesus, placed their backs against the rock, spoken of the resurrection and the divine Sonship as settled and defensible articles of faith, and mean to stand a long siege, if necessary. Mr. Channing, though he did not say he had abandoned Mr. Parker's views, and indeed, as I thought, seemed to indicate that he still held to them, talked about the divine effluence, and so on, in a way to bring him in sympathy with Mr. Clarke. Wendell Phillips spoke briefly; and though he did not intimate that he believed Jesus was God, or the Scriptures inspired, except as all good books are inspired, he rested his defence of Christ and Christianity on their results. He thought without them we should not have had our modern freedom and progress. The "fifty years of Europe," which are better "than a cycle of Cathay," he thought attributable to the fact that Europe has had Christianity, and Cathay has had it not.

Mr. Higginson made the speech for the ultra-radical side, and gave Mr. Phillips some ugly facts as to the authors and promoters of the antislavery cause and the cause of woman's rights. Lucy Stone spoke of her Oberlin experiences; told how Prof. Finney's metaphysical absurdities satisfied her that Jesus was a man only; and if he was a man, then all men have the possibility of becoming as good as he. Mr. Clarke was called on, and spoke humorously of those who were so anxious to disown the Christian name, saying that he did not think they could escape in this way a Christian character; citing the case of those who in the last day would say, "Lord, when saw I thee an hungred," &c.; and he gave the ultras some other sharp shots. Mr. Weiss, Mr. Bartol, Mr. Chadwick, and Mrs. Howe, also spoke; but I heard them imperfectly. I did not feel specially interested in the conflict, except to notice, that, as I said in the outset, Jesus seemed to be on the defensive in this meeting of Boston "liberal Christians," and that the assailants were in no wise disposed to yield even to such stalwart and eloquent men as Channing, Phillips, and Clarke.

[1868.]

RICHARD H. DANA, JUN.

It is Mr. Dana's misfortune that he comes into politics so late. He went to sea in early life, then studied and practised law, and, probably, has not been well able to afford much of his time to legislative service. He was in the Constitutional Convention of 1853, and was reckoned to have won more laurels there than any of the younger members, except, perhaps, Gov. Boutwell. He has been United-States district-attorney, but resigned when Johnson went over to the enemy: so, although he was an enemy of impeachment, and, after its failure, tried by legislative resolution, and by a dinner-invitation to Mr. Fessenden, to exalt the seven recusant senators at the expense of the thirty-five true ones, he is quite untainted with suspicion of friendliness toward the President or his theories and policy. Indeed, his policy had no more able antagonist in Massachusetts than Mr. Dana. His speech and his address to the people in 1865, when Johnson, by his North-Carolina proclamation, broached his re-actionary policy, are wonderfully able documents. In the legislature of 1867–68, Mr. Dana represented Cambridge in the House. He performed great service in the debate on the Soldiers'-bounty Bill, and made an able speech on the usury laws, which showed a familiarity with the writings of Bentham and Mill, and a willingness to accept their philosophic teachings on this subject, and which was also remarkable as a specimen of his admirable style, and his skill in the arrangement of his materials. Mr. Dana is an admirable narrator and advocate. He is a field-marshal of words: I hardly know a man so skilful as he in their use.

He also astonished his friends and enemies by appearing as a radical opponent of the railroads, or rather of the railroad presidents and superintendents, who are considered by a good many people to be crowding the legislatures and the people a little too much in these late days; and a contest with whom is now deemed inevitable, sooner or later. These

free-trade and anti-corporation notions are, however, exceptions to Mr. Dana's general conservatism: this, in all political directions, is extreme. He was a Free-Soiler in 1848, and stood by the party, doing it good service; yet he opposed it when it tried to drive Judge Loring from the bench: and his advocacy of the Constitution of 1853 was coupled with so many apologies and excuses for the radical character of some of its provisions, that he did it much more harm than good. About the year 1851 or 1852 (and not just before the war, as one of the Boston papers says) he addressed a letter to Lord Radstock, an English friend, in which, while professing to give the result of the secret-ballot experiment, he substantially declared against the ballot itself.[1] He opposed the nomination of Mr. Sumner by the State Convention of 1862; made some very bad speeches on national politics, the emancipation policy, &c., in that year, as well as in 1861 and 1863, and in the State conventions of the Republican party, of which he has generally been a conspicuous member; and he was always counted on, and justified the count, for an earnest and persistent opposition to every step in the direction of a more vigorous and robust antislavery policy. His conservatism has been modified by his intense partisanship, his general sympathy with the antislavery and Republican cause, and his hatred of Democracy, which to his mind is synonymous with insubordination and license; but, for all that, he has been generally reckoned as a block in the way of antislavery political effort. In this, however, he has not differed from most of the Cambridge antislavery men, even those who by nature are radicals, as he is by nature the reverse of that. The old Harvard set, ultra and vilely proslavery, have been

[1] We used to make a good deal of opposition to Dana on account of it; but I think we shall find it more nearly to conform to our ideas just now (in 1876) than formerly. The ballot is not so much a yea-and-nay question as it was. When this letter was written, the evil to be remedied was intimidation: now it is fraud; and the conditions, so to speak, of friendship, or opposition to it, are different from what they were in 1859. — *Letter to Mr. Bird*, March 3, 1876.

put out of sight. Instead of these, we have Lowell and Norton, and Pierce and Dana, with "The North-American Review," and its weekly tender, "The New-York Nation," organs of a Republicanism whose only characteristics are captiousness and namby-pambyism, and a high-stepping affectation of contempt for men just as honest as themselves, and a good deal better acquainted with American men and American institutions.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Douglas's visit to Boston in 1860 excited a good deal of interest. Douglas was a rebel and a bolter, and he destroyed the heretofore invincible Democratic party. The people wanted to see a man who had done this: so they followed after him, and exhibited a curiosity to hear him speak. There was a great crowd in Bowdoin Square to hear him speak. It was largely Irish; but as the Irish had votes, and were men and brethren, in spite of the two-years' amendment, it had a certain element of power. I did not hear his speech on this occasion; but, as printed in the papers, it was one of the most *cheeky* productions ever delivered. Douglas was at Cambridge, and sat on the platform during a considerable portion of the exercises in the church, and spoke at the dinner in Harvard Hall, to which I had admission as a member of the class of 1806! When this class was called, it being scantily represented, an honorable senator and myself, neither of whom graduated at any college, stepped in, and passed muster very well. I got a seat nearly in front of the little giant. Being somewhat engaged during the first part of the exercises, I did not have an opportunity to see whether he lifted his food to his mouth upon his fork, — which, I believe, is the test of gentility, — but of course he did. Popular sovereignty cannot mean that any man has a right to scorn the dictates of fashion. He was called out by Pres. Felton, and made a brief and pleasant speech, and was exceedingly well received.

Douglas's friends are in the habit of telling what a splendid

head he had, how Websterian he looked, and all that. He looked well enough, but not at all like a great man, intellectually, physically, or morally. His presence bore no resemblance whatever to that of Webster. He was a chunky man, and looked like a prize-fighter; though I am not sure as his arms were long enough for that. He had excellent prize-fighting qualities, — pluck, quickness, and strength; adroitness in shifting his positions, avoiding his adversary's blows, and hitting him in unexpected places in return. His logical power was not great, like Calhoun's; nor his power of statement, like Webster's; nor his range of acquirements, like John Quincy Adams's; nor his eloquence, like Choate's and Phillips's: but he was a plucky, hard, unscrupulous, conscienceless fellow, who was a hard man to meet in debate, and would, to the superficial observer, seem to win a victory, or to hold his own well against superior men. He made the common mistake of over-estimating the importance of his speciality, — squatter sovereignty. This will not bear examination for a moment. The only way he contrived to defend it against the interventionists for slavery and the interventionists for freedom was by a series of dodges and contradictions, which the unlearned had not shrewdness enough to detect, and which the well-posted would not take the trouble to expose. His strong point was his will to have his own way, and his resistance to the demands of the three hundred and forty-seven thousand slaveholders, more or less, who had determined that no man should politically live in this country who would not do their bidding. He represented many bad elements in our politics; but, for this one service he has rendered, he deserves to be gratefully remembered.

. . . . . .

There is something very melancholy in the event of Senator Douglas's death. A year ago, the observer would say no man in this country had greater vitality than Douglas; more dogged pertinacity and determination, like that of Rodin in "The Wandering Jew," to live at all hazards. Yet he has gone, and a brief newspaper biography is all that we see.

It seems a hard thing to say; but Douglas's fault was a lack of conscience, and of an appreciation of conscience in the people. He had independence, hearty Western qualities which made him popular with the people, and "genuine old Teutonic pluck:" but he could not see (what a true Democrat necessarily sees) that the people of the free parts of the United States believe in freedom and democracy; and, sooner or later, they will come up to the requirements of freedom and democracy. His failure does not consist in not being President; for Buchanan made the most miserable failure of any public man since Aaron Burr. He deserves, indeed, grateful recollection for breaking up the Democratic party, and precipitating the free States into the rebellion against the slave-drivers, which they are now waging so successfully. Among the instruments in the hands of God for breaking down the intolerable tyranny which ruled, sometimes through him, and at last over him, and all the rest of us, he was one of the greatest. And let him be honored for this, — that his last illness was caused by efforts in behalf of the government of his country. The lesson of his life is not so sad as that of Webster.

[1843–1860.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Frederick Douglass is a man of a high order. He was once a slave, having escaped four or five years ago. "I am one of the *things* of the South," said he; and drawing himself up to his full height, and spreading his arms wide, he exclaimed, "*Behold the thing!*" Douglass is not merely a story-teller: he can speak of the workings of the slave-system from observation. But that is not all: he is a man of strong mind, of quick thought, and, at times, eloquent. In his speeches are occasionally passages of great power.

One evening he gave a sermon in imitation of those preached to the slaves at the South, taking for a text the words, "Servants, obey your masters." His sermon was

just such a one as we should suppose would be preached where slavery exists, and where the master patronizes religious teachers for his slaves, principally for the sake of keeping those "things" in order. As some Southern man said, "They must have religion enough to keep them from cutting their masters' throats."

In Frederick Douglass and George Latimer the people of the North have a specimen of the serfs of the South, — the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the chivalry *par excellence* of this republic. We fancy people will soon become divested of the idea that slavery is the natural and proper position of such men as these; and they will clamor louder and louder for their release from bondage, and the recognition of their rights. Douglass lost caste a little among the Boston abolitionists because he refused to follow Mr. Garrison in his crusade against the Constitution: and his great speeches made here on the antislavery platform were not as fully reported as they ought to have been; at any rate, I can find only a few of them. He delivered one in New York, in 1853, before the American and Foreign Antislavery Society, — an organization of which Arthur Tappan was president, — which is full of the most stirring eloquence.

"We plead for our rights," said he, "in the name of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence; and we are answered by our countrymen with imprecations and curses. In the sacred name of Jesus we beg for mercy; and the slave-whip, red with blood, cracks over us in mockery. We invoke the aid of the ministers of Him who came to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bound; and from the loftiest summits of this ministry comes the inhuman and blasphemous response, that, if one prayer would move the almighty arm in mercy to break our galling chains, that prayer would be withheld. We cry for help to humanity, — a common humanity; and here, too, we are repulsed. American humanity hates us, scorns us, disowns and denies our personality. The outspread wing of Ameri-

can Christianity — apparently broad enough to give shelter to a perishing world — refuses to cover us. To us its bones are brass, and its feathers iron. In running thither for shelter and succor, we have only fled from a corrupt and selfish world to a hollow and hypocritical church, and, may I not add, from the agonies of earth to the flames of hell?" And then he went on to say that even this bitter language was less bitter than his experience. "I am alike familiar with the whip and chain of slavery, and the lash and sting of public neglect and scorn: my back is marked with the one, and my soul fretted with the other. My neck is galled with both yokes, — that imposed by one master, and that imposed by many masters. I was born a slave. Even before I made part of this breathing world, the scourge was plaited for my back, and the fetters were forged for my limbs. . . . Even now, while I speak, and you listen, the work of blood and sorrow goes on. There is not a day, not an hour in any day, not a minute in any hour of the day, that the blood of my people does not gush forth at the call of the scourge; that the tenderest ties in humanity are not sundered; that parents are not torn from children, and husbands from their wives, for the convenience of those who gain fortunes by the blood of their souls." And again: "Suppose it were possible to put down this discussion, what would it avail the guilty slaveholder? If every antislavery tongue in the nation were silent, every antislavery organization dissolved, every antislavery press demolished, every antislavery periodical, paper, book, tract, pamphlet, were searched out, gathered together, burnt to ashes, and these ashes given to the four winds of heaven, still, still, the slaveholder could have no peace. In every pulsation of his heart, in every throb of his life, in the breeze that soothes, and the thunder that startles, would be waked up an accuser whose language is, 'Thou art verily guilty concerning thy brother.'"

This is a good specimen of the kind of eloquence which aroused the conscience of the people before the antislavery question got into politics, and abolition became the principle

of hundreds of thousands of voting men. At the time this speech was made, there were sixty-four political antislavery newspapers in the country (twelve of which were in Massachusetts), and only five papers representing what was popularly known as the "Garrisonian" party. So the movement had even then got far beyond this last-named sect. But the eloquence, which was "dog-cheap at the antislavery meetings," mostly came in the days of Garrison and Phillips, and Weld (Theodore) and Stanton, and George Thompson, and Burleigh, and Alvan Stewart, and that class, political and non-political. The most stirring and convincing call to repentance I heard in those days was from George Thompson, who spoke or preached in the old meeting-house in Concord; the text and burden of his discourse being, "O house of David, thus saith the Lord: Execute judgment *in the morning*, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, lest my fury go out like fire, and burn that none can quench it, because of the evil of your doings."

[1875.]

HENRY L. DAWES.

Mr. Dawes came to the legislature about twenty years ago or more, a fluent and smart young Berkshire Whig; but just about that time the Whig party was going out of power here, on account of demoralization brought about by Mr. Webster's proslavery course. He fought through, however, with Col. Schouler, Ezra Lincoln, Henry P. Fairbanks, and the others, and never got into such a frame of mind about Mr. Webster as Albert H. Nelson and some others did; Judge Nelson allowing himself even to run for presidential elector on the Webster ticket, after Mr. Webster died.

I do not remember particularly what Mr. Dawes did in the House: no doubt he took a part in putting through the antislavery resolutions (which had by that time, however, got to be rather stale), and in opposing the ten-hour project, and other kindred schemes, to trouble the Cotton Whigs.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1853, he was in the same company; fluent, active, and voting with the Whigs all the time. He did not, however, fortunately for himself, get so cross as to lose his balance, and persist, till too late, in calling himself a Whig; and he was saved from joining the Know-Nothings; so that he was willing, in 1855 and 1856, to join in the Republican movement. I speak more particularly of 1856 (because I do not remember about his course in 1855), when, under Julius Rockwell, the opponents of the Know-Nothings tried to oust Gov. Gardner, and were kept from doing so by the old Whig remnant (who voted for Mr. S. H. Walley), and by Wilson and Banks, who were so anxious to fix a treaty on the Frémont matter, that they could not reform the State. How he voted in the Know-Nothing year (1854) I do not know, but probably for Emory Washburn (Whig), and in 1855 for Rockwell. In 1856, when chosen to Congress, I do not know what he did on the governorship; but he did a good thing in rescuing one congressional district, at any rate.

Since 1856 the Republicans have had pretty clear sailing; and, although his district has often been close, the party drill, the exigencies of the protective-tariff swindle and humbug, and his own activity, have kept him in Congress, and in a steadily-gaining position. The worst thing I remember about him is a speech made in Berkshire during the days of reconstruction; but this was no worse than a good many good Republicans made occasionally. I can call to mind the days when Gov. Andrew used to say that we were laying quite too much stress on political rights for the emancipated slave, and that, for one, he should be well satisfied by getting his civil rights. I cannot remember what part Mr. Dawes took in the abortive compromise measures of 1861: probably he was not prominent. He came to the eastern part of the State but seldom; and this has been one of the secrets of his slow measure of success here. In Congress, it seems to me, he has been very useful. I don't believe that he has ever been bribed, or has bribed anybody else, except in that

loose and indefinite sense which does not convey any idea of personal dishonesty; viz., he has been a tariff man of the ultra sort, a "duly licensed follower" of that illogical but not necessarily dishonest band of robbers who believe in protective tariffs. He ought to know better than this; but is not Francis Bowen, a professor at Cambridge? and was not Greeley, the leading Republican editor of the country up to 1872?

Of Mr. Dawes's recent controversies it is not necessary to speak. It is admitted, I believe, that he has been an economist in Congress. He has desired a place in the Senate, but has not tried for anybody's seat, — not Wilson's, till he was made Vice-President; nor Sumner's, so long as Sumner lived. He was beaten by Boutwell, and lately has tried conclusions with Judge Hoar, and now has won the seat for six years. The position of Mr. Dawes against Butler in 1871 — the first and most dangerous — was most creditable to him. He came from home promptly at the request of the unorganized leaders, said he would do what he could, and fulfilled his pledge by making the earliest stand, — a stand which, although he was beaten on the immediate question (as it was almost certain he would be), gave notice to Butler, and to all concerned, that there was to be a fight to the last against the Essex member of Congress. His services were invaluable; and I saw no reason to doubt that they were inspired by a strong and sincere motive, not only to save the party from Butler, but the State from disgrace.

It is not conclusive against him that he is not so great a character as Sumner was. His weak points are, in practical political politics, *out* of Congress, and not *in* it. His stump-speeches are adroit; and this is about all that can be said in their praise. They are not often very candid, and never inspired. He still believes in the party, — much more, indeed, than he does in Grant. I wish he would stop believing in or supporting either, and that he would begin his career on the 4th of March, 1876, by becoming as independent of partisan-

ship, caucuses, and nominations, as he knows he ought to be; as independent as he generally is in legislative matters. On several occasions, Mr. Dawes has been talked of for governor; but except in 1860, when the removal of Gov. Banks to Illinois seemed to make room for him, no strong effort was ever made in his behalf; and in that year the splendid antislavery reputation of John A. Andrew gave him the nomination, after a short and sharp struggle, by a large majority in convention. Gov. Andrew's influence at Washington on emancipation, and the employment of colored soldiers, gave to the Commonwealth her "war-governor," and did a great deal towards changing the method and theory on which the war was carried on.

CHAPTER XVI.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES (*Continued*).

[1872.]

HORACE GREELEY AND OTHER NEW-YORKERS.

A MORE pitiful history was never told by pen of historian or novelist or poet than this of the break-up and wreck of the renowned editor. Not only is hostility disarmed, but criticism is put at nought, by the sorrowful event, — sorrowful almost beyond precedent. I have heard stories of disaster falling upon whole families, — the death of a father, the madness of a mother, and the imbecility, bankruptcy, criminality, of half a dozen sons and daughters, all happening, as it were, at once; literally the whole catalogue of disasters falling within a year or two: and nothing short of such a household wreck as this seems comparable to this late event. It is sad enough.

Poor Mr. Greeley! Changing the point of view, is it any wonder, after all, that so great a power in politics and journalism — in politics *through* journalism — for nearly forty years should deem himself not only justified in seeking for the presidency, but should also deem himself the fittest man for it; and not only that, but should labor under the further illusion, that the hundreds of thousands of voters who had been led by "The Tribune" into Republican politics, and had, under its inspiration, won Republican victories, state and national, would be eager to reward its editor with the highest office in their gift? He believed in these things. His old letters and editorial writings show that he felt himself neg-

lected and unappreciated. The letter to Seward, as we now read it, is pathetic in its expression of sorrow and indignation at being obliged to go back to his "garret" and his "crust," while inferior men — scoundrels or imbeciles — got comfortable places to which he felt himself equal and entitled. He had been always unlucky in politics. A short time in Congress, a seat in the Constitutional Convention, in neither place getting much fame, or doing much useful work, — this was about all.

Surrounded a good deal by scaly politicians, he had been, in fact, subdued by New-York politics. That wretched system of political ethics so peculiar to the Empire State, ever since the days of Aaron Burr, clear down through the days of the Van Burens; through the Bucktail, Clintonian, Barnburner, Locofoco, Tammany, Regency eras, or by whatever name each successive epoch of corrupt mediocrity has been called; every state and city administration a "succession of felonies;" every court an engine of rascally routine; every convention a scene of bargain and sale; every legislature a market, where senators and representatives were put up at auction; every delegation sent to either branch of Congress full of weak or wicked men (one as bad as the other), — this system was too much for a man naturally disposed to be a Paleyite and an expedientist. It is hard telling whether New York has been made so politically contemptible by its institutions, or by its men: both have acted upon the other. Its constitution of 1846, its legal code, its general system, were a departure from respectable principles of legislation and construction such as prevailed in New England, from the beginning, under the influence of men better trained in the principles of civil liberty; and her people, at the same time, seem to have been aptly fitted by nature, tradition, and education, to submit to whatever blunders her jurists and constitution-makers fell into.

Palfrey the historian long ago commented upon her only great men, — Hamilton, "a waif from the West Indies to her spirit-barren strand;" and Rufus King, an emigrant from

Massachusetts; and who besides? Bryant and Leggett, great journalists, the first of Hampshire-county parentage; Silas Wright, strong minded and bodied, but pretty much like Marcy and the rest in all political attributes; Michael Hoffman, a tradition; Seward, Weed, Granger, Fillmore, and so on down to Fenton and Conkling, — Seward the greatest of the lot, and he a man of stratagem and machinery from the beginning to the end. Is it any wonder that Mr. Greeley was conquered by institutions and men like these? So, while "The Tribune," fighting antislavery battles, prepared the country, more particularly the West, for the irrepressible conflict, — the millions who read it being out of reach of New-York influences, and open to all the vigorous teachings, the iterations and reiterations, year after year, of its great editorial chief, — he was himself weakened and shorn by contact with the rascals of the convention and the committee-room; and his paper, not re-enforced by a sturdy example of individual independence, and contempt for office, such as Mr. Greeley might have set, furnished the curious spectacle of a great intellectual organ without any immediate constituency; New York City and State being for the last decade, on the average, more hopelessly on the wrong side than it was when the first number was issued. Clearly, New York was too strong for Mr. Greeley. A man so democratic by instinct and temperament, so open to suggestions of reform in his youth and early manhood, so kindly in his nature, so industrious, so incapable of fatigue, so accessible, so much, in fact, like America itself, in his freedom from conventionality, his vigor, his enterprise, force, directness, and general style, could not have alighted upon so unpromising a place as New-York City. Elsewhere, to be sure, he would not, perhaps, have established so great a paper; but almost anywhere else he would have been a happier, better, and more useful man.

It does not seem to me that he can properly be called a philanthropist or a reformer; though he had, at times, the philanthropic and the reforming element. He neither loved

the individual man, nor man in the aggregate, to any extraordinary degree. He was by no means a profound thinker on political or social subjects. At most, he was only willing to give such subjects a fair chance and fair play, and latterly not always even this; and he loved himself too well to be willing to do much more for individuals than to turn them off with good advice, or to get rid of their importunity by gift or loan which he was too busy to deny them. He had not that two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage which Napoleon said a great general must have, no real faith in ultimate results: but then he was not to blame for this; for it was temperamental, in part. How could he help being disheartened by Bull Run? How could he help being in despair when Harry Clay was defeated, as he thought, by frauds in Pennsylvania and Louisiana? And withal, with that shrinking from blood which has made him and kept him (longer than it has kept him in any other direction) an enemy of the gallows, how could he help thinking to himself, after every great disaster during the civil war, "How long shall this last? — what can I do to stop it?" Did it not seem to nearly every man, at times, during the second, third, and fourth years of the war, that, as Mr. Greeley expressed it in a private letter, the administration of Mr. Lincoln was like that theological work of which the heading of one chapter was "Hell," and of the next, "Hell continued"? How many men, governors, senators, statesmen, were hurrying to Washington, month after month, to give "old Abe" the best advice, and then hurrying back to curse him for not taking it?

Horace Greeley had a splendid funeral. The sad circumstances of his death have softened all his enemies, and buried in affliction all his friends; so that there is a plausibility in the remark, that he is fortunate to get rid of life after such a sad ending to his political aspirations, such a tragedy in his family relations. But it seems to me the saddest death we ever had in the country, a sheer and unmitigated disaster, black and tragical from the beginning to the end, and a piti-

ful, most pitiful story. If there is any thing more useful to be said about it, I cannot imagine what it is.

Upon a man constituted like Mr. Greeley, abuse and praise which were unmerited and extravagant had just about the same effect, the one as the other; and, now that he is dead, no allowance seems to be made — perhaps none can be made — for that common sense of the aggregate population which sifts all such criticism, and comes to a result pretty nearly correct. But "the pity of it, the pity of it!" this all can agree to. Whether Hamlet was sane or insane, who can tell? but we all know that his life and his death were tragical.

[1872.]

PRES. GRANT.

Pres. Grant is a dull creature, with apparently not the slightest idea of the office which he fills, except to have a good time while he keeps it, and, when he leaves it, to be comfortably "well off," — he and his friends. From the moment when he nominated a New-York muck-rake for secretary of the treasury, and recommended a repeal of the law of Washington's administration to allow him to be confirmed, down to this day, he seems to have had no thought except to be "on his make." He is not bad, not dishonest personally, not ambitious, but simply unfit. His administration will be illustrious in our annals for this unfitness, and for nothing else.

It may be said that many of our Presidents have been unfit, and that great numbers of people have insisted that every one of them, from Washington to Lincoln, has been so. True enough. Perhaps Grant's unfitness is not worse than the unfitness of others; certainly it is not worse than that of Buchanan or Johnson this will be readily enough; admitted. "The world spirit is a good swimmer; floods cannot drown him:" so is the national spirit. But, if we allow the unfit men to have eight years apiece, when shall we have a chance to begin on the fit ones? We who

are fighting against Grant's renomination are, in fact, fighting the battle of capacity against mediocrity everywhere, and the battle of thousands of Republicans who now go against us, and look upon Cincinnati with horror. For it needs no ghost from the grave to tell the average Republican, that, if Grant is rechosen, his second administration is likely to be, I will not say worse than his first, but one which will be hardly Republican even in name. Whatever happens in November, the party which attends the next inauguration ceremony will be neither Republican nor Democratic, neither protective nor free-trade, neither reform nor re-actionary, neither State-rights nor ultra national, neither antislavery nor proslavery, neither radical nor conservative: it will be largely personal; for this personal tendency is not to be got rid of by one struggle, any more than Tammanyism was got rid of by a Republican victory in New York. We should be no better off with a new Republican candidate. That depends upon who he is. The thing which ought to be done is to discontinue personal government, and bring back political government.

Grant has not the slightest comprehension of political government. His administration is a personal one. It is said that he has carried out Republican principles by suppressing the Ku-Klux, and prosecuting the bigamists of Utah. These are not Republican principles, nor any other principles. The Ku-Klux are suppressed only for the time being. So have been the suppressing measures of England in Ireland for the last hundred years, perhaps. That is to say, having begun by mismanagement and stupidity, and these having brought tumult and outrage, the government is compelled, for the sake of peace, to suppress the latter. Sooner or later, however, the work of pacification must begin. Martial law, throughout the two administrations of Grant, only postpones, for the sake of a growling and uncertain peace, the day of good-will eight years longer. In this point of view, the recent proceedings in South Carolina, though needful, are not statesmanship. The same may be

said of the prosecutions in Utah: they only, for the sake of airing our national virtue, postpone indefinitely the suppression of the evil and the scandal at Salt Lake. If this is Republican statesmanship, the less of it the better.

I know there is apparently no great governmental issue. Tammanyism, a very indefinite term, is the most promising one. If any man represents Tammanyism here, it is Butler. He organized cheating and corruption in his late canvass as it never was organized before in this State. Is the retention of Tom Murphy, by Boutwell's advice and consent, a sign that the President intends to make war on Tammanyism? Is there any indication of a purpose to remove the office-holders from the control of members of Congress, and the members from the control of the office-holders? — the only important feature of the civil-service reform; any care taken, that when honest men die, or rogues run away from the Washington offices, their places shall be well filled? The trouble with Grant, in connection with our politics, is, that he is a weak man, and, like all weak men, is the prey of jealousies and intrigues, and cannot be trusted to do right, or to carry out the wishes of the mass of the party, without constant watching. Butler has nothing else to do but to watch him: other men have more congenial, if not more necessary, occupations. Who wants to send a senator, a representative, or a deputation, to Washington every month to keep the President from falling into the hands of Ben Butler? It does not pay; for, sooner or later, you will be caught napping. A President who has not instinct to see and know what Butler is, and what he wants, is not fit for his place.

Grant wins politically, as he won his battles, by sheer preponderancy of the forces under him, and in spite of blunders and incapacity on all hands. He wins because the Democratic party has not yet been chastened by affliction to know wisdom, and because it is still too near by a year or two to the close of the war for the people to forget its career.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND THE "GARRISONIANS."

The influence of "the Garrisonians," so called, has always been overrated both by abolitionists and hunkers. Their strength lay in their appeals to the conscience of the people, and their trenchant and generally impartial modes of dealing with religious and political bodies. But they were always limited by the foolish dogma — into which they were led by Mr. Garrison, but which Mr. Phillips was also responsible for — relative to the necessarily proslavery character of the Constitution, and the duty of repudiating it, and of acting outside of politics. Though their judgment as to parties and churches was right, their whole method of dealing with politics and religion was unphilosophical and absurd. Not they, but the political antislavery men, have done the great work of reforming the opinion of the country; and the man who, away back of 1840, first cast a vote against the proslavery parties, came nearer to the root of the matter than Garrison or Phillips.

The antislavery party of this State has exercised a great influence upon our politics, though it never alone carried elections. It never, indeed, cast a larger vote in any year than it did in 1848, when it first became formidable. I believe Mr. Stephen C. Phillips received in that year some 38,000 votes for governor, and the next year something less. Mr. Palfrey, who was the next candidate, fared no better. In 1852 Horace Mann's vote went up to near 37,000, leaving more than a hundred thousand against him. Gen. Wilson himself next tried his luck, and received 29,000 out of 129,000 votes. Next year occurred the Know-Nothing stampede; and Wilson received 6,483 votes, and Judge Allen and scattering some 1,200 more. The next year (1855) was the first year of recovery from Know-Nothingism, and Mr. Rockwell received the old vote of 36,000. The year 1856 may be styled the year of acquiescence; but, without organization, 5,625 men voted for Josiah Quincy, while Gardner received 92,000. In 1857 Gardner received

37,000, and Banks 62,000. The Free-Soil party, though only 36,000 strong, broke down and dispersed the great Whig party of Massachusetts; sent Mr. Webster into retirement; laid upon the shelf a great number of Whig politicians, — such as R. C. Winthrop, Mr. Hillard, and Otis P. Lord, — where they are likely to remain; disorganized the Democratic party, and withdrew from it the best men it had, such as Banks, Boutwell, and Knowlton; elected Charles Sumner twice to the Senate, and Henry Wilson once; and did much toward reforming the Constitution and the legislation of the State. It did many things which were not justifiable; but, on the whole, its record is one which it may well be proud of.

The antislavery party never made any headway so long as it kept voting for Whigs and Democrats who answered their questions by letter in unexceptionable terms, and, after they were chosen to office, were obliged to violate their pledges. It was only when they began to organize, and vote for men who did not need to give pledges, that the political machines began to crack and give way. The Free-Soil movement of 1848 was the most important one that ever this country witnessed in its results; but the first man who ever cast a Liberty-party vote was the wisest politician of his time, because he was the first man to see the inevitable future, and to do all in his power to prepare for and hasten it. Then, again, a great deal of the rightful and useful power of "the Garrisonians" was wasted. "The Liberator," for various reasons not discreditable to Mr. Garrison, had but a small circulation; but "The Antislavery Standard," which was always well edited, — that is, was always an interesting paper, — might have had a large circulation, and been ten times as useful as it was, if the organization had had any appreciation of the proper methods of agitation. But setting out with the idea that only a very small number of persons, at best, *could* have the right notions, the managers were content, apparently, to send "The Standard" to abolitionists (and to public men, perhaps), without letting the people have it.

The Antislavery Society was not half so important a body as it pretended to be. All its consequence was derived from the personal character and power of individual members, — Mr. Garrison's dogmatic and domineering energy, Mr. Phillips's eloquence and unflinching truthfulness to the highest idea of antislavery, Mr. Pillsbury's prophetic and minatory appeals to the wrath to come. It is doubtless true, that the political antislavery movement had its germ in the moral agitation of Garrison and his early followers; but, without the political organization, slavery would to-day have been stronger than ever before. And it is especially mortifying to antislavery politicians to find these early abolitionists, as soon as they become politicians, taking the conservative side of all questions, and not only repudiating their old constitutional doctrines, but lowering the moral standard, by which only can a healthy political organization be kept up.

Mr. Garrison is, by the antislavery politicians, reckoned, on the whole, the most politic man of his sect. He is uniformly tolerant, sometimes more than just, towards the men who are in political life; and now that, to use his epigrammatic but not quite satisfactory plea, "death and hell have seceded," and non-resistance is in abeyance, I shall expect to see him brought forward in his ward as a candidate for representative to the General Court, to begin with, and afterwards for something higher, if there is any thing higher, which I feel myself bound to doubt. Once in the legislature, I should expect to see him one of the most conservative of members, feeling his way cautiously along, and checking the young, ardent, and radical men. After he gets a taste of public life, he may like to get into Congress; and I would trust him to organize a ward as well as the best of the managers. After a term or two at Washington, and the attainment of a strong reputation as a safe man, he would do for a cabinet or diplomatic situation, and would finally come home to be the Nestor of his neighborhood, and die full of years and honors, and be borne to the tomb by twelve "principal citizens."

J. Q. A. GRIFFIN.

I knew Mr. Griffin before 1848; I think, when he was in George F. Farley's office at Groton. He used to write for "The Lowell Journal" occasionally; having, even then, a capital newspaper style, an admirable humor, and a penchant for "pitching in," which came often in play upon the dullards and fogies of the time. He left the Whigs in 1848, with some others (Mr. Farley among the rest), and ever afterwards was a radical of the radicals. He soon came down to Charlestown, where he opened an office, and rapidly got into a good business. He was chosen to the Know-Nothing legislature of 1855; not, I am glad to say, out of any love on his part for that school of politics, but because the people of Charlestown had an annexation question on their hands, which they urged him to attend to; and because, also, there was a growing apprehension, on the part of some of the leaders, that their prejudices against lawyers were carrying them so far, that they were likely to be poorly off for legislative talent in the House.

I did not see much of the legislature of 1855, being engaged in blackguarding it from the outside; but "the brethren of the mystic tie" remember to this day how Mr. Griffin drove Joe Hiss out of the House, and broke down all the apologies for him and for his school. From that day, at least, he gave the Know-Nothings no mercy, and he received as little from them. I remember a scene at Worcester, when some of the worst of them tried to interrupt and put him down while speaking to the Republicans in caucus or convention. Of course, they only tried; for I do not remember that any man ever got the advantage of him in debate. His powers of sarcasm were quite unequalled in this region. His presence of mind was unfailing; his argumentative powers equal to almost any emergency; his reading extensive, and from the best authors; and his aptness in applying the results of it was surprising to friends and enemies. He most conspicuously showed his skill in political debate, in the contest with

Mr. Dana at Worcester in 1862, and justified the sagacity which selected him for chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, with the knowledge that the contest over Mr. Sumner's nomination would be a warm, and might be a doubtful one. Mr. Dana never showed greater coolness and adroitness, not even in that celebrated triumph of mind over matter, — his contest with A. O. Brewster in the convention of 1855; but Mr. Griffin showed himself to be fully his equal. To be sure, the majority was with him; but it needed just his skill and courage to rally it, and make it victorious over the well-planned attack of the district-attorney. The blunders of 1861 were then retrieved; and the Republicans of Massachusetts have been, perhaps, too strong ever since.

Mr. Griffin represented Malden in 1859 and 1860; and in 1859 occurred the contest over his seat, which resulted so unexpectedly in his being allowed to retain it against the report of the Committee of Inquiry, and the opinion of all or most of the lawyers. In the interval between the regular and the extra session, he had taken the office of clerk of the courts, but, becoming tired of it, resigned, and came back to his seat at the extra session. The question was, whether his seat had become vacant by his accepting the office. The House permitted him to remain; but with all my friendliness towards him, and my natural contempt for precedents, and, moreover, with due regard to the shrewd points which he raised in his own defence, I have never been fully convinced that the House was not somewhat mystified and led astray by his superior skill in the debate over his antagonists. I presume no case like it will arise for a century to come: so no great harm was done, even if the decision was wrong.

I did not often see Mr. Griffin in the courts. He had a large practice, and worked immensely in ill-ventilated court-rooms, to the ruin of his health, never very good and strong. He was independent in his bearing towards the judges, and was accustomed to say that the Supreme Court never treated him so well as they did after he defeated the bill to increase

their salaries. In his bearing with all men, indeed, he was independent and self-sustaining. It used to be said of him, that he loved intellectual fence and hard hitting so well, that he would hit a friend, if a foe did not appear at the right time; and this reputation, whether well merited or not, doubtless injured his prospects whenever he became a candidate for office. He had none of the arts of the demagogue; and, when the eight-hour men called on him (he being a candidate for the nomination to Congress) to ask him as to his views on that subject, he coolly and sarcastically expressed his surprise. "Eight hours!" said he: "why, I never thought of being for more than seven." Neither had he what are generally called popular manners. He did not go much to dinners or to public places, except with his family, to whom I may say, as my crowning tribute to his worth, he was fondly and devotedly attached. As a man and a citizen, he was above reproach; faithful in all the relations of life, public and private. He died consciously, peacefully, and unregretfully, testifying to the sufficiency of character, and the public and private virtues, to bring a man safely and triumphantly through the last ordeal.

[Feb 26, 1876.]

DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

I doubt whether a more useful man, outside of those who filled high public station, ever lived in the State; surely no one in recent years. To group our public men a little differently from usual, he belonged to that class of politician and philanthropist combined which included Horace Mann, John A. Andrew, and Robert Rantoul, jun., and Mr. Sumner himself in the early part of his career. He was the best combination I know of both characters. His philanthropy was tempered by a strong tendency and immense good sense in the line of governing, albeit he was quite enough of a filibuster and a liberator for a man over seventy years old.

Mr. Mann was our great reformer in educational affairs;

and Dr. Howe, against a good deal of Boston opposition, placed a statue of Mann in the yard of the State House, where he and Mr. Webster (*captatores verborum*) stand, as it were, criticising one another.[1] Mr. Rantoul was the strongest man in opposition to capital punishment; but his politics would not, till just before he died, allow him to get into Congress. Sumner took up the prison and peace questions. I do not here speak of Garrison and Phillips, who were not in partisan politics; or of the great Dr. Channing and Theodore Parker, whose lives were mainly devoted to a reform in theology. Howe was the friend of the liberal side in all these questions.

They say every man has his "conservative" side, meaning not to quibble, but by this word meaning sluggish and backward. Dr. Howe was not so on any of these questions. Equally well balanced was he upon all. He was not a poet, like Whittier; but would very likely have been one of Dr. Channing's or Mr. Buckminster's first men, if he had not been a liberator in Greece or Poland. I called him a useful man; but he was not, therefore, a dull man. The companion of those men, and of Emerson, Holmes, Judge Hoar, Lowell, Appleton, and George T. Davis, could hardly be that; and, in point of fact, he was lively, and full of anecdote, seeing the *unfitness* as well as the *fitness* of things (which I will fling at you as a definition of wit and sense together); and I count it no small compliment that he often left the club styled the "Atlantic," and came back to the "Bird," in the middle of the afternoon. He was always straightforward and to the point, and never eloquent or eloquential. It must have been in 1846 that he ran for Congress, saying in his letter that he might as well "fill a ditch" as anybody. This was in the patriotic days of the Mexican war.

Dr. Howe was the famous benefactor of the blind, and in his early life went to Greece, and fought bravely in the

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[1] "Warrington" called Webster's statue, at the time it was put up, "the statue of the defender of the Fugitive-slave Law."

revolution. I mention these things for the sake of introducing an exquisite but unconscious pun made by the Hon. Tom Motley of Boston. He was asked to vote for Dr. Howe, when nominated as the Free-Soil candidate for Congress against Mr. Winthrop. "Who is Dr. Howe?" asked Motley. "The celebrated philanthropist," was the answer. "Celebrated Phil-*hell*-enist!" was the contemptuous reply. Dr. Howe had got to what they call a good old age. He, if anybody, could afford to refrain from saying with Emerson, in his "Letters and Social Aims," "Our passions, our endeavors, have something ridiculous and mocking. If not to be, how like the bells of a fool is the trump of fame!" He had been complaining for a long time of decaying health. He had studied medicine, but had little faith in it. I think he very greatly lamented his decay, and had felt, though perhaps not quoted, Scott's lines: —

> "Alas! the warped and broken board,
> How can it bear the painter's dye?
> The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
> How to the minstrel's skill reply?
> To aching eyes each landscape lowers;
> To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
> And Araby's or Eden's bowers
> Were barren as this moorland hill."

Dr. Howe was one of the editors of "The Daily Commonwealth," which Mr. Bird, Mr. Alley, Mr. Downer, and others, had at different times the control of. Mr. Joseph Lyman and Mr. Charles List were, at times, editing this paper. Probably Howe had not much time to write for this paper, which was the mainstay of the coalition in Boston, and a good deal under the management of Robert Carter. This was long after the days of "The Boston Daily Republican," which, in its turn, was the successor of "The Daily Whig" of 1848, which the writer of this edited. This "Daily Commonwealth" was a very smart sheet while Howe, Bird, Alley, Downer, and that set, had charge of it. But they were all busy men in other lines. Dr. Howe always insisted

that there was no reply to the argument for equal suffrage without regard to sex, as well as without regard to race or color: in fact, on *all* questions of equality, he "hewed to the line," whether too busy or not to take active hold or not. He was a thorough *democrat* in the true sense, as well as a genuine philanthropist, a hero, a gentleman, and an agreeable companion. I suppose he was well off in respect of property; rich was he, at any rate, after Carlyle's definition: "The wealth of a man consists in the number of things he loves and blesses, the number of things he is loved and blessed by."

E. ROCKWOOD HOAR.

The trouble with Judge Hoar is, that he has contracted the apparently incurable habit of "putting himself upon his dignity." We doubt if it was ever true, even in the days of Caleb Strong or George Cabot, that men were put into high office who refused to say whether they would take it or not. At any rate, the day is now past for any such pretensions and affectations. No man can be governor, except by accident, who does not say to his friends, "I will take the office, and you may do what you can for me." And no man ought to be. As a general thing, your men who adopt the high tone are no better than their neighbors, and no less desirous to hold office. It is the new-departure men in the Republican party who are talking of Judge Hoar; but there is really not a more strict party man in New England than the judge. And as for his attitude towards the administration which discharged him, — why, he has done nothing but puff Gen. Grant since he left the cabinet. He would make a strong governor, but, in all probability, a very temporary one. Judge Hoar did excellent service at Washington against that system of congressional interference, under which it becomes necessary to consult A, B, and C of the 1st, 2d, and 3d Districts, before the collector can appoint a clerk, or the postmaster-general a postmaster. But he got tired of the warfare, or the congressmen were too strong for him. The best statement of

true doctrine that I remember from the bench may be found in a charge delivered by Judge Hoar to the grand jury, where he brought to their attention the proceedings of the military power soon after the rendition of Burns. Judge Hoar said, —

"It has been said sometimes, and in some places, that there are laws which it is the duty of citizens to disobey or resist. I have no doubt, gentlemen, and I suppose none of you have any doubt, that a law may be enacted by a republican government, as well as an order passed by a despot, which may be in itself wicked; and if any statute is passed which any citizen — examining his duty by the best light God has given him, and acting conscientiously and uprightly — believes to be wicked, and which, acting by the law of God, he thinks he ought to disobey, *unquestionably he ought to disobey that statute, because he ought to obey God rather than man. I suppose that any man who would seriously deny that there is any thing higher than human law must ultimately deny even the existence of a Most High.*"

GEORGE F. HOAR.

George F. Hoar and his brother the judge are very different men, though resembling each other in some particulars; principally in having been born in the same house, and educated at the same college. Judge Hoar is temperamentally opposed to all demagogism and partisanship: so is George F.; but the latter has a streak of radicalism, for instance, on the subject of woman-suffrage. How happens it that even the youngest of this conservative family is so utterly lost to a sense of what is due to propriety? The secret is soon told. He was fitted for college by a woman, Mrs. Ripley of Concord. Chief Justice Chapman, if he had had the training of him, might not have got him in such good condition for the university; but he would have taken better care of his political morals. But there is no use, probably, in trying to go back.

He also believes in labor-reform, which makes him resemble, in a sort, Butler himself, but which excites a smile of contempt in the judge, or a shrug of disgust. Then the younger has not yet outgrown the intense partisanship of his youth and the combativeness of the bar, and it is very

likely never will. It is not probable that his temperament, his education, or his family history and traditions, will ever allow him to really like Butler: yet the resembling traits between the two will keep them on good terms, as they were in the State Convention of 1871, in spite of the opposite impressions of such political greenhorns as that Harvard-college professor who went to the New-England dinner in 1872, and claimed for the *two* brothers the credit of killing Butler; while only the elder, as we know, had any thing to do with it, or any sympathy with the enterprise.

[Feb. 26, 1876.]

REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

I called to see Gilbert Haven about the day the echoes of his speech began to get back here at his home.[1] "There's the What's-its-name," said he, pitching across the table at me the Christian something which does duty as a sentinel on some inner wall of the Methodist Zion. "They say at the office (i.e., in Bromfield Street) that my speech is making a great row." I helped him find the criticism he had brought with him; but it was some time before I could remember what he had said to occasion such a tumult. He and I have been "Grant men" for two or three years, with this difference,—that, while I have been rather surer than he is that Grant is "the strongest Republican," he has been a good deal surer than I that it would be fit and decent to choose him. This Grant talk of his has been so common when he has been at home, that nobody paid much attention to it: and I really believe that he derived much comfort from my opinion that Grant means to get the nomination, will not be put off, can not be put off; and that it is "Grant, or a Democrat." The Methodist ministers, who meet him on Monday, think Haven a great politician, because he is enthusiastic, and gives them a sort of a reason for what they want to

[1] A political speech, in which the bishop advocated a third term for Pres. Grant.

believe. Haven is "a Grant man" because the black man is for Grant. He believes in the negro, not in Grant; as Gov. Andrew's antislavery character came out of his fondness for exceptionally unlucky races. "I never despised any man," said Andrew, with that high pitch on the word "any," making it sound like *anny*, — "any man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black."

These Methodist meetings in Boston generally excite little or no interest. They afford a chance for the clergy to come in, just before and after election, and excuse themselves for not reporting at the polls for duty on the Prohibitory Law. "Why," said Haven, "I did not vote for Grant myself in '72." — "Who did you vote for, for Heaven's sake?" — "I? I voted for Black and Russell!" — "And who were Black and Russell?" — "Prohibition candidates." You see, he could not quite make up his mind, as a temperance man, to go for Grant, and so went for Black and Russell; though I do not remember that those eminent citizens had even an electoral ticket in Massachusetts. And Grant was safe enough here. When Haven went South as a bishop, he became more and more, of course, a Grant man, and more and more a Methodist organizer. He wants to protect the negro from the white man, and he wants to build up the Methodist-Episcopal Church against the Catholics; though I do not think he cares about the school-question very much, believing in the Church quite as much as in the Bible; feeling, probably, — as a man does who reads the magazines and newspapers and modern books, and who hears everybody talk, — that it is the spectacular and emotional which must make Christianity a continued success, rather than a reliance upon a book which Huxley and Spencer are nibbling the leaves out of all the time. The negro, and especially the Methodist negro, must be taken care of. He must be recognized. I have a letter from him to Gov. Andrew, asking the governor to help elect Rev. Mr. Grimes to a chaplaincy in the legislature. The governor indorsed it over to me with a request

that I would help to get votes for Mr. Grimes.[1] I suppose there is a time when it seems so necessary to strike a strong blow at an absurd prejudice, that it may be a good thing to infringe upon what would seem the true rule; viz., to vote for the man who can best interpret to the Almighty the devotional feelings of those who conceive themselves to be praying when the Lord is addressed in their names. Doubtless Mr. Grimes, who was an excellent man, would have made as good a chaplain as the man who was chosen, whoever he was.

I trust that Haven will not be harmed on account of those speeches, and do not think he will be. He must be liked at the South, on the whole: I know he must be by those who know him; and that is nearly everybody. He knows everybody, — Tilton and Beecher equally well. He is as strict a marriage man as Greeley was, but implicitly believes, that, if the white man and black woman desire to intermarry, the State should not interfere. Mr. Nordhoff (of "The Nation") is altogether wrong when he says that Haven's "most cherished possessions are prejudices." The bishop's

[1] BOSTON, Jan. 2, 1864.

DEAR SIR, — Many friends of Rev. Mr. Grimes are anxious that he should be appointed the chaplain of the House of Representatives the coming session. Judge Russell and other eminent friends of the cause are interested in the matter. It is not only a right step in the right direction, but it gives honor and aid to a most worthy and faithful friend of the war and the Union; and, far from least, will greatly aid the business of volunteering among our colored friends. I trust that you can find it consistent with your official relations to that body to assist in securing his election, as I am assured it will be agreeable to your feelings and your judgment to have it successful.

Very respectfully yours,

G. HAVEN.

GOV. ANDREW.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, Jan. 5, 1864.

MY DEAR ROBINSON, — I should think Mr. Grimes might be elected senate chaplain with ease. Only few persons need to be spoken to. It ought to be done, I think. Who can best start the movement?

Yours truly,

J. A. ANDREW.

prejudices are very slight and very few, — fewer and slighter than they ought to be; for I suppose a prejudice, easily overcome when real judgment approaches, and proves the stronger, is a valuable quality. I got information or surmise as to the Brooklyn scandal from him long before Mrs. Woodhull made her invincible statement; and now it is no wonder that he tells Mr. Blackwell, that, if Mr. Beecher makes his appearance as a "suffragist" on the platform, he (Haven) steps off. The bishop's head is level on *one* of the "miscegenation" questions, however it may be on the others. The bishop cannot stand every thing; and he knows that even now the joints of the Church Universal are beginning to crack under the load Plymouth Church insists it shall take on board. He would prefer to have Grant a teetotaler, or a prohibitionist, which is better yet in the estimation of all sound temperance men; but the negro must be protected, especially the church-going, Methodist negro. Not that Haven is, when you get close to him, a strict *doctrinare;* for he mixes very judiciously worldliness with other worldliness.

He relishes Emerson; says "Brahma" is one of the greatest of poems, and that the first volume of Essays, and the first volume of Poems, are the finest fruits of American genius; and calls to see the Concord seer when he is in the neighborhood. When very pious, or very drowsy, or very repentant, he might take up Pollok or Young or Bickerstaff, but not till then. Ordinarily, he would read Green's "History of the People of England," or "The Vicar of Wakefield," or "Eöthen," or Elia, or Hawthorne, before any such "poetry" as the other. No man within the last twelve or fifteen years, I think, has grown in ability and power more than Gilbert Haven; and, if he has good fortune, he will live and grow many, many years. His mother is now living in this town (Malden), at the age of eighty-eight. His father (Gilbert) was a leading Methodist of this section till his death; and *he* was a brother of Franklin Haven, financial friend of Webster, to whom the latter

intrusted that great politico-economical maxim, that "no man could hold a cabinet-office in Washington, unless he were rich, or a bachelor:" whereupon the pockets of State Street were opened to Mr. Webster. The bishop is a widower with two children; his wife having been dead eighteen years, more or less. He writes rapidly and carelessly, and incurs the hostility of the critics for occasional clumsiness and inaccuracy, but is too "spry" for forms. A royal good fellow. May he live long, and prosper!

[March 8, 1876.]

CHARLES C. HAZEWELL AND THE OLD EDITORS.[1]

Charles C. Hazewell's "Review of the Year," in "The Traveller," is an astonishing piece of work. The bits of autobiography which he puts into his reviews are, to me, their most interesting features. He is almost as frank as Rousseau, but has no such unhandsome confessions to make. For a man who relies almost entirely on the newspapers for the news, he is well informed as to what is going on in Boston; while as to the past, and as to all which books tell, he has no equal hereabouts. I wish he would make an estimate of the number of columns he has written, — more, I suspect, than any other American editor. Mr. Hazewell is a Providence man, and came to Boston as a compositor, and worked on Hallet's old "Daily Advocate." He afterwards edited "The Nantucket Islander" (or "I Slander," as Sam H. Jenks, publisher of the rival "Inquirer," used to call it), and then "The Concord Freeman," and then "The Boston Times," for many years. In 1846 he went to Ohio, and edited "The Ohio Statesman." While there, he and his brother published one number of "The Western Review," containing nine long articles on a variety of subjects, every one of which was written by himself.

Isaac W. Frye, who died in Boston not long ago, was

[1] This sketch contains the last of "Warrington's" writings. A part of it was published after his death.

about the oldest man connected with the press actively in the State. There are left Col. Greene, Mr. Hazewell, Mr. Attwill, Mr. Purdy of the land commission, and perhaps others, and some older than either of these. The religious papers, possibly, have some; for example, Mr. Punchard of "The Traveller." George Bradburn, an old journalist (and one of the sharpest), was in the legislature with Winthrop, Samuel C. Allen, Rantoul, Frank Dexter, and that set, and took a leading part in repealing the anti-amalgamation law. He was thus obliged to come into contact with Franklin Dexter, a leader of the Boston Whigs, a handsome though dark man, who suffered a good deal from "colliding" with Bradburn. Possibly I ought to have mentioned Gen. Banks as once an editor; but I guess not. He once had a small paper in Woburn. Gov. Bullock once edited "The Ægis." C. W. Palfrey of "The Salem Register" is one of the oldest and steadiest. And we had in the office of "The Lowell Courier" a file of David Lee Child's "Massachusetts Journal" of about 1822. Mr. Child died lately; but Mrs. Child still writes for the press. It would have been inexcusable to omit Mr. Foote of "The Salem Gazette;" but his youthful looks and courtly way rather exclude the idea that he is one of the old editors. Dr. Palfrey is about eighty; but, whether he had installation as editor when young, I do not know. I am glad there are so many of the old fellows left. Dr. Loring was once a reporter for "The Daily Advertiser" at the legislature. And, lo! here is reference made to Capt. Sleeper of "The Boston Journal." Stockwell and Clapp of the same paper, and Delano Goddard of "The Advertiser," are coming along fast. Dr. Howe jointly edited the (old) "Daily Commonwealth" over twenty years ago; and it is twenty-five years since Elizur Wright, styled by Charles A. Dana "the best paragraphist," started "The Chronotype," which Dana worked on. Elizur is a successful man of business, and the same hard-headed, and perfectly honest, non-mystical old radical as ever.

One might write all day about newspaper-men; for it is a universal rule for public men to write for the press. The "Brutuses," and the "Phocions," and the "Honestuses," of old times, no doubt used to crack their jokes, air their rhetoric, and instruct the people. Charles Austin, a son of "Honestus" (Benjamin Austin's newspaper name, I believe), got shot by Selfridge. How could I forget Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Wheildon of the old "Bunker-hill Aurora," still busy, and living in Concord? Among the old editors, I forgot William Hayden and Thomas M. Brewer of "The Atlas." Mr. Hayden lives in Malden, and is over eighty years old. He was a reporter in Washington for "The Intelligencer" as long ago as 1822; returned to Boston; and in 1841, he, with Dr. Brewer, took "The Atlas." I believe he is in good health. He is a Lincoln[1] man. Another Lincoln man, George F. Bemis, left journalism thirty years ago or so, has got rich since, and is now well, and enjoying life. Dr. Brewer was, as we all remember, a Washington letter-writer. I don't suppose any paper ever *was* quite so enthusiastically received as "The Atlas" by the partisan of the old school, who was a very good and useful man before the days of "personal government" and of caucus-packing. Houghton was considered a wonder; and there were dim hints about Richard Hildreth, a writer for the press, who was indeed a most remarkable turner-off of work, — writing a little finical hand, but any quantity of it, and with great rapidity, — at least when I knew him, in 1854. "Ornament his sword had none, but the notches on the blade." Alfred Turner also turned off work well on "The Atlas."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I suppose there is no doubt of the accuracy of the story of Lincoln's early history. It is stranger than fiction. I hardly know any narrative better told, or more curious in itself, considering the after-life of the subject. There is a

[1] Born in Lincoln, Mass.

little too much Herndon, perhaps; but, after all, we are interested a little in knowing a man who knew Lincoln so well, and who thinks he guided Lincoln to his great destiny; though it seems probable, that, after a while, Lincoln might have humored his vanity a little, rather than followed his leading. Although (as C. C. Hazewell once said) Wilkes Booth's bullet has made it forever impossible to tell the whole truth about Mr. Lincoln, it is clear enough that he was one of the ablest and shrewdest men who ever held the presidency. Once get an idea into his head, and it stuck there forever. He was a Jeffersonian, as all successful Americans must be.

Abraham Lincoln was a good talker, but not a mere talker; a good lawyer, but not a mere lawyer; a man who had a great respect for law and forms, but not an idolatry for them. He was not a formalist. When the country was in danger, he could cut the knot of red tape as easily and as willingly as any other man. I doubt whether there ever existed a man of note in the country who had less the character of a saint or an inspired person than Abraham Lincoln. Every thing about him was intensely human. He was neither poet nor prophet, but simply a man of common sense, and by no means above the trickeries and expediencies which are supposed to be characteristics of the class of "politicians." And what is the use of trying to make him out a man of supernatural merit? We are not likely, in these times of "reconstruction," to forget that our loss in Lincoln's death is an irreparable one; and there is no need of making him out a god, or an unexampled instance of heroic virtue and piety.

[In 1863.]

GEORGE B. LORING.

George B. Loring is the son of a Unitarian clergyman in Andover (now deceased), a graduate of Harvard, medically educated, of early antislavery predilections; at one time physician, superintendent, steward, or what-not, of Chelsea Marine Hospital; good-looking; an excellent speaker for

lyceums and miscellaneous gatherings, though not strong in debate; the owner of a farm of five hundred acres close to the city of Salem; admitted to be an excellent agriculturist, theoretically and practically; very well known by sight and hearing to the people, especially of the country towns; and of very popular and agreeable manners. He was at first an antislavery man. How it happened that he became, for the dozen years or so before 1863, one of the most violent of the Southern sort of Democrats, I have never been able to make out; but so it was.

The real objection to the doctor seems to be that he has brought into the Republican party the peculiar tactics of the Democratic party. I by no means intend to affirm that there are not plenty of Republicans, who never were Democrats, who have the same general idea as to what is a proper mode of conducting a political canvass as the old Democratic leaders; but, to a very large proportion of Republicans, this style of doing business is not quite the thing. The old-fashioned, high-toned, Federal Whig gentleman of Massachusetts was as tricky as anybody else, if occasion required: but the competition for places was not, in his day, very great; and he was seldom detected, and seldomer exposed. That "cycle of Cathay," the seven-years' administration of Gov. Briggs, if not as full of intricacies as the "coalition" which followed it, owes its better character, in this respect, mainly to the absence of temptation, to the overwhelming majorities of the Whig party, and to the sense of pride, if not of honor, which compelled the leaders to keep silence as to the secret doings of themselves and their party.

There is a superstition among old Whigs, that the bargain which made Mr. Boutwell governor, and Mr. Sumner senator, and placed Gen. Wilson and Gen. Banks in the chair of the State Senate and House, brought death into our political world, and all our woe; and Judge B. R. Curtis declared that bargain to be an indictable offence at common law. But there is no good reason to suppose that it was any more corrupt than the bargains which were made inside of the

Whig party previous to 1848, especially by the cotton manufacturers, headed by Mr. Abbott Lawrence, who did much to demoralize the politics of the State. But the Republicans here flatter themselves that they have the advantage in respectability over the old Whigs, and the coalitionists, and the Know-Nothings; and that the administrations of Gov. Andrew and Gov. Bullock have been cleaner than any others of recent times. Be this as it may, — and possibly self-righteousness alone would claim it, — there is an impression that some of the Democratic converts, like Dr. Loring and Gen. Butler, being exceedingly ambitious men, are not quite scrupulous enough as to means, when they have a purpose to accomplish. I shall not finish what ought to be said about Dr. Loring, without mentioning, that, while in the legislature, he took ground in favor of the Prohibitory Law, stuck to it at great risk during the excitement of 1867 (when most men of ordinary sagacity saw that the law was "booked" for defeat), and shared its fate, at least temporarily; being defeated by Gen. Sutton, a license-law Republican, in the canvass for the State Senate.

HORACE MANN.

Horace Mann was an unlucky man; and his Life[1] is a record of his struggles with ill-health, bigotry, and hunkerism. How he hated "the Orthodox" from the day Dr. Emmons preached that sermon at the funeral of his brother, all through his contests with "that poor thing" Matthew Hale Smith and "The Boston Recorder," and the jealous and vindictive men who were afraid he was making the common school of Massachusetts an engine of infidelity! Mann's letters to Samuel Downer, George Combe, and others, and the extracts from his journal, are full of interest; but they give a faint idea of the smashing power with which he fought the schoolmasters and the bigots. How he scourged Barnum Field and his brethren! Matthew Hale Smith was

[1] Written by Mrs. Mann.

so chary of truth, he said, that he would not use it "even as a condiment." Here is a judgment that will never wax nor wane.

The fight with Webster was terrible as long as it lasted; and Mann never gave it up till his great enemy was laid entirely low. The reading of the controversy now only keeps alive the vividness of Webster's great treachery to the cause of progress; and the silence that broods over the 7th-of-March speech is more expressive than open words of condemnation. Mr. Mann seems to have been a very sincere admirer of Mr. Webster up to that day of "apostasy." It is customary to say that the judgment of posterity is the safest upon public men and manners. Perhaps so; but it does not follow that the man of 1850 or 1855 should sit down and cogitate as to what some historian of 1860 or 1875 will say about his part in the controversy. The pardon-mongers are fond of quoting Macaulay and Hallam as to the impolicy of executing Charles I. But I suspect Cromwell and Company knew what they were about: so did Mr. Mann when he executed judgment upon Daniel Webster.

The reading of this Life lets one into the secret of some weaknesses of Mr. Mann's, but very much deepens the impression left by his great qualities and his noble and useful career. As a controversialist and rhetorician, few men ever lived in this State who were his equal. He had a controversy on the subject of voting with Wendell Phillips, which was on both sides wonderfully readable. Mr. Mann having the right of the question, and being quite as caustic as Mr. Phillips, got the better of his antagonist, as he did of everybody else he ever encountered. It is very pleasant to have these biographies of our great men; and those who are now living ought to write letters and journals, and do what they can, as Horace Mann did, for the entertainment and instruction of posterity.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

In Phillips you have naturalness and most perfect grace. He makes a most beautiful speech, strictly argumentative,

but with the keenest and finest illustration of his various points. His rivulet-like efforts charm rather than thrill you. He certainly is our easiest, most persuasive, most eloquent, and, on the whole, our best "platform" speaker.

We all know that he does not believe the work of the anti-slavery party accomplished, but that the exigency is almost as great as ever. Every year he makes temperance speeches at the State House and elsewhere, telling the people that they must organize on that issue; and now here he is telling the working-men that they must get forty thousand votes. It is very fortunate for him that he has a constitutional crotchet which keeps him from voting; though what he will do when that is gone I cannot imagine. Mr. Phillips, though not a voter, is essentially a politician. His tastes are in the direction of politics. He likes to consult and advise with politicians; and, if not hampered by constitutional opinions, he would be at the head of the radical politicians of the State, wise, cautious, crafty even, in counsel, in caucus, and in convention.

What if he were in the same ward with Major Mahan, with whom he spoke on the platform? The major would claim his vote for representative, saying, "Look here, Mr. Phillips: I want your help. Come down to the ward-room and speak for me." — "But," says Mr. Phillips, "you are against negro-suffrage." — "I know I am," says the major: "but I am for eight hours a day; and, under your advice, we have organized a party." — "Ah! but," replies Mr. Phillips, "you are counsel for the rumsellers." — "I know I am," says the major; "but what of that? Under your deliberate advice, we made the labor-question an issue: now come and help me put it through." The result of it all would be, that the major would have the go-by. So would any temperance man who should be for eight hours, but against negro-suffrage; for Mr. Phillips, no matter how many reformatory machines he undertakes to run, makes the negro paramount, as he ought. He has a taste for politics, but no conception of the machinery and methods of carrying on parties. He

ought to stay out, or go in, — one or the other. If he were in a party, he would have to yield some of his views, and act with the majority, or quit. As he is outside, he ought to confine himself to the business of propagating doctrines, without giving advice which it is impossible for men in a party to obey.

Mr. Lyman complains, and perhaps justly, of Mr. Phillips's melodramatic way of describing his father, the mayor, in the days of the Garrison riot;[1] and I thought there was the same fault in one of his references to Gov. Andrew. After all, why does Mr. Phillips take the Garrison riot, or the mob of December, 1860, as the groundwork of his argument? Because, in the old proslavery days, Mr. Garrison and Mr. Thompson were mobbed, and Mr. Lovejoy was killed, and because, after the election of Lincoln, the well-intentioned but stupid merchants of Boston thought war could be averted by a peace conference and a repeal of the Personal-liberty Bill, and therefore it was bad policy to hold an antislavery meeting in the Tremont Temple, and proceeded to egg on the mob and the mayor to break it up, it does not quite follow that our republican institutions and the cause of self-government are in any great danger, or were in danger then.

We have had some antislavery mobs. Elizur Wright, and Charles G. Davis, and Lewis Hayden, and Martin Stowell, and T. W. Higginson, could tell stories about them; and so could Mr. Phillips himself, who spoke in Faneuil Hall on the night when one of them occurred. Those were good mobs, and the others were bad ones, to be sure; but cannot we take a bad one once in a while, without giving up in despair? A drunken ballot! — to be sure, a drunken ballot is bad; to be sure, you cannot found government on whiskey: but the vast majority of ballots are sober, and they are growing soberer every year. There is really no cause for alarm. Even that great national spittoon, the city of New York, will be cleaned out before many years, — soon as it is nasty

[1] In one of Mr. Phillips's speeches.

enough. Mr. Phillips spoke of the labor-question and the woman-question effectively; and his speech, like all his speeches, had a high moral *afflatus*, which made it very agreeable to the ethical sense.

[Boston Daily Republican, November, 1848.]

STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS.[1]

Stephen C. Phillips was a native of Salem, and graduated with honor at Harvard College in 1819. After reading law for a short period, he entered into mercantile pursuits. In the year 1824 he was elected a representative to the legislature, being then but twenty-one years of age. He continued a member of the legislature, in one or the other branch, till 1833, distinguishing himself by his fidelity, eloquence, and ability. In 1834 he was chosen to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Hon. Rufus Choate in the Congress of the United States, where he served his constituents and the country with distinguished honor till his own resignation in 1838. Mr. Phillips was for years a thorough, persevering, uncompromising antislavery man; none more so in the ranks of the Whig party.

In Congress he went all lengths with his associate and personal friend, John Quincy Adams. He was always with the small minority who were ready to take the extremest ground within the Constitution on that subject. He was foremost in every movement to bring the Whig party on to antislavery ground. In all the efforts made to prevent the annexation of Texas, — when George N. Briggs, and Abbott Lawrence, and Nathan Appleton, were silent, or, if they spoke at all, did so only to dissuade from exertion, — he stood shoulder to shoulder with the good men and true who fought it to the last; resolved, that though others might be wanting to the great cause of HUMAN FREEDOM on this continent, through timidity or short-sighted expediency, he would do his whole duty, come what might. He never paused to ask

[1] Free-Soil candidate for governor in 1848.

how the movement might effect his personal popularity, or his relations with the eminent men of the country, but went straight forward, animated by the principles of liberty, philanthropy, and religion, to do the work which these demanded. He ever stood the determined and uncompromising foe of the slave-power, the whole-souled friend and ally of the free laborers, vindicating human rights against all who would encroach upon them, and resting his fearless advocacy of "PROTECTION TO MAN" on the basis of his faith, — that all men alike are children of God, and therefore brethren of one another.

Such was the man whom the Free-Soil party of Massachusetts, in 1848, put in nomination for the chief magistrate.

THEODORE PARKER.

It seems to me that no man in the country, whether politician, or clergyman, or man of letters, has exercised so large, and on the whole so good, an influence as Theodore Parker for the last twenty years. Such a man's work could not be said to be finished while he lived and spoke and wrote; but he was of comparatively less importance during the latter years of his life than he was from 1840 to 1850. To him, more than to any other man, — I had almost said, more than to all other men, — are we indebted for the privilege we have of thinking and speaking pretty much what we please to think and speak. The popes, Unitarian as well as Orthodox, tried to put him down; but they had to deal with a man who did not come into the world to be put down either by sneers, or neglect, or open opposition. He triumphed over all these obstacles; and, when the little fellows who get up courses of lectures every winter in Boston studiously declined to invite him, he showed them that the managers of country lyceums were more courageous than they; and even the bluest conservatives and conformists had to invite him to speak, because the people wanted to hear him, and would hear him. Finally he determined to lecture in Boston, and did so, working himself to death for the purpose of surmounting all obstacles to the free communication of his thoughts.

As an example of indomitable courage and energy, his life is a great legacy to the people. He was not a poet, a man of genius, like Mr. Emerson, but a man of the clearest and most piercing insight; of great strength of understanding; boldness, with a spirit for contradiction, controversy, and criticism, which was invaluable to him in the circumstances in which he was placed; a fine love of nature, which softened and beautified his style and his manners; great faith in humanity and its destinies; a love of order and method, which wonderfully aided that indomitable working-power which he possessed beyond most men. He had, in fine, the very best qualities of an iconoclast, which was his vocation. How he tore down the Boston temples! — reverence for Webster, respect for the Curtises, habit of implicit reliance on the advice of the Appletons and other denizens of Beacon Hill. How he confronted B. R. Curtis from the gallery of Faneuil Hall, when that eminent lawyer undertook to misrepresent him! How he scourged the commissioners, Loring, and Curtis the less, likening them to the masters of the Inquisition, and other renowned scoundrels of the olden time! How persistently he followed up Orville Dewey, and Dr. Adams, and the Unitarian popes! Much of this was unkind, of course; he probably acknowledged it to be so afterwards: but it was necessary and indispensable work.

Boston has been emancipated from its idol-worship; and the idols are lying round loose, with broken noses, bunged eyes, and general shabbiness and seediness of appearance. The great men of Boston find nobody to look up to them, and plenty of leisure for introspection and self-worship. All this is Parker's work more than any other man's. He had an audience when and where Wendell Phillips could not get one. Even among the slaveholders, whose system he so fiercely denounced, he had sympathizers, because he was under the theological ban, and was styled an infidel: for nonconformity is not bounded by Mason's and Dixon's Line, or any other line; and every country village in every State has always had its men and women who have quietly pro-

tested against creeds and catechisms, and who rejoiced when a man came forward boldly, and, as Lowell profanely says, —

"Cared not a d—n for their damning."

In making an estimate of Mr. Parker's character and usefulness, it is not necessary to contend that his views were correct, or to take that matter into consideration at all. Every man who *protests*, as Parker did, is a legitimate follower of Luther, no matter what his views are; and the man who boldly confronts popular infidelity (when infidelity gets to be popular), or *any* superstition or fanaticism or folly, — whether it be the extreme of orthodoxy or the extreme of rationalism, the nonsense of antislavery or the nonsense of slavery, — does noble service to the race.

Mr. Parker was not a tolerant man, of course. He recognized every man's *right* to his own opinions, and the right of every other man to criticise and oppose them. Toleration, as commonly understood, is simply indifference and laziness, or popularity-seeking. Some preachers think it a great thing to exchange services with men of other denominations. Once in a while, you hear of a Baptist society offering to a Unitarian society the use of its meeting-house for months, omitting a part of its own services to accommodate its neighbors, and *vice versa*. Now, if it is a serious matter, a matter of eternal life or eternal death, to the Orthodox preacher and his hearers, what obligation is he under, nay, what right has he, to give up half his sabbath to a man who does not believe it makes the slightest difference to a man whether he professes one creed or another, or none at all; to a man who holds to Pope's doctrine, which is the gospel of lazy toleration and indifference, —

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right"?

The truth was the secret of Mr. Parker's great popularity and influence. He represented what was, to a very great extent, the popular estimate of the Church with its clergy and leading men. Men who were the last to believe in anti-

slavery, in temperance, in reform movements generally, would tolerate Parker's advocacy of all these on account of the "dressing-down" which he gave the ministers and church-members. He was the creature, even more than he was the creator, of those unbelieving times. He was a man of a century, and, besides the work he did in modifying and softening the theology of New England, has left comparatively little for anybody else to do.

Theodore Parker has done his work, and is gone. We shall hear him no more. The best description of him, and a piece of very just criticism too, may be found in Lowell's "Fable for Critics." The concluding lines are all I have time to copy; but the whole is worth reprinting: —

> "Every word that he speaks has been fierily furnaced
> In the blast of a life that has struggled in earnest.
> There he stands, looking more like a ploughman than priest;
> If not dreadfully awkward, not graceful at least;
> His gestures all downright and same, if you will,
> As of brown-fisted Hobnail in hoeing a drill.
> But his periods fall on you, stroke after stroke,
> Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak:
> You forget the man wholly; you're thankful to meet
> With a preacher who smacks of the field and the street,
> And to hear, you're not over-particular whence,
> Almost Taylor's profusion, quite Latimer's sense."

JUDGE JULIUS ROCKWELL AND THE SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

When a vacancy occurred on the bench of the Supreme Court, occasioned by the resignation of Bigelow, chief justice, I had the honor to recommend Julius Rockwell for the vacancy, on the strength of his decision, that, if a juror wanted to see the General Statutes in order to ascertain what was the law in the case he was called on to settle, he ought to be gratified. This decision, you know, was overruled by the Supreme Judicial Court: our theory as to the jury being, that nobody but a fool must serve thereon; and, in case (as too frequently happens) a sensible man happens to

be impanelled, he must be kept as ignorant as possible of the particular case which he has to determine. If a little of the court's musty and stupid "law" had been swapped for Judge Rockwell's common sense, the public would have been the gainer. The court had better insist upon a jury of blind men, and done with it; for there is no security, in any case, that some one of the twelve arbiters may not, at some time or other, have looked into the statutes, and have remembered something he there read. Partially deaf men, according to the old joke, will do for grand jurors, because they are only obliged to hear one side; but, if Rockwell was wrong, your juror ought to be, not only blind, but wholly deaf. A dozen wooden men would be preferable, and far cheaper: let them be a panel, in every sense of the word. If the court needs any thing, it is not more legal learning, but originality and strength enough to break away from its musty and stupid traditions.

No offices have been so eagerly sought for, of late years, as the Supreme and Superior Court judgeships; and the legal footfall has been oftener heard on the steps leading to the governor's room than any other. There is no harm in this, but a good deal of cant in denying it, or making a pretence to the contrary. The judicial ermine is out of date; the wig is a by-gone institution; and with the ermine and the wig has gone the idea that judges are any different from other mortals. Why should we expect them to be? Is not a man capable of giving an honest decision in a hundred-dollar lawsuit unless we invest him in our minds with godlike attributes? There is that story of Judge Grier, which everybody delights in, and which redeems his pro-slavery record from utter contempt, — how he set aside the unjust verdict of a jury against an unpopular man, with this remark, "Enter the verdict, Mr. Clerk: enter also, 'Set aside by the court.' I want it to be understood that it takes *thirteen* men to steal a man's farm in *this* court."

I hope we shall some time get rid of this delusion, that we must have our greatest men in our supreme courts. I do

not see but we get along full as well with our highest court as we did when Shaw and Wilde and Hubbard and Morton were upon it. It does not seem to me that any enormous degree of ability is required to decide the great case of Commonwealth *versus* Michael Elwood, carried up on exceptions, in which the point was, whether the indictment describing the property stolen by Michael was properly described in the indictment. "Four domestic fowls, otherwise called barn-door fowls," said the indictment. Michael, by his counsel, contended that this was not a sufficient description; and the attorney-general was compelled to cite the dictionaries, and Woods's "Natural History," and Macaulay's "Essays," in order that the court above might be satisfied, and Michael be punished for his larceny. For my part, I think some means ought to be devised for keeping such questions as this out of the Supreme Court. What difference could it make to Michael Elwood whether the fowls were minutely described or not? If the district-attorney had followed Milton, and accused Michael of stealing four "tame, villatic fowls," I cannot see that the prisoner would have had any right to complain. It is too bad that lawyers should be allowed to obstruct justice in this way, or that courts should be compelled to hear such absurd questions debated.

There was another case, not long ago, in which one of the minor points was, whether a weapon used in a case of manslaughter was sufficiently described when described as a "whipstock." I don't know how this tremendous point was decided; but it seems to me, that, for the decision of such a question, the less of a lawyer you have on the bench, the better. I suppose there is a necessity for a court of appeals; but it surely ought to be for some better purpose than fussing over these questions. If Judge Brigham or Judge Rockwell can sentence Michael Elwood to any punishment which seems fair and just under the statute provisions, surely they are capable of passing upon the question, whether his offence was correctly and fully described or not. And

it seems as if a statute might be framed which would keep such questions as this, not only from going up, but from being raised at all: but the small lawyers would fight against it, I suppose, and declaim about Runnymede, and fancy themselves Pyms and Sidneys and Hampdens; and we should never hear the last of it.

The attempt to introduce into legislative proceedings the rubbish known as the "rules of law and evidence," which have overlaid the courts, darkened counsel, obscured common sense, and hindered justice, for so many hundred years, is not very likely to succeed. It is much more probable that the practice in the courts will by and by be made more nearly to conform to the rules of common sense which prevail in legislative assemblies, town-meetings, and political and social life. Hearsay? — why should you *not* act upon hearsay? You buy and sell, marry and are given in marriage, vote and govern, upon hearsay: why not try causes on hearsay, only scrutinizing and sifting your hearsay as you ought to in all things? Why not let common sense get into the court as well as into the pulpit and into the medical school? You trust your body to a doctor's hearsay, and your soul to a minister's hearsay: let a witness's and a lawyer's and a judge's be just as serviceable for the imprisoned juror, and as innocent for the beleagured prisoner or plaintiff or defendant. The ermine (real or constructive), and the robe, and the white cravat, and the oath, and the ridiculous formula of the indictment and complaint and pleading, — making it a necessity to tell a score of lies to get at one truth, — are only a part of that mystery and humbug by which the human mind is enslaved, as by the surplice of the clergyman, and the Latin prescription of the doctor.

Ah! when I think of Judge Rockwell and of Judge Colt, admirable on and off the bench, I withdraw all offensive sarcasm.

ROBERT RANTOUL.

Mr. Rantoul was, beyond all question, the ablest man of the Democratic party in New England, and, with the excep-

tion of Mr. Webster, the ablest man of any party. As a debater, he had few, if any, equals in the whole country; while his addresses in court and before the people were models of clear, concise, and lucid argumentation. Mr. Rantoul was from his early manhood a Democrat. Although of a Federal and Whig family, and possessing talents which would have given him any station he should choose, had he preferred to act with the Whig party, he fought for and with the Democratic party of the State during many years, in which it struggled along in a hopeless and meagre minority. He defended its doctrines in the legislature. It is among the choicest reminiscences of old Democrats how Mr. Rantoul used to meet the Whig debaters in the House, and always vanquished them by superior argument or superior skill. Before the people he was also indefatigable, and did more than a score of any other men to give his party a strong position. Better than all this, Mr. Rantoul was a *Democrat* in something more than a party sense. He studied and believed the doctrines of Thomas Jefferson; and, for carrying them out to their true results, he was driven out of his party.

He was a leading temperance man; and the opponents of the gallows will always remember that their strongest and sharpest weapons to hew down that institution were forged in Mr. Rantoul's workshop. At a later day, and up to the day of his death, he was the determined enemy of *slavery*. It detracts not one iota from his sincerity in this respect that he concluded not to oppose the election of Gen. Pierce.

We shall not forget hearing him proclaim at Salem in 1850–51, in his boldest and most emphatic manner, the great truth, that "liberty is national, and slavery is sectional," — a truth which, fully acted upon, will destroy slavery. For a man who has broken away from a proslavery party, and acted in other ranks, such a declaration would be as easy as any other word: not so for a man who designed to remain in a party until it was purified, or so long as he could see a chance of effecting good results by remaining. The persecu-

tion to which Mr. Rantoul was subjected in his own party, and the steadiness with which he resisted it, are proofs of his sincerity, which the antislavery men of this State will always remember with gratitude. To his party, which he had built up, and in which he was destined to take a still more prominent position, and to the country, which can ill afford to lose so great a man, Mr. Rantoul's death is an irreparable loss.

ELBRIDGE GERRY ROBINSON.[1]

Mr. Robinson was born in Concord, Mass., on the 24th of June, 1805. He was apprenticed to the trade of a carriage-painter; and, after serving his time at Concord, went to Salem, where he worked at the same business. In 1831 he removed to Dedham, where, for a time, he followed the same calling. Here he was in the habit of writing for the newspapers, — both for "The Advertiser" and "The Patriot," we believe. "The Advertiser" was then published by Mr. Ebenezer Fish. Mr. Robinson contributed many tales and sketches to its columns, and an endless number of anecdotes and jokes, many of which were exquisitely told, and some of which are even now standing favorites of the newspapers, and re-appear every year as regularly almost as the counting-house almanac.[2] At this time, being in high health and spirits, and possessed of an admirable humor, and fine power of amusing his friends, Mr. Robinson was the favorite of all who knew him. Disease soon came to sadden, in some degree, his exuberant cheerfulness; but to the last, among his friends and relatives, he was a cheerful and very humorous man.

After Mr. Fish died, Mr. Robinson purchased "The Advertiser," in August, 1837. He published it by that name until February, 1839, when he made it a political paper, and styled it "The Democrat." He supported the Democratic

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[1] "Warrington's eldest brother."

[2] See Appendix D.

policy and nominations until 1848, when he and his paper went with the Free-Soil party for Mr. Van Buren. His health soon began to fail, however, and his interest in partisan politics diminished; and more of his attention was paid to literary matters and general miscellany. He was a great reader of books, and a careful saver of them.

Mr. Robinson was strictly the friend of order, of temperance, of freedom, of peace, of good neighborhood, to all men. His weekly visit to his subscribers was a pleasant and kindly one, and he brought no vicious counsel with him. At last, when the end approached, he was ready and willing to go; his thoughts of family and friends being not anxious, but cheerful and confident, and his reliance in the goodness of God sustaining him through all his sickness to the last dread end. He died peacefully and happily as he had always lived. His outward circumstances were pleasant. Blessed with an affectionate wife and two children, and a large circle of friends, his lot might be called a happy one, except these bonds of disease. The wise definition of wealth might apply to him; and, tried by it, he was a rich man: "The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, the number of things he is loved and blessed by." But he has left his house and his friends, and "the warm precincts of the cheerful day." Peace to his memory, which shall be ever pleasant to all who knew him!

"Blue be the sky, and soft the breeze;
Earth green beneath thy feet;
And be the damp mound gently pressed
Into thy narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer-hours,
The golden light shall lie,
And thick young herbs, and groups of flowers,
Stand in their beauty by;
The oriole shall build, and tell
His love-tale close beside thy cell;
The idle butterfly
Shall rest him there; and there be heard
The housewife-bee and humming-bird.

And if, around his place of sleep,
The friends he loved should come and weep,
They might not haste to go:
Soft airs and song and light and bloom
Shall keep them lingering by his tomb;

There to their softened hearts shall bear
The thoughts of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is, that his grave is green."

CHAPTER XVII.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES (*Continued*).

CHARLES SUMNER.

[In 1863.]

As an orator, Mr. Sumner is not so fascinating as he was ten or twenty years ago; and there is good reason for this. His life has been "fierily furnaced," for the last fifteen years, in a heat such as few men in this country have ever undergone. Eighteen or twenty years ago, — say in 1846 and 1847, — when he first came into the Whig conventions with Stephen C. Phillips, and Charles Francis Adams, and John G. Palfrey, and Charles Allen, and William Dwight, and fought Webster and Ashmun and Winthrop on the question of making vital the Whig antislavery resolutions of the previous ten years by virtually pledging the Whig party to resist any further slaveholding and doughface nomination for national office, — at this time he was not only an earnest, strong, and argumentative orator, but a careful student of the graces of style; and he was listened to with almost as attentive an ear, and looked at with almost as admiring an eye, as Mr. Everett himself. Neither of them could ever, for spontaneity and the natural oratorical gift, compare with Wendell Phillips; and *his* power of pleasing seems never to grow old.

But Sumner, ever since 1856, has had other work to do besides studying the graces and tricks which are the proper exercises of the holiday orator, and which not even great

and spontaneous orators are exempt from. He has become a great statesman, an expert debater, a fiery propagandist of ideas; a man to ride the whirlwind of civil controversy, and direct the storm of opinion which is to determine for a quarter or half a century, for good or evil, the destinies of the country. Mr. Sumner's words are "half-battles:" they are as hard as cannon-balls, and well aimed from an Armstrong gun. No man in the civil service, — if we except Mr. Lincoln himself, and perhaps one or two of his advisers, who have had to do with the executive part of the government, and who could do things with or without, or even against, popular or congressional approval, and defy consequences, — no man has had so great influence upon the destinies of the country for the last four years.

One great secret of his power is his intense personality. He is so thoroughly in earnest, and so conscious of his power, that no obstacle seems to him too great to be overcome. His capacity for business is very great. His habits are orderly and systematic. He is frank in his dealings with all men who come to him for aid or advice. If he agrees to do a thing, he goes to work and does it, or at least attempts it, and is not satisfied with one repulse; so that, with his wonderful earnestness and industry, he is more than a match, as a friend or an enemy, for half a dozen lukewarm or indifferent men who may be arrayed against him. In the Senate he has many influential personal enemies, who do not like his style of doing things, — peevish men, like Fessenden; or men who feel obliged to cater somewhat to North-western negro dislike, like Trumbull; or toadeaters, like Doolittle. But more flexibility in the Senate would be attained, probably, at the expense of those great and overmastering qualities which make him one of the powers and estates of the country. Of course, the great secret, after all, is the fact that he is right, and is with the people in the front rank of the procession; no straggler, and never footsore.

[In 1874.]

Mr. Sumner would not be properly described as "a humorist;" yet he was by no means incapable of enjoying and making a joke, and was an excellent companion at the table where humor is relished. Bishop Haven says he was the "chiefest of our statesmen." A philanthropist, I suppose, is one who loves his fellow-*man*, and is, with more or less constancy, employed in devising plans and gathering money for alleviating the condition of *man*, especially the criminal, the pauper, and the physically unfortunate. He is sometimes a statesman besides; i.e., if he gets time to be. Now, Mr. Sumner was one who did not care for or deal with *man*, but with *men;* whose studies were in the direction of the *rights* of races, not attracted toward the misfortunes of individuals. This is manifest everywhere in his life and labor. I don't remember any exception to this since the prison-discipline controversy forty years ago, even if this was an exception. It was the barbarism of slavery[1] in the sense of slavery being a denial of the right of man to himself, it was the crime against Kansas as a State, as a body politic, which mainly excited his ire; and it was because he was a man of this great statesmanlike quality that he so disappointed at last some even of his greatest friends, who had misconceived his bent, and were afraid he was merely a philanthropist like (for example) Mr. Gerritt Smith in his younger days, John Howard of England, and others. Mr. Sumner seems to me to have been a man more like Sir Samuel Romilly in this statesmanlike bent; and Sir Samuel was one of the greatest and best of Englishmen, as the English Whig party was the greatest and best party that ever existed.

When Mr. Sumner (in 1861) was on a visit to Washington, a Boston contractor to whom the government owed considerable money went on to collect it. He took certain

[1] It was "Warrington's" opinion, that Mr. Sumner's Introduction to his book on White Slavery in the Barbary States was the best thing he ever wrote.

other claims with him; among them one of forty thousand dollars, which a Boston merchant of the most extreme and ultra hunkerism intrusted to him. When the contractor returned, he met the hunker merchant, and told him he had succeeded in getting his money. Overflowing, not only with gratitude and joy, but with surprise, hunker asked, "Why! how did you get it? I had no idea you would be successful in getting it." — "Oh!" said the other, "I had nothing to do with it. Sumner happened to be in Washington; and I put the matter in his hands, and he fixed it." — "Well," said hunker, "it does seem as if Sumner was growing more and more *practical* every year." Under an administration like Buchanan's or Pierce's, when it was an open question whether Sumner should be on any committee, it does not seem a matter of surprise that he did not obtain a reputation as a practical man. But it would be difficult to name a man, — and this is the universal testimony of those who have been to Washington on business, and have asked Mr. Sumner's aid, — it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a man so industrious, methodical, thorough, energetic, and successful, in attending to pure matters of *business*. This is the simple fact, and no exaggeration whatever. His great practical talent excels that of almost every man we have ever sent to Congress.

When the people I have mentioned found out, as they did during Mr. Lincoln's administration, that the great senator was as prompt a business-man as the State ever sent to Washington; and, later, when they relied on him always for sound views of financial questions according to the best traditions and experience, — they were invariably glad to see him here, especially after the Greeley matter had a little blown over, and it was found that "nepotism," though carried a little too far in the line of thoroughness of illustration, was not unjust to the presidential head of the nation. Who that remembers the events of 1861, 1862, and 1863, and Mr. Sumner's struggles to get rid of the conservative and Union-saving method of carrying on the

war by adopting Mr. Seward's and Mr. Adams's plan of guaranteeing that slavery should no longer in the States live a threatened life, but should be made secure by positive constitutional provision, — who that remembers his speeches at our State conventions, and their contrast with the instructions given to Mr. Adams by the State Department, can say that he was something else more than he was a "statesman"?

In 1862 there was a contest of *political* ideas in Massachusetts, which men of the antislavery school ought to remember and appreciate. It was the year when hunkerism here in Massachusetts organized itself to prevent the re-election of John A. Andrew as governor, and Charles Sumner as senator. It was the year when was decided the question, whether a more radical issue should or should not be made with the rebellion; whether Africa should be carried into the war by the employment of black men as soldiers; and whether the government should stop maundering and snivelling about the abstract question of the right to secede, and fight out the war on the real and vital issue, — the existence of slavery. I say, it was the year when this question was decided; because it cannot be doubted, that if Massachusetts had fallen back in 1862, and had defeated Andrew and Sumner, Mr. Lincoln would not have gone forward, or, at least, not have gone forward so firmly, and have raised the issue which finally gave us victory by enlisting on one side the moral power, which was stronger than regiments.

I well remember the incident (in 1862), when a few radical Republicans, four or five at most, organized the plan of compelling the Republican State Convention to nominate Mr. Sumner, and of fighting the "People's" party, as it dared to call itself, on its own chosen "conservative" ground; and, if any one doubts the difficulties of the situation, I should like to have him look back, and read the speeches and resolutions of Joel Parker and Leverett Saltonstall, and the men who tried by that movement to make the

war a war for "the flag" only, and not for freedom and regeneration. Charles Sumner was the great central figure of that contest; and, from that time forward to the end of reconstruction, he was the great civic hero of the crisis. Deny it who may, history will inevitably and with emphasis declare this; and there is no power which can obliterate the record.

I have seen but little reference, in all the tributes made to the character of our great senator, to his strong solicitude for the spread and permanency of republican ideas in Europe. I have many times been struck with the uniformity of his opinion as to the fitness of all those peoples for the freest and most flexible governments. The French, he always insisted, were as fit for republicans as anybody. An *established* republican and democrat himself, he never dreamed of making exceptions; and, even although he had specialties and particular objects for his democratic fury, he never, as far as I know, doubted the theory of democracy, or dreamed that there were or could be any exceptions to it. This seems to me one of the chief glories of his character.

GEORGE L. STEARNS.

Few men are left in Boston to sustain so well as Mr. Stearns the reputation its merchant philanthropists have given it. He was by no means one of her richest men, though he was in very successful business, and in the receipt of a large yearly income. He did not give money by the million dollars at a time, — he could not afford that, — but he gave very liberally for a great diversity of objects, and always for good ones. And, besides, he gave what was much better than money, — time, more than he could well spare from his extensive business; energy, which, to a man of his frail body and feeble health, was a part of life itself; rare organizing faculty, which made every man feel that his projects were feasible; strong persuasive powers and undaunted perseverance, which converted the unwilling, and conquered the stubborn; faith, which removed mountains of

difficulty; and a cheerful optimism, which made everybody he met satisfied that the battle, whatever it might be, was sure to be won before long. So that, although many men have given more money for philanthropic objects, few, if any, have contributed more greatly to their success: and the hundred thousand dollars which we are assured he gave for public purposes and in private charities within the last dozen or fifteen years really represented, probably, fivefold that sum, even in money; and the heart-work and brain-work with which he accompanied it were beyond all price.

We suppose no man not directly enlisted in the Kansas controversy, either in the field of actual conflict or in the halls of legislation at Washington, did so much as Major Stearns for the freedom of that State. He was the intimate friend of John Brown, that breaker of human, and builder of divine, law; and furnished him with arms for that liberating enterprise into Virginia, which, rather than the siege of Sumter, was the beginning of the great war. He offered his services to the government in the enlistment of colored troops, and carried into that work a faculty for organization such as few men in this community possessed; and to him, in a large degree, is due the success of the movement. When the war closed, he entered upon the work of agitation for the complete enfranchisement of the race he had helped to liberate, and sent forth his pamphlets, papers, and broad sheets, gratuitously, through the length and breadth of the land, at one time issuing no less than sixty thousand weekly of "The Right Way."

Always disposed to look on the bright side of things, he allowed himself to be mistaken in the character of Andrew Johnson, with whom he had found it easy to co-operate in Tennessee; but no pride of opinion stood in the way of his ready acquiescence in what was soon found to be the true and the universal view, by all good men, of the President's character. He was no politician; never asked for nor held an office: yet he was the trusted friend of the best of our politicians; and no man's advice was oftener sought by our

senators and representatives and governors. He was of a singularly transparent and sincere nature; so that no man ever dreamed of doubting or distrusting him in the slightest degree. His yea was yea; and his nay, nay: yet he was the readiest man in the world to yield in matters of detail to his friends, when he believed them to be better informed or more sagacious than himself. But we need not say more. A great number of his friends and associates of all classes of society, and of all creeds in religion, — mercantile friends, political friends, philanthropic friends, literary friends, and friendly neighbors and townsmen, — assembled at Medford, where he lived, to pay the last honors to the deceased citizen; and then the assembled friends went away sorrowing.

He will live in the hearts of his friends so long as memory endures. The world is poorer for his loss; but humanity has been infinitely enriched by his life and example. His name will attend that of America's chiefest martyr, and posterity will know and honor him as the friend of John Brown.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Scarcely any man of note has been so well liked, and so grievously disliked, by the same people, at various times during the last twelve years, as Mr. Seward. He did great service to the antislavery cause, and in a general way, before he entered Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. He was bold enough to be an anti-Mason, and never showed any tolerance toward Know-Nothingism. I can call to mind only two other leading men of his rank — viz., Sumner and Henry A. Wise — who fought the "American" movement boldly. Wise's fight in Virginia broke the back of that peculiarly odious and anti-American party; Sumner made grand speeches against it; and Seward was always hostile to it. Let each be freshly remembered for this. Yet Seward and Sumner very likely thought their diplomatic wisdom one of their chief claims to recollection and gratitude.

The four or five big volumes of the secretary's correspond-

ence with our ministers abroad and with the ministers of foreign governments are about as valuable for principles as so many pages of arguments before the Municipal Court in Boston. Mr. Evarts was appointed to go to Geneva because "The Alabama" case was a great lawsuit, and it was needful to send a lawyer who was in the habit of winning cases. Mr. Evarts and the rest got fifteen million dollars; or, say, fifty cents apiece for every person in the United States. A heavy lawsuit. Frankness, honesty, openness, and fair dealing, by Mr. Seward on our part, and an equal amount of the same qualities on the part of England, in the outset, would have saved all the gab, and the spoiling of white paper, and the wear and tear of conscience, on the part of those who were sent abroad, or staid at home, "to lie for their country." A great lawsuit indeed! Divided into its elements, it would have been settled as easily as nine-tenths of the claims are now settled.

WILLIAM STOWE.

Few private citizens could have died, whose death would have occasioned more regret than that of William Stowe. When he was at the State House last, he told me that he had been to see the legislature every year for thirty years, except the year 1870. In 1871 he was in Boston on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the post-office, and dined with the Bird Club, the members of which were among his best friends. He was always welcome at their table, and, for that matter, in every place where good, witty, cheery conversation was liked. On this last occasion, I found him, feeble as he was, as fond of a joke, and almost as well able to entertain his friends, as ever.

Mr. Stowe's humor was of a rare quality; but his thorough contempt for cant, shams, and humbugs, was one of his most endearing and enduring qualities. I have many letters from him, — mostly between 1862 and 1865, during the war, — which I wish I had time to look up. They are short, sharp, pithy, and almost invariably contain some

humorous "dig" at one or more of the most transparent of the popular humbugs. McClellan in the height of his popularity, and Johnson from the moment he began to show signs of apostatizing, were his special objects of contempt.

I saw much of him in 1858, and so on, until he left the office of clerk of the House of Representatives. He was an excellent parliamentarian, — all the better for having a contempt for the nicetics and lore and precedents of his profession; and thoroughly imbued with the first and only parliamentary principle, — how to get at the will of the assembly in the quickest way. On one occasion he was told, in the hearing of the House, by the speaker, "The clerk will do so and so." — "The clerk will do as he thinks proper about it," said Mr. Stowe, loudly enough to be heard not only by the speaker, but by members. Having promised to perform the duties of *his* office to the best of his ability, he could not do otherwise, as recording officer, than to make up the record, or make his indorsement, according to the fact, subject, of course, to express order of the House, and not of the speaker. I imagine he must have got that odd habit of suddenly shaking his head from side to side from a feeling of discontent at hearing frivolous points of order raised for the delay of business.

He was first chosen in 1854, succeeding Col. Schouler. The Know-Nothing stupidity overtook the State in the fall of that year. He was not the man to yield to that, of course, either before or after the election; and so had to give way to the caucus candidate. The House was glad to restore him in 1857; and he held the office until 1862, when he declined a re-election, and was appointed postmaster of Springfield.[1] Nobody better deserved the place, either on account of fitness or party fidelity; and it was a real joy to his friends that he was able to hold office during all the vicissitudes, even of Republican rule, until his death. I infer from his letters and talk, that, for the last four or five years at

[1] "Warrington" was elected to succeed him.

least, he thought himself liable to die at a moment's warning, or without immediate warning. Mr. Stowe was born in the same year with Gov. Claflin, Major Morrissey, and your correspondent.

WILLIAM SCHOULER.

Gen. Schouler's funeral was attended by the kind of people he liked and was associated with in life, old political friends, newspaper men, military men, and life-long (almost) personal friends, — Dr. Brewer, who was with him in "The Atlas;" Col. Clapp of "The Journal," one of his most intimate friends of the last twenty years; William Bogle, who knew him, perhaps, as well as or better than anybody outside of his own family; Col. N. A. Thompson, George B. Upton, Peter Harvey, and other old Boston Whigs, with men who had been with him in the adjutant-general's office; and I met a Salem man, Mr. Barlow, who came because he knew Schouler in his boyhood at Lynn, when his father as well as himself worked for a Mr. Hall at calico-printing. The services in the church were conducted by Dr. Edson of St. Anne's Church, Lowell, who is about eighty years old, I suppose, and who has seen the entire growth of Lowell since it became a seat of manufacturing industry; and by Dr. Hoppin, who was rector of the church at old Cambridge when Schouler lived at West Cambridge, thirty-five years ago.

When I knew the general first, in 1838 or 1839, he was a devout and regular Episcopalian; and I presume he was such till his death. A wooden, red-painted factory, stationed just off the main road in West Cambridge, was the place of business where he, with his father and brothers, carried on calico-printing. At the age of twenty-five Schouler was inclined to politics, to the military, to literature, and to public affairs, — a public-spirited, energetic, and popular man, well established in business and in life. He used to delight in writing for a newspaper which I printed in Concord, principally (as it turned out) for the benefit of the local politi-

cians, certainly not for my own; and he used to send up "leaders" which instructed the voters of Middlesex as to the intricacies of sub-treasury problems, the abuses of the Van Buren administration, &c., with squibs at the expense of "The Concord Freeman," which I printed, and got the credit of, repaying him in kind afterward. He was an easy and fluent writer, and a clear one; a shrewd and an honest politician, and an effective speaker, perhaps not for Faneuil Hall, but for the average country audience of that day.

One of the most comical incidents in my early recollection of politics occurred in 1840, in the town of Bolton, whither Schouler, taking me up by the way, had gone to speak on the great questions of the day. At the close of his speech, the chairman of the town committee rose; and, saying that it had been suggested that three cheers should be given for the "eloquent orator," he proceeded to put it deliberately to vote whether they should be given. "All those in favor of giving three cheers," &c., "will say Ay." There was no objection; and the chairman then led off with the cheers, which, after such an introduction, were, as you may suppose, scarcely more than "sighs of extra strength with the chill on." For years this Worcester-county rural enthusiasm was a recurring anecdote to Schouler wherever I met him. He was full of stories. The traits of some of his old Scotch fellow-workmen furnished him with opportunities for rich conversation and good-hearted mimicry: he was not capable of ill-natured mirthfulness, even under the temptations which beset a natural-born humorist.

In 1842 he bought "The Lowell Courier and Journal," which, under various names, had enjoyed the ministrations of J. S. C. Knowlton, E. C. Purdy, John S. Sleeper, H. Hastings Weld, Daniel S. Richardson, W. O. Bartlett, and others. He set out with ideas which he could not fully carry out, — a Washington correspondent, for instance. But the paper was a very effective one. Middlesex County was in 1842 very "unsound" in its politics, the anti-Masonic coalition having demoralized it six or eight years before;

and the Lowell paper did much to bring it round to the Whig side. He staid in Lowell through the Texas crisis, and till after Clay's defeat. This last event completely unmanned him; and I shall not soon forget his forlorn condition when Ben Thurston arrived by horse express from Boston at midnight, with a note from Isaac Livermore, giving news that New York had "gone for Polk;" the morning news having prepared everybody for the opposite result. At this election, the paper exhibited great zeal in opposing the Liberty party; and I remember some articles furnished by Edmund Quincy, then of the Garrison organization, showing up Birney and Joshua Leavitt in all their hideousness. Abbott Lawrence's and Nathan Appleton's position on the Texas question, and Mr. Winthrop's toast, "Our country, however bounded," did not suit Schouler; and I remember that a "slashing" and "crushing" leader (as I supposed), which I wrote on Abbott Lawrence, met with his decided approval. Texas was annexed in spite of it, however.

Schouler was a "Conscience Whig" of 1846 and 1847, within the limits of party allegiance; but he stuck to the party in 1848, having a real faith in Taylor, as well as in the party. The 7th-of-March speech was too much for him, and was a great trial of his attachment to Mr. Webster. Failing to support Webster in "The Atlas," he was driven off by the "Stop my paper," and "Stop my advertisement," of the Webster men of Boston; and, after a while, he went to Ohio. It would be only repetition for me to say what everybody says of his genuine goodness, and of the many high and noble qualities of his character. There is a passage by Ruskin which I call to mind when such men die; and let me quote it in concluding what I have to say of this old friend and true man: "Consider also whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honor from our descendants than our ancestors, *thinking it better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.*

B. P. SHILLABER ("MRS. PARTINGTON") AND THE CARPET-BAGGERS (OF "THE CARPET-BAG").

The death of "Miles O'Reilly" brings to mind Shillaber's "Carpet-Bag," with which Halpine, who in 1852 and 1853 styled himself "Charles Broadbent," was connected as writer and associate-editor. I knew him a little at that time, but do not remember any thing of his in "The Carpet-Bag" worth special mention: indeed, although he was a frequent writer of verse, he was "no great of a poet." As a politician, however, he was lively and agreeable; and I believe he was a genuine good fellow. I know Gov. Andrew was hugely tickled with "O'Reilly's" account of the dinner or supper in New York, in which the governor was represented as entertaining the company with a song. His political humor was quite rich; but political humor is very common, and growing more common. Humorous writing is quite a matter of habit. Once get the knack of it, and you can go on with it forever. It is not every one, however, who can get the knack.

Among the carpet-baggers of 1852, one of the best was that lawyer, — too early lost, not less able than bright, — J. Q. A. Griffin. He wrote some caricatures of the Supreme-court reports, — "Reports of Cases argued and decided in the Old Fogy Court, during Hilary and Michaelmas Terms, before the Rt. Hon. Bepee Dicques, Baron Cucumbre, C.J., Hon. Danelle Needhame, B., and Hon. B. Roussicle, J." The cases were reported by Azariah Bumpas, who, with true reporter's dignity, insisted on styling his works "Bumpas's Reports," instead of Groton Reports, as, from their locality, they should have been called. It was not difficult for the people of Upper Middlesex to fix upon the originals of the three justices. And I suppose the cases were not very grossly caricatured; Mr. Justice Dix and Mr. Justice Russell, at least, being not over-learned in the law. Griffin's burlesque on the Massachusetts Reports was exquisite. In one case, Dicques is represented as deferring judgment, because

his "Indian Wars," which was the only book in his law library, had been misplaced. The counsel in their arguments cite the Biglow Papers, Punch, Dr. Gannett, Trask's Sermon on Tobacco, P. B. Brigham's Hard Cases, and so on; and the Latin and Norman-French lingo has a funny effect. Occasionally there is a genuine quotation from Metcalf's and other Massachusetts Reports thrown in very comically. The reports are not much more absurd, however, than those in Allen and Gray.

Among other writers for "The Bag" were Trowbridge (then calling himself "Paul Creyton"), Florence Percy, C. C. Hazewell, John C. Moore (now of "The Boston Journal," — "Peter Snooks"), George Canning Hill, W. D. O'Connor, "Ethan Spike" (a brother of John G. Whittier), and J. H. A. Bone, who is now editing "The Cleveland Herald," and writing for the monthly magazines.[1] Shillaber wrote Partingtonisms and Wideswarth sonnets; and Benjamin Drew, an old "Boston-Post" joker (who two or three years afterwards visited Canada, and wrote an interesting book about the fugitive slaves there), furnished some humorous articles, — or so they seemed to me, — purporting to be by "Dr. E. Goethe Digg." I recall his toast, given at a Fourth-of-July celebration: —

"*The Anglo-Saxons:* They are the Saxons who are destined to dig the graves of all the other races. They will

> 'Live through all life, extend to a great extent,
> Spread undivided, and operate wherever they can make a cent.'"

JUDGE SHARKEY THE UNJUST JUDGE, AND ELISHA BRAZEALLE.

Once upon a time there lived in the County of Jefferson, State of Mississippi, a man named Elisha Brazealle. Being afflicted with a very loathsome disease, Brazealle was assidu-

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[1] "Warrington" also contributed some papers to the Carpet-Bag; one signed "Bailey Junior" (see Appendix E), and four or five on "Ensign Stebbings," in whom, as a candidate, he was very much interested. He wrote articles in his favor for his paper, the Lowell American, in 1852.

ously nursed from death's door back to life again by an affectionate and faithful female mulatto slave. I say "female" advisedly; and I won't hear or read any sarcasm from any of your critics on the use of the word. Slaves are not women, or ladies: they are only females, as the sequel of my little story will show. Brazealle, not altogether depraved, took the faithful slave to Ohio, and showed his gratitude by educating her, and finally by marrying her. He also executed a deed for her emancipation, and had it recorded both in Ohio and Mississippi; to which last-named State the couple returned. In process of time, the female whom Mr. Brazealle had married bore a son; and, in process of time, the planter himself sickened again, and died; taking care, however, to leave a will, in which, after reciting the deed of emancipation, he declared his intention to ratify it, and devised all his property to the boy, whom he acknowledged to be his son. You see what a bad man Brazealle was. He had lived, in all probability, in a state of adultery; and he had attempted to circumvent the laws of Mississippi, and the genius of the peculiar institution which has ruled us so long and so beneficently. But his sin sought out his concubine, and even his innocent son, and punished them for his iniquity; and Judge Sharkey was the instrument, under Providence, of vindicating morality and the law. Thus it was: —

In North Carolina lived some poor relations of Brazealle, of whom he, heartless infidel, knew nothing, and for whom he cared less. Their names are not given in the record before me; but I dare say they are among the leading Union reconstructionists under Gov. Holden's *régime*. They heard of the death of their rich Mississippi cousin, or what not, and forthwith, with a prudent, thrifty spirit which does them immortal honor, set out for the South-West. They brought a suit. It is known and read of all men in Howard's Mississippi Reports, vol. ii. p. 837. It was the fortune of Sharkey the good to adjudicate upon the case. He declared the act of emancipation by Brazealle to "have had its

origin in an offence against morality, pernicious and detestable as an example;" that the law of the State could not thus be evaded; and that "the negroes, John Monroe and his mother, are still slaves, and a part of the estate of Elisha Brazealle." "John Monroe," said Sharkey the beneficent, "cannot take the property as devisee, and it cannot be held in trust for him." Quite the contrary. John, instead of having property, is himself property, he and his mother; and, so holding, Sharkey delivered John and his mother over to the poor North-Carolina relations; and they were lugged back to that State, unless they were sold in Mississippi to pay the expenses of the suit. So was Brazealle the lewd circumvented by Sharkey the pure; so were the anarchical contrivances of Brazealle the lawless brought to nought by the legal wisdom and the stern morality of Sharkey the faithful.

ENSIGN STEBBINGS, THE POLITICAL TRIMMER.

[Compiled from "The Lowell American," with facts and extracts from "The Carpet-Bag."]

In the old Stebbings mansion, which still adorns the village of Spunkville, and where once dwelt his grandfather, Septimius Stebbings, shielded from obnoxious atmospheric influence, the juvenile Jehiel Stebbings was born. Old Moloch Stebbings, his father, was one of Nature's noblemen; and the Bumsteads, from whom the ensign is descended maternally, were always a glorious family. The Stebbings mansion has a gambrel roof; and there is no perceptible underpinning, — as who should say, "What need has the family of Stebbings of underpinning?" The floors are of clear pine, well sanded; the kitchen (or living-room) is large, and well ventilated; and the side over the big oak table is nearly covered with receipts, of which the following may serve as a specimen: —

"How to mayke ye Goodlie Doughnuttes. — Tayke two egges layed by ye henne, a cuppe and a halfe of suggarre, nighe untoe two bigge spoonfulles of butter, a halfe-teaspoonfulle of ye soda, one do. creme of Tartare, half cuppe of ye milke of ye cowe, small lotte of nutmegge, flour *ad libitumme*."

The front-entry was adorned by a picture of the battle of Blenheim, done by the village painter, and called a "Gilchrist." Often did his wondering mother find Jehiel standing in silent admiration before that work of art, contemplating the fray with those emotions which are peculiar to the embryo soldier. That picture did much to form the character of our presidential nominee; for, as he grew older, he developed a great desire for military glory, and at an early age joined the Spunkville Light Infantry (called the S. L. I.'s), and very soon became their ensign and commander. The uniform of this company was unusual. Among its new features and conveniences it had a hook projecting from a rear portion of the pants, to which the soldier might hang his dress-boots in muddy weather, tin dipper, or any other light article of baggage. The hat, a helmet, sported an American eagle of brass, almost as large as life, with S. L. I. gushing from its beak.[1]

In spite of his warlike character, our hero was kind to his wife and to all others who were under or who belonged to him. In speaking of his wife, he said, "Mrs. Ensign Stebbings is not one of the new-fangled fools who wear bloomers; but she wears thirty-five yards of cloth, honest measure, pinned, hooped, buttoned, or otherwise secured, about her waist. If I am made President, I shall encourage domestic manufactures by compelling the women to wear five yards more in the shape of a red-and-white striped bunting shawl. Bay States![2] — pooh! I am for the United States."

This may be considered a prophetic remark; for shortly after (in 1852), at the "Convention in Saugus," he received the nomination for President in opposition to two other regular candidates.[3] This convention was packed, and the nomination was by acclamation; for his friends had followed

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[1] This uniform was designed by Capt. George H. Derby ("John Phœnix"), and, on account of the many conveniences attached to it, was called the Utilitarian Uniform.

[2] Name of a shawl of the time.

[3] Reported by W. S. Robinson.

his advice given in a letter written by him to the convention, and read by Brevet-Gen. Tompion, his voucher. The letter reads, —

"I wish for the office of President; and, if I obtain it, I shall reward my friends, and punish my enemies. Every member of the Saugus Convention who votes for me shall receive either a post-office, or a place in the collection of customs. I would advise that you refuse a seat in the convention to every man who is not enrolled either in the army or navy of the United States.

"Yours strategically,

"Ensign Stebbings."

This letter was received with enthusiastic cheers, and it was

"*Voted*, That we agree to exclude all persons who are not enrolled according to the advice in the above letter."

And

"*Resolved*, That we go it blind for Ensign Jehiel Stebbings."

The following platform was then adopted without a dissenting voice: —

Article 1. The Constitution of the United States is that which constitutes.

2. The army and navy constitute us a free people: therefore, —

3. The army and the navy are the Constitution.

4. The President swears to support the Constitution, — i.e., the army and navy: therefore, to do so understandingly, the President ought to be a military man.

5. Ensign Jehiel Stebbings is a military man: it follows that he ought to be and must be President.

6. Executive patronage is a power to be used only for a wise purpose: to do this requires a wise man. Ensign Stebbings is a wise man, therefore ought to wield executive patronage; in other words, he must be President. In fact, from whatever point we start, we are driven to the same conclusion irresistibly.

7. It is of no use to oppose the irresistible. All other candidates should, of course, withdraw from the contest.

8. Governments are maintained by rewards and punishments; our government ought to be maintained: therefore Ensign Stebbings will reward his friends, and punish his enemies.

. . . . . .

14. Ensign Stebbings — he must be elected.

The convention adjourned harmoniously, and the ensign

went home to receive the congratulations of his fellow-townsmen. At the ratification meeting held in Spunkville he made a speech of acceptance, in which he said, "Here, wrapped about my left arm, you see the flag which I bore, and *as* I bore it from the Alamo, and *as* I flashed it in the eyes of the British soldiers at the Aroostook" (he had been twitted with running from the enemy's wooden guns). "If this is not enough to qualify a man to become President of a great, free, warlike, and independent nation, I would like to know what is." (Applause.) "I have heard of Ptchoula, and I have heard of Russia leather, and law calf; but, gentlemen, I am of opinion that the smell of gunpowder is the true presidential perfume. Gentlemen, in your resolution on the tariff, there should have been this proviso: *Provided*, however, that we are in favor of admitting FREE OF DUTY all the munitions, implements, pomps, and circumstances of glorious war, such as tent-pins, haversacks, canteens, brandy, *spades*, blunderbusses, omnibuses, and other materials for barricades, drag-ropes, pipe-clay, feathers, and over sixty other similar *munitions*, ending with wooden legs and surgical instruments." (A voice in the crowd, "Go it, Stebbings! that stamps your availability with the American people.")

"Available or not, my opinion is that military glory is the only true national glory. Every man," he then resumed, "who is a member of any military company, shall have a free pass over all the railroads in the Union, whether in time of peace or war; and military stores and army material shall be transported gratuitously." (Applause from the soldiers.) "I am in favor of high tariff upon all articles except munitions of war. I go for cheap postage, roast beef, and two dollars a day. Where I put my foot, there I stand. I represent a principle; and that principle is bound to triumph. The india-rubbers of Civilization are always stained with human gore; for, from the earliest conflict until now, the footsteps of her progress through the ages have been from the battle-fields of one generation to the battle-fields of the next. I offer myself, then, for the suffrages of the people."

During the campaign, newspapers like "The Lowell American," "Clinton Courant" (Edwin Bynner, editor), and "The Carpet-Bag," that were not the organs of the regular candidates, supported the ensign's claims to the presidency; and they printed column after column of "Opinions of the Press" to show the feeling of the people in other States.

"The Carpet-Bag" published an article, in which the writer made a calculation, showing how many electoral votes the ensign would receive. We select the following extract. It was called

THE GAME OF BRAG.

"The election of Scott or Pierce being demonstrated to be impossible, it follows, of course, that Stebbings must be chosen. But we shall not stop here. We have a calculation of our own, favorable to Stebbings, which must satisfy the last remaining doubter in the land. Perhaps it will be surprising to some, that, in this calculation, we claim a large number of votes for Stebbings in Minnesota, Utah, New Mexico, Nebraska, Cuba, Nicaragua, and Patagonia. But it is time now to develop the plan of operations, which must come out very soon.

"*Ensign Stebbings is about to put himself at the head of an expedition, which will probably, before November, result in the annexation of all these regions to the United States, in safety under the folds of the star-spangled banner. Long may it wave!*

"The expedition to capture Buffalo Bay will not, probably, be sufficiently matured before next spring. We speak with caution. We say 'probably,' because it is not *certain* that these new States will be entitled to vote in November. We have placed them under the head of 'Doubtful for Stebbings.' We mean to be careful to avoid the vaunting tone which our enemies use, and which fills us with great disgust.

"We shall now proceed to speak of a few States which some of the other parties pretend to claim, and we shall show that Stebbings is the only individual who has any chance of carrying them.

"Massachusetts. — As Stebbings gets the extreme South, so he sweeps through the extreme North. It may be said of him, that he knows no north, no south, no east, no west, no nothing.

"New Hampshire. — We candidly admit that Pierce will make a good run in his own State; but Peter Snooks, who, after leaving the Massachusetts legislature, was immediately chosen a member of the New-Hampshire House of Representatives, gives it as his opinion that Stebbings has the best chance.

"South Carolina is a State very hard to please; but the well-known sentiments of Stebbings on the Cuba question will make him sure of the vote of that State.

"Wisconsin. — The German vote is sure for Stebbings. In his letter to the 'Sonderbundholl-Verein,' the ensign states that he can play on the German flute, and is very fond of Bologna sausages; which facts show that he is interested in foreign matters.

"Georgia always votes for the successful candidate; of course, she is safe for Stebbings. *Toombs* are prepared for both the old corrupt organizations.

"Maine. — The ensign's letter to the Mayor of Saccarap, on the Liquor Law, has made him immensely popular in Maine. He says, 'I am in favor of the law, and opposed to its being put in force.'[1] Of course, he gets the support of both sections; the era of good feeling will return; the unhappy liquor-question will be compromised; and Maine will help elect a chief magistrate whose Aroostook history will prevent any Blue-nose aggressions for half a century. Enough, and more than enough. Votes are the *weapons* which do the business; and Stebbings has the *votes*. We wait with serene confidence the great result."

Besides being the great military candidate, it was claimed for him that he was also the great agricultural candidate; and the farming interest was called upon to support him, because, for the last ten years, he had annually received the premium for the best fat ox in the county cattle-show, and that he first introduced the Borneo waddlers to the poultry-breeders of Spunkville. He had the earliest potatoes, the biggest

[1] In 1852 I was a good deal interested in the canvass for President, going in strongly for Ensign Stebbings; and I made a calculation for the Carpet-Bag, which was his organ, showing that he would receive something more than twenty thousand electoral votes, — not mere popular votes, of which a man may receive half a million, and yet have no good from them. He was going to receive the vote of Maine on the strength of his letter to the Mayor of Saccarap, declaring himself to be in favor of the Maine Law, and against its enforcement, and so on. I mention this here, that the standing joke of Stebbings and the Maine Law, which is now used pretty often in the newspapers, is "my thunder." "A poor thing, but my own," as Touchstone says of Audrey. Now, it turned out that Stebbings got no votes. What was a feeble attempt at waggery in 1852 was deadly earnest in 1860. His oft-quoted remark, "that he was in favor of the Maine (Liquor) Law, but opposed to its being put in force," perfectly illustrates the character of all political trimmers. — W. S. R. in 1869.

turnips, the heaviest wheat, the yellowest carrots, and the smallest mustard, of any man in New England; and his "deep phalanx of embattled corn" excited the admiration of everybody. He was engaged at this time in the manufacture of tomato-ketchup: hence the fling of his opposers, who called him *The Tomato-Ketchup* candidate. He was great at cattle-shows, and made speeches at all the agricultural dinners, and paraded his military and other achievements. There was not a schoolhouse or a pig-pen built in the neighborhood but he was at the "raising," and showed himself to his constituents.

Stories were in circulation about this great statesman and hero, — of how he helped a poor widow to win her case (she had sons who could vote for *him*), and gave hundreds of cents to colored women (who had husbands, *voters*) for their children, and so made himself popular with the people. His picture was taken for circulation (in "The Carpet-Bag"); a sword was presented to him (which beat the brand Excalibur all to flitters), called the "Stebbings sword;" and a ship was launched, and named by him "The Jehiel Stebbings." Political clubs were organized. From "The Lowell American" we copy an account of the

SHABBAKIN STEBBINGS CLUB.

"There is now a good degree of unanimity prevailing in the club. Headquarters have been established, a flag thrown out; and 'The Carpet-Bag' and other publishers of papers have been written to, to supply the club gratis with their valuable sheets. The last meeting was very enthusiastic. The managing committee presented the following names as honorary members, and they were unanimously accepted: Hon. Jethro Hitchcock of Squam; Hon. Gad Bulger of Squam; Hon. Abraham Lot of Hardscrabble; Gabriel Pinchbeck, Esq., Calf Hollow; Peter B. Funk, Esq., Beg Sodus Bay; James B. X. L. Y. Smithers, Esq., Donnowhere; Hon. Peleg Percival Polk, Punkinville; Hon. Eldad W. Mruppins, Poplar Hill; Cain Webster Burke, Esq., Shabbakin; Alonzo George Milksop, Esq., Thunderborough; B. Franklin Muggins, Spunkville; JEHIEL STEBBINGS, Spunkville; Cornet Wiggin, Spunkville; Deacon Israel Mawworm, Pulpitville; Capt. Boanerges Bashaw, Misery X Roads; Col. Asher P. Flimflaw, Four Corners; Porpoise T. Walrus, Esq., Shabbakin;

Beerbarrel Skid, Esq., Grocerville; Card G. Stripper, Esq., Cottontown; Capt. Eli Herringbone, Oyster Bay; Richelieu O'Flannegan, Ballybogusville; Diebitsch Von Raunier Poniatowski, LL.D., Baden-Baden; Dr. Esculapius Pestle, Thoroughwort Corner.

"It will be seen that all classes are here represented, natives and foreigners, lawyers, deacons, doctors, farmers, and mechanics. All sections are also honored; for, as 'The Carpet Bag' patriotically remarks, Stebbings 'knows no north, no south, no east, no west, no nothing.' After this important, weighty, tremendous, ponderous, and awful business was completed, several speeches were made, of which a full report may be found in the daily organ of the Shabbakin Stebbingsonians. The cause is onward, and the cheering is tremendous! Skies bright! Nine million cheers for the *nomernees!* Whooray!"

It was at this meeting that the celebrated toast or sentiment was offered by the Hon. Eldad W. Mruppins of Poplar Hill, Dedham: "To that gorgeous ensign of our republic, Ensign Stebbings!"

Estimates of his political strength were taken in various towns and states, and sent to "The Carpet-Bag." One from Owl Hollow, Ind., reads as follows: —

"Mr. Editor, — At a meeting of the citizens of this place at the post-office yesterday eve, a vote was taken for President, the result of which is as follows: —

Stebbings	2
Scott	1
Douglas	0
Majority for Stebbings	1

"G. Washington Gawkins, P.M."

But, in spite of the promises and efforts of his friends, there was a great falling-off of voting-force as election drew near. His teachings went against him; and his doctrines, as in the case of Socrates and other eminent men, killed him: for his pretended supporters carried the principle advocated in his famous saying about the Maine Liquor Law to the ballot-box; and, while believing in him as a candidate, they voted directly for his opponent; and the great Stebbings got absolutely no votes. He, however, had found out in season how the thing was turning, and, a few days before election, sent a despatch

to his friends through "The Lowell American," defining his position. We copy the despatch and the editor's comments.

SPUNKVILLE, Nov. 1, 11.10 P.M.

TO MI FRENDS, — This ere is to giv notis that i am not a candydate for the offiss of President. Yough are all advysed to vought for Purse, hoo has promised to turn out old Scott and put me in Kommander in Cheef. JEHIEL STEBBINGS, *Ensign.*

This despatch was forthwith sent upon the very swiftest streaks of lightning to all parts of this universal nation; and it is a remarkable triumph of the Spunkville, &c., Telegraph Company, that not a Stebbings man in any State in the Union, except a few in the comparatively thinly-peopled States of Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee, failed to receive the intelligence. The knowledge that this despatch was about to be sent will account for the confidence which was felt by "Purse" and his intimate friends in the result. "Jack Hail and his cru," remarked the ensign subsequently, "thort they hild the ballunses of power; but I gess the ballunses was in stiddier hands than thairn." We guess so too.

This statement of FACTS will account for the non-election of Stebbings, and the triumphant election of Pierce, and will put to shame those editors, pretending to be friends of the illustrious and magnanimous old chief, who have reported that he has resigned himself to "mute despair." No such thing! JEHIEL STEBBINGS will be the back-bone, right-arm, eye-tooth, sword, spurs, and Paixhan cannon of the new administration. Let his enemies, and the enemies of Pierce, beware!

[Nov. 27, 1875.]

HENRY WILSON.

The estimates made of the late Vice-President's character have been singularly accurate generally, although there have been occasional errors as to fact and date. Perhaps it is fair to say, that the biographical sketches have been more

truthful than accurate. For instance, when it is said that Wilson was the *founder* of the Republican party, a queer mistake is made; for he did not even *vote* with that party till 1856, — two years after it was founded: yet, for all that, he was so linked with the measures, and so associated with the men and ideas, that he may be fairly called one of the principal founders. These foundations of parties are more apt to be the work of the men who nominally serve in the ranks than of the more prominent men.

They will show you in Jackson, Mich., a court-house or town-house, where they say the first Republican meeting was held, and the name first formally given. But these events were nearly simultaneous. The State organization here was in 1854: but Wilson was in the Know-Nothing party, and, a year later, was elected to the Senate of the United States by that party; his chief competitors being E. M. Wright (in the Senate) and N. B. Bryant (in the House), — men of the obscure sort, who in that party would be sure to be talked of, but who would not have been mentioned at all in a large party in this State, based in any degree on anti-slavery principles. Wilson had 21 votes, just a majority of the Senate, and about 230, I believe, in the House. He further identified himself with the party by attending a supper in honor of Gardner's election, and by a letter to Robert B. Hall, written for the average Know-Nothing, to show to his constituents as evidence that the new senator was all right. In spite of all this, however, Wilson had in view the formation of a new national organization in 1856. How it was to come he didn't probably know nor care.

In the fall of 1855 he supported Rockwell, and made a speech at Brattleborough, Vt., denouncing the Know-Nothings in advance for any attempted defection from antislavery principles. He told C. W. Dennison, and doubtless a hundred others, that he would "blow their party to hell" if they showed any sign of such defection. In fact, he was more sensitive on this point than any others, where he, for expediency's sake, deflected from correct action and prin-

ciple. And this indicates, what is most true, that these deflections were extremely few. Mr. S. C. Phillips, Mr. C. F. Adams, and J. G. Palfrey, thought "the coalition," or at least some of the movements attending it, indispensable; but it seems to me opinions might fairly differ on this point. Defensible or not, it was inevitable.

In 1848 and 1849 the votes had shown that the Whigs were in a minority in the State; that the legislature could be carried against them, and the offices thereafter divided. The delegates to the county conventions saw this, and — though not without difficulties, and with frequent going-out and coming-in of conference committees — arranged the details for electing a majority of the legislature. At this time, it must be borne in mind that the Democrats had not been in office in the State since Morton's day, and that Morton was a liberal, and also that they were out of power in national affairs. Boutwell, their candidate for governor, was neither for nor against the abolitionists, but was a strict party-man, as always, and held his party together very well. Sumner was chosen senator; and in this work Wilson took a leading part; Mr. S. C. Phillips, Mr. Adams, and J. G. Palfrey, for various reasons, taking small part in it, though not (as ex-Gov. Morton did) breaking out in rebellion during the contest. Wilson did not flinch from the coalition, or from its consequences. He wrote a letter, which is extant and in print, giving all the details as to the green-room events, — who was to have all the councillors, and all that sort of thing; and, furthermore, it was easy at the State House to make it appear that the two branches had, or could persuade themselves that they had, certain views on legislation in common, — such as, for example, Mr. Whitney's General Banking Law, the Secret Ballot Act, &c. Pierce was chosen President in 1852; and it became then more difficult to keep the two parties together, although Pierce before or after his election, or both, talked about antislavery. Mr. Philander Ames, then of Charlestown, told me that he was called in with other Democrats to see Pierce, who, before the

meeting broke up, laid his hand affectionately on Mr. Ames's shoulder, and said, "If I am elected, Mr. Ames, the South will find out that there is a North."

The Constitutional Convention of 1853 was harmonious as between the two wings; but its work, the amended Constitution, was defeated at the polls. On this question the detestable element of religious strife was lugged in, without any better reasons than the Republican party has for lugging it in (through Grant's speech at Des Moines, and in Ohio for the defeat of Allen). The secret societies began to spread. Wilson, a politician with nothing to do, and a sincere desire to break and build, favored it; Burlingame helped him, with many of the young stump-orators; Banks was a little later; Gardner was nominated without much forethought, probably; and the result was a large Know-Nothing majority in 1854 in the State, a disgusting legislature, and, in 1855, an early protest in the shape of Rockwell's nomination. It will easily be seen how Wilson got into this, and how he got out, and how glad he was to get out.

Mr. Wilson's character and history and manners show that he had as little sympathy with any religious opposition to any class, or with opposition to any class on the ground of birth or any other accident, as any man could have, — as little as Andrew, who always seemed to me to be the ideal democrat, and more than that; for he seemed actually to *love* the poor, the outcast, the black (especially), and all men who, for whatever reason, were under society's ban. Wilson had not this (possibly because it requires humor); but he was in all respects a democrat. This led him, ever after 1855, not only to renounce the Know-Nothings, but every thing belonging to them. He opposed the "Two-years' Amendment," debating the question with Amasa Walker, and going against the whole Boston press, or nearly all of it, and (as it turned out) the popular vote. I dare say he was stimulated to this by the protests of the Iowa Republicans and others. At this time (1859) Carl Schurz made his first

visit here; and there was a revival of Jeffersonian politics at the Jefferson dinner, with Boutwell for presiding officer, to which Abraham Lincoln wrote a famous letter, showing that he, too, was a democrat in the primeval sense.[1]

Wilson had a respect for learning, a love of information, a deference for the college degree, and the other evidence (whether in sheepskin diploma, or in clerical or judicial costume) of contact with the college gateways; but he could be nothing but a democrat; and his sneer at the snob, American or English, was something exquisite. Sumner's democracy, more genuine in some respects than Wilson's, was based on a love of justice and equality, and a determination to have them, and, in this respect, was a more difficult acquirement than Wilson's. Satisfy Sumner that justice and equality were in one path, and all else political or legislative in the other, and he took the right side, and never seemed to imagine there was any possibility of his taking the other. He was apt to finish up one thing before he took the next. But while Wilson (at some risk) was supporting the "American" party, Sumner was on the stump, denouncing it, and, a year or two before his death, had accepted the doctrine of equality for woman in suffrage; though, not being a man in search of platforms, and averse to speech-making without preparation, he felt no call to make proof of his belief by stepping up and taking a seat, as so many do who never intend to do aught but stand up once a year to be counted.

Of Wilson's immense amount of labor in the great work of his life, it is unnecessary to speak; and whether it was a little greater or a little less than that of other men seems unimportant, and, at any rate, must be settled by every intelligent antislavery man for himself.

[Lowell American, Nov. 1, 1852.]

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The death of Mr. Webster made a great impression upon the country. There were hundreds of thousands of better

[1] See Appendix F.

men in it, and many of our distinguished men have had more attached and warmer friends; but there was no man who so attracted public admiration by his massive intellect and commanding presence. We fear it must be said of him what Carlyle says of Mirabeau, "Moralities not a few must shriek condemnatory over this Mirabeau." Perhaps "the morality by which he could be judged has not yet got uttered in the speech of men." Yet men's admiration for his masterly mind leads the whole country to sorrow for his death as the death of its greatest man. This is well. The last three years of Mr. Webster's political life were filled with events, which, unless the New-England conscience is wholly corrupted by the lust of gain, must detract largely from the estimation in which he would otherwise be held. Criticism will not be silenced, and history will give him his true place. But all men can afford to wait for the verdict. The great statesman and the eloquent orator sleeps at Marshfield, near the "sounding sea:" —

> "Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
> Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
> Which once a day with his embossed froth
> The turbulent surge shall cover."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

[1851–1876.]

"The woman's hour is struck, or is striking. The woman-suffrage question entirely supersedes in popular interest the old antislavery question. The negro is no better than anybody else, at present: he has had his day. Enter woman." — WARRINGTON.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.[1]

EVERYBODY knows that women are shut, out from the colleges where the highest education is sought; and it makes no difference whether they are debarred by law or by custom, so long as they are under the ban of exclusion. It is certainly a queer idea, that woman ought to be satisfied with acquiring knowledge, without having an opportunity to put it in practice, except in her own affairs. She can learn chemistry, and may be profoundly skilled in that art; but her knowledge must be used in household occupations, and not made available in the arts and sciences, where man is allowed to become eminent and acquire wealth. This very fact, that woman cannot put her learning into practice, is one of the grievances she has to complain of.

For our part, we suppose that the Almighty designed that both man and woman should have the highest intellectual and moral culture of which they are capable. Who set up any man as a judge of what is woman's sphere, or of what the Almighty Maker designed her to be?

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[1] Lowell American, in 1851.

WOMAN-SUFFRAGE A RIGHT.

Mr. English of Hartford said that wives ought to talk politics; for, if they did not, their husbands would find women who did. To talk politics at home was, not to make home a scene of discord, but of interest and harmony. A point well taken. I heard a woman say, that if the women were not before long allowed, or in some way induced, to take an interest in public affairs, they would ruin their husbands and the country by their fashionable extravagance, they having nothing else to think of, and being obliged to think of something (which is another point well taken). On the general ground, then, that the state will be the better for the co-operation of woman, as the church, the lyceum, the school, art, literature, religion, are better, this movement is to be defended. We have had enough of reply to the Dr. Todds, and Dr. Hollands, and Rev. Fultons. The Bible argument, if there is one, impresses nobody now; for a large share of the people don't accept the Bible at all as a guide in such matters, denying its authority, or its inspiration, or its applicability to our own times, or, in some other way, getting round it: and the whole batch of anti-female-suffrage fallacies has been knocked in the head so many times, that even the D.D's, or most of them, are now ashamed to reproduce them. St. Paul, it may be conceded, was a great theologian and moralist, and Tennyson a great poet; but it is of not much more use to quote either of them against the rights of woman than the Pittsfield doctor of divinity. To the argument for woman-suffrage there is no valid reply by anybody.

What reason is there for believing that political meetings would be any more detrimental to good morals, or a healthful state of society, than any other gatherings — social, educational, religious — to which both sexes are invited? Why, one would think, to hear some of the speeches and lectures on this subject, that we shall be likely to have a repetition of the Sabine-women affair, if a hundred or two hundred persons

of opposite sexes meet together to consult upon affairs of state, city, or town. Instead of being the most orderly and respectable, as well as altogether the most delightful, way of spending one's time, one would think that a social gathering of men and women, if by any chance it is turned into a meeting for a public purpose, would necessarily be a tumultuous and obscene crowd, carefully to be watched by the police, and possibly by the military. Women are frequently asked to vote at lectures: they choose presidents of lyceums by hand-vote. Suppose they should vote by ballot: does anybody suppose there would be a mob, with the fire-alarm, the watchman's rattle, and the reading of the Riot Act? It is really about time for these childish arguments against female suffrage to be dismissed. If we don't choose to grant it, very well; but let us fall back on our reserved right not to give any reason, and simply say, "You shall not, and there's an end of it."

Shall not women decide the question? Yes, just as they decide other questions. They shall decide the question as to whether they will go to college, or to the counting-room, or the farm, or anywhere else. Do we propose to ask the majority of women in Danvers, for instance, whether Sally Ann shall go to Vassar College or not? or take the vote of the neighborhood as to whether Emily Jane shall go to Milan to get a musical education? I guess not. These things are to be left to the individual woman, not to the mass. And so of voting. If the majority of women do not desire to vote under the amended Constitution, let them stay at home. There are elections, plenty of them, in which half the men do not vote. Do the stay-at-homes feel aggrieved? They are ashamed of themselves, doubtless; but they do not complain, nor do they think it a hardship. Some one says that woman's right to vote depends on her nature. If it is her nature to vote, it is her right to vote. Well, I don't know how we can determine this question, except by leaving the opportunity of choice. How is it to be fairly ascertained whether it is a woman's nature to vote, if she is told, the

moment she is old enough to speak the word "governor" or the word "politics," that it is of no consequence to her who the "governor" is, and that she can never have any thing to do with "politics"? The voting nature never developed itself in the black people until within a year or two; nor in the white men, very largely, until the Revolution: it is just developing itself in England, and has not yet begun to develop itself in Austria. Nature is, in fact, as far as this is concerned, a matter of education; and it is begging the question to say women ought to be educated up to the desire to vote. The way to educate them in public affairs is to set them to voting as fast as they desire to vote; for the woman-intellect is as capable of talking and understanding politics as the man-intellect. Education before the ballot is, in its relation to government, putting the cart before the horse. The ballot is education in government.

It is not at all necessary for the friends of woman-suffrage to take the ground that suffrage is a right. All they need claim is, that, if it is a right, women have an equal right to it; or that, if it is a privilege, women have an equal privilege. If it depends on religion, religious women must have it; if on education, educated women must have it; if on property, women of property must have it; if on muscle, muscular women must have it; if on the family relation, the female twin-head of the family must have it; and bachelors, and men without families, must give way to the claims of wives and mothers. If birthright, if American democratic ideas, confer the right, or if capacity alone confers it, — either way, the claim of woman is irrefragable; and all there is left is the debate among the voters as to whether they will, or how soon they will, yield that mere exercise of forceful authority which is the only tenure of their superiority in politics and government.

Loose-jointed arguers and foolish alarmists, who are frighted at the idea that the twenty thousand prostitutes of New-York City are going to the ward-meetings *en masse* to add their numerical strength to that of the dangerous

classes who now rule there, may dismiss their fears as to any evil likely to come from this reform either to religion or politics.

I believe I am as firm as any man on the right side of this question; but, when the consummation is reached, I expect to see, for a time at least, so many absurd things done by the new voters, that the faith of all, except the securely-grounded ones (to which class I belong), will be widely shaken. In those days, Todd and Fulton and Bushnell, and Carlos White, and the rest, will be round, busy as bees, with their "I told you so!" and their "Don't you see what fools those women out in Pumpkintown have made of themselves?" and their "What do you think now?" and their "See what you come to when you abandon the Bible, and disregard the apostle Paul!" and (still worse) their "We must go back to the good old times." We, who have summered and wintered this question from the abolitionist's point of view for twenty or thirty years, shall be able to answer such superficial cries; but I am afraid some of the sentimental converts will be sadly shaken up by the re-action which may follow.

The men are making more or less progress in the true theory of government. We are getting toward *free play*, and shall by and by be satisfied that the least quantity of government consistent with public safety and order and individual freedom is best. But the new voters will have to try their hand, and see the folly of a thousand things which we now see the folly of. We shall have organization where none is needed, ten times as many committees as can be made useful, enough vice-presidents and secretaries and trustees to take up all, and more than all, the available material for such purposes, ten thousand reports from ten thousand departments, and more points of order than were ever dreamed of by the most hackneyed parliamentarian.

It is thought to be an overwhelming argument that women ought not to vote, because it would be awkward to have a wife in labor called away from her home to take a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court. This is the favorite point

in conversation on the subject. Can a woman in labor dig potatoes? Can a woman in labor drive a horse to plough? Of course not. I am going to write a treatise on this very point, and shall annihilate Abby May, and all the visionaries who talk about horticultural pursuits. I shall ask most respectfully what warrant there is in the Scripture for setting women to work raising asparagus. I shall follow the Rev. James Reed, and, taking a text from Deuteronomy, show that, because the Jews had a police regulation against women wearing men's garments, therefore women should not kill canker-worms; and then I shall triumphantly ask if men have not raised the best potatoes and turnips hitherto, and if this is not evidence that they are all-sufficient for this purpose hereafter. Even the potatoes themselves have eyes enough to see this. Incidentally, I shall overthrow all the other claims that are made in favor of more diversified occupations for women; for they can all be annihilated by the same reasoning which is so effective on the suffrage-question. It is possible that we shall let the normal-school girls and others continue to teach;[1] that innovation seems to have gone too far to be checked: and I am inclined to think that the female teachers are rather more disposed to flog than the males; and, if this is so, they are fulfilling the Old-Testament idea, and an exception may be made in their case. But, if we cannot resist the beginnings, we can at least put a stop to further progress. The woman-in-labor argument, which is, of course, the best one, will not apply in all cases; but we shall have the Bible and cartoon, and (what is better than all the rest) the argument of "I won't!" and "You sha'n't!" and "I don't want my sister or daughter to go to

[1] We talk about female school-teachers as if they were a modern invention. Men at the age of fifty and sixty, at least, can remember their old "school-ma'ams;" and, in some genealogical researches, I found a reminiscence of a woman who kept a "pastry-school" in Boston a hundred years ago, and wrote poetry for the newspapers about the destruction of the tea in the harbor. The local histories are full of evidence that there were no legal barriers against the employment of women then.

a caucus;" and these will last a good while. I have hopes, that, if we all take hold with our mops, the Atlantic Ocean may be kept back three or four years longer, to say the least.

Here is a question of right, necessarily a question of constitution and statute, which must be settled, in the first instance, by voting, and which, like the antislavery cause, is a fairer matter for political action than any one of the ten thousand questions of philanthropy — such as the licensing of dram-shops, capital punishment, flogging of children in schools, Sunday libraries, prison-discipline, divorce, labor, and so on — which it is substantially impossible to make a political party out of, or one which will last a great while. Those who are opposed to the continued subjection of woman would be justified in rallying as a party, because to deny one-half the human race the exercise of an inalienable right is a wrong justifying extreme measures. If the time is ripe for a movement, not complicated with others, let it come. The opposition to woman-suffrage is based on a prejudice which is just as *artificial*, and as little *natural*, as the prejudice against negro-voting, which ten years ago, even in such States as Connecticut and New York, would have been sworn to by the average voter as an ordinance of Divine Providence, which must forever keep the two colors apart at the polls. Do away with the restriction, by main strength or by "accident," of a judicial decision, and nobody will think of it again, except as a reminiscence of superstition and injustice. The argument which overbears the demand for woman-suffrage is, that woman is unfit for it. The apparent reason for this is a total lack of experience and responsibility. Men have kept women from government ever since the world began, and now insist that the hands they have cut off shall work, the eyes they have put out shall see, the ears they have stopped up shall hear. This is unreasonable; but there is so much the more reason why women should not rush into amateur government, which will only increase the volume of the cry against their incapacity. The whole matter must be

argued years and years longer in all its branches, before any voting can be done: and the question has got to be settled by the votes of the men, in the last resort; and the appeal must be made to them to grant, as well as to the women to ask for, the right of suffrage.

A good deal of time is wasted in the utterly irrelevant discussion, whether suffrage is a natural right or not. Who cares whether it is or not? Suffrage is a modern invention; hardly, in its present scope, more than a hundred years old, and not much more than twice as old as the right to ride in railroad-cars. If voting is not a natural right, it is because voting was never heard of in a state of nature. All that is necessary to show is, that the right, whether natural or conventional, or by whatever name it is called, is equal in woman and man. The proper way to put it is, that the woman has a natural right to equality in the use of the means and weapons of government, under whatever government, and whatever processes are employed. A good deal of time is also wasted in replying to the absurd pretext, that men alone must vote, because men alone can defend the government in time of war. Where did this notion come from? I don't believe it is possible to find, in any constitution, law, treatise on government, or any thing else, a paragraph from any respectable source which connects the right of suffrage with the duty of bearing arms: if there is any, I have never seen it. In point of fact, during the late war, our soldiers in camp, the men who bore the brunt of the war, *were not allowed to vote*, while the stay-at-homes were; and the people refused to alter the Constitution so that their votes could be taken as the votes of soldiers of other States were taken.

CAN WOMEN HOLD JUDICIAL OFFICES? — JUDGE WHEELGREASE'S OPINION IN 1871.

The opinion of the Supreme Court on the woman-question has put a broad grin on everybody's face. Some of the lawyers thought it a well-contrived hoax; but there seems

to be no doubt of its genuineness: indeed, the decision is quite in the line with most of the decisions of the present court. You know it is quite a modern court, Judge Chapman's commission only dating as far back as 1860. Judge Gray came in in 1864; Judge Wells, in 1866; Judge Colt, in 1868; Judge Ames and Judge Morton, in 1869. Judges Shaw, Bigelow, Hoar, Foster, Merrick, Metcalf, Dewey, Thomas, have all left, in one way or another, within the last dozen years; and you see what a mess they have made of it. However, there is no danger that the thing will ever be worse than it is now. Of course, nobody will employ any of these men as lawyers after this; and, even if Judge Colt should go back to railroad practice, there would be a rush of legal noodles to the governor's room for his place, encouraged by the late decision. If the governor should say to the applicant, "Sir, give me some evidence of your legal capacity," the answer would be obvious: "Your Excellency, that qualification was done away with when the court gave its opinion on the question of female justices, and when you followed it." I have been examining this decision in a historical point of view, to ascertain, if possible, whether or not there is any similar case on record. I cannot find any case exactly like it; but there was a transaction in the town of Pigsgusset, Bristol County, some time within the last quarter of a century, which seems to have some resemblance to it. There was an article in the warrant relative to the filling of a vacancy upon the school committee, Rev. Arthur Jenkins having been suddenly called away to a better world. Somebody proposed the name of his widow, Jerusha (Bumstead) Jenkins, who, it was well known, had written all his school-reports, and most of his sermons, for years. This was thought to be a joke at first; but the people of Pigsgusset began to inquire, "Why not?" and the thing seemed likely to go, when old Dr. Gad Smith rose, and, to gain time, moved that the subject be laid upon the table. Henry Sawin, a bright young fellow just out of college, raised the "point of order," that the town had no table; and Squire Hathaway,

the moderator, said the point was "well taken;" and Oliver Greenleaf, the constable, was directed to procure one; but, finding some difficulty, the meeting was adjourned till the next Monday. Of course, the town was in a hubbub. Conservative and radical had it, "hip and thigh," all over the village, from Tuesday morning to the day of the meeting. The grocery-stores were crowded with disputants from morning till night. "I tell you, you can't do it!" — "Why can't you?" — "Because you can't!" This was the burden of the discussion, as it always is between the two classes of opinions, ending with the inevitable conclusion, "Well, I don't see why;" or, "We'll see if we can't." Town-meeting came, Hathaway still in the chair; and the struggle was close. Finally, just as they were going to put it to vote, up jumped Adonijah Bourne, and moved that the subject be referred to old Judge Wheelgrease for his opinion. Wheelgrease had been judge of the Court of Sessions, and justice of the peace, referee, and all sorts of things; and though never very bright, and then pretty much in his dotage, was still reputed to be "learned in the law." The motion took with all the conservatives, who knew what the old judge would say, and with the lazy and timid ones, who wanted to escape responsibility. Even the man who first proposed the name of the Widow Jenkins fell in with it, and said, "Well, perhaps we'd better, if there's any doubt about it." So the meeting was adjourned for another week. Then there was another crowd. It had leaked out that old Wheelgrease had been round, asking all the justices of the peace in the county, whom he could find, what their opinion was, and all the school-committee-men besides; and, on the opening of the meeting, the following document was read: —

PIGSGUSSET, March —, 18—.

GENTLEMEN, — In reply to a vote of the town, conveyed to me in a note from Jefferson Phelps, town-clerk, I have the honor to say, By the laws of this Commonwealth, the office of school committee is an executive office, and must be exercised by the officer in person; and a woman — whether married or unmarried, whether spinster, wife, or

widow — cannot be appointed to such an office. I have inquired of the oldest inhabitants of Pigsgusset and of all the neighboring towns, and have diligently searched the town-records, and, as far as possible, all the old Indian and colonial titles, and find no account of a woman being chosen to such an office. There is, in the record for 1808, a statement that Polly Spurr was elected in the spring of that year; but upon inquiry of Eldad Spurr, now living at an advanced age, I find that Polly Spurr was not a woman, but a man, being named for his uncle, Pelatiah Polly, then of Scarborough. The whole frame and purport of the law, and the universal understanding and unbroken practical construction, for the greater part of a century, all support this conclusion, and are inconsistent with any other. It follows, that, if the Widow Jenkins should be elected, she would have no legal authority to exercise the functions appertaining to the office.

I append a certificate, signed by several gentlemen learned in the law whom I have consulted on this point.

SHEARJASHUB WHEELGREASE, LL.D.,
Late Judge of the Court of Sessions.

The undersigned agree with the conclusions arrived at by Judge Wheelgrease: —

SAMUEL PURINTON, LL.D.,
ELIAKIM PARSONS, A.M.,
B. BROWN BUTTERFIELD, M.D.,
THADDEUS SLOCUM,
Justices of the Peace for all the Counties.
ELKANAH MOODY, A.M., D.D.,
Preacher of Election Sermon (1803).

NOTE. — Dr. Butterfield adds in a private letter, that the thing is settled by philological considerations; for a member of the school committee has always, to the best of his knowledge and belief, been spoken of as a "school-committee-man." This unbroken construction seems to me to be worth considering, though I do not regard it as conclusive. — S. W.

There was a good deal of tumult when this letter was read; but it was supposed that it would be conclusive, and the conservatives be ready for a vote. When the ballots were produced, however, it was found that old Wheelgrease, Sam Puritan, Parsons, Thad. Slocum, Dr. Butterfried, and Dr. Moody, were all candidates for the place. I transcribe from the records the following: "Whole number of votes, 231; necessary for a choice, 116. Jerusha Jenkins, 61; B. Brown Butterfried, 39; Samuel Puritan, 36; Eliakim Parsons, 33;

Thaddeus Slocum, 29; Elkanah Moody, 24; scattering, 2; blank (counted for Dr. Butterfried), 1." There seems to be a discrepancy here between the "whole number," as stated, and the aggregate vote; but I suppose such errors frequently happen in town-records. On the second ballot, Mrs. Jenkins had 121; and the opposition concentrated on Judge Wheelgrease, giving him nearly all the rest. On looking at the record for the next year, I find that she was re-elected by nearly a unanimous vote; and somebody has written in red ink on the margin, "Query: What's become of Old Wheelgrease's opinion?" [1]

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[1] Attorney Wheelgrease's first appearance was in 1857. Mr. Justice Hitchcock was a police justice, busily engaged in the trial of liquor-cases, which the "friends of the cause" were "putting through" with great vigor. Suddenly, however, the trials were brought to a standstill in this way, as the justice relates: —

"The 'friends of temperance,' last week, pounced upon thirteen Irishmen suspected of being engaged in selling liquor; and on Friday they were duly hauled up before me. I noticed a rather broad grin upon Lawyer Toddystick's face as the witnesses were testifying. The case was perfectly plain; and I was about to pass sentence, when Toddystick rose, and inquired under what law I proposed to punish the men. 'Under the Liquor Law of 1852,' said I, 'of course. You are familiar enough with the course of justice in this court, and ought not to ask such foolish questions.' (I spoke with some severity.) 'May it please your Honor,' said Toddystick, in a tone, which, I confess, softened me somewhat, 'that law is repealed.' — 'You are mistaken,' said Mr. Wheelgrease, the attorney for the Commonwealth, with an air of triumph: 'the new liquor law has not yet passed; and, if it had, I rather think we could convict these men under it.' — 'I am aware, sir,' said Toddystick, 'that the new law has not passed: but, notwithstanding that fact, the law of 1852 is repealed; and if your Honor will have the goodness to examine the official copy of the Act, entitled "An Act to make Pews Personal Property," you will find it so. I will read it,' continued he, 'as I find it in the Daily Bee (of April 11), which is the official paper of the State.' — 'I have a copy,' said I, 'furnished to me by the Secretary of State; but you are certainly mistaken in your assertion.' — 'If your Honor will allow me,' said he, 'I will read the Act.' Whereupon Toddystick read as follows: 'Be it enacted, &c. (Sect. 1) Pews in all houses of public worship shall be personal property. (Sect. 2) Nothing in this Act shall affect any existing right of dower in any pew. (Sect. 3) All Acts *consistent* herewith are hereby repealed.' — 'Now,' said Toddystick with most provoking coolness, 'If your Honor will examine the Liquor Law of 1852 with care, you will find that it is entirely consistent with the making of pews personal property. There is not a section of it, or a syllable, which, by the remotest implication, can be deemed inconsistent with this new Act: therefore the law of 1852 is repealed, and my clients must be discharged.' You will readily see what a predicament I was in. Wheelgrease began to talk about typographical errors, and attempted to browbeat me, as well as Toddystick; but I promptly told him, 'This court, Mister Wheelgrease, can

[1872.]

HARVARD COLLEGE AGAINST WOMAN AND THE CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

The Harvard-college report is a fair specimen of the stuff able and (in most things) sensible men will write when hard pressed. It is about on a par with the decision of the Supreme Court. "It would require much time and labor to arrive at an unprejudiced understanding of the practical operation of the co-education of the sexes in the colleges where it now exists." Suppose it would? What are the overseers of a college for, but to take time, and undergo labor, for the solution of all educational questions? If Judge Hoar and Mr. Parker are too busy, and Dr. Walker too old, to do the work, let them find men who will attend to it. Would these three men venture to put in such an excuse for neglecting to treat any other question of importance connected with the management of the college? Of course not. Moreover, these men say they think, "if the information asked for was obtained, it would not throw much light on the expediency of adopting the principle at Harvard, where the traditions and circumstances are so different." Traditions — "ay, there's the rub." This whole question of woman's opportunity is one of tradition. But Harvard College even has overcome traditions. What was Mr. Eliot put into the presidency for but to scatter traditions? The object of the gentlemen ought to be to get rid of absurd traditions. In 1875 the traditions will be three years older than they are now, and in 1880 still older. They have got to go sooner or later. If these traditionists are mean enough to deny a Harvard-college education to their own daughters, or the daughters of their contemporaries, the grand-daughters will have it, and bless the memories of somebody. Then they

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take no cognizance of typographical errors. All it has to do is to execute the laws, not to enact them.' — 'Precisely so, your Honor,' said Toddystick; 'though, if your Honor was more frequently consulted by the law-making power, we should unquestionably have more consistent statutes.' At this, Wheelgrease made some impudent remark; and I committed him for contempt, and discharged the prisoners."

try to strengthen themselves by the old fogyism of "nearly all the old and large colleges," and close by saying that what has brought them to a conclusion is the conviction that "the great body of the friends of Harvard College are disinclined not only to the proposed change, but also to the agitation of the question, at least at present." The first part of the remark seems pertinent; but what has the last to do with the question? Congress used to be disinclined to meddle with slavery. It was also disinclined to the agitation of the slavery-question. It refused to meddle with it; but luckily the "agitation" was a matter over which it had no control. No more have the overseers of Harvard College any control over the "agitation" of the question of admitting women to the university. If the legislature had not foolishly let slip its hold upon the overseership of the college, the tradition would have been in a fair way of yielding before this time.

I am reminded here of the attempt lately made by Dr. E. H. Clark, Pres. Eliot, and Dr. Holmes, to excuse the hunkerism of Harvard College, by falling back, as their last intrenchment, upon physiology, and the periodicity of the female organization. These people argue as if the proposition to educate boys and girls together were a new one. In the town of Concord, — and I don't suppose that town was, forty years ago, different from other towns in this respect, — boys and girls studied Latin, and parsed Pope's "Essay on Man," together; and if Dr. Bartlett, or Dr. Hurd, or Dr. Ripley, had attempted to separate the sexes on any such pretence as these Harvard-college Bourbons now promulgate, they would have been laughed out of town. The whole theory is evidently a "fetch," designed for the purpose of sustaining the determination to which Dr. Walker and Judge Hoar have arrived in their recent report. No: in a great many respects, public opinion has not advanced one iota on this question, — apparently advanced, I ought to say. I do not doubt that it has really advanced, and that the barriers will by and by give way all at once.

[June 9, 1875.]

WOMAN'S INDEPENDENCE IN 1776 AND IN 1876.

The suffrage-meeting at Tremont Temple started up a new subject of debate, in the protest against keeping the Philadelphia or any other centennial celebration of the events of July, 1776. And supposing it to be admitted that the question of individual suffrage of 1876, and that of national independence of 1776, are very different ones; that it is not true, in every individual case, that a man or a woman who pays a tax, and is not allowed a vote, is necessarily and thereby a victim of tyranny: still there seems enough in the two cases to justify pretty forcible language. A hundred years ought to have brought with them to the American mind a stronger sense of the gross injustice of denying the individual suffrage to woman, whether a tax-payer on her property or not. What would Sam Adams have said if Gen. Gage or Thomas Hutchinson had accosted him with the remark, "Hold your tongue, Adams! you are the head demagogue of Boston town-meetin'; you control the colony, get up committees of correspondence, throw overboard from our ships such imports as you don't like, and such as you persuade the populace not to like; you have bedevilled Jo Warren to neglect his business, and take to drink, and even got John Hancock to shell out his money in aid of what you have agreed to call your 'cause:' and as for voting, you are all the time voting; so that we get one of your infernal petitions or resolutions from Faneuil Hall or the Old South every day of the week: haven't you all the rights you want?" Wouldn't this have been plausible? But Adams was not deceived or turned aside. Representation elsewhere than in the Old State House was what he wanted. If the able and intelligent and (as far as nearly all the matters of law and government are concerned) just American statesmen — like Judge Hoar or Gen. Hawley, for example — could be made to see this question as thousands of women see it, no matter whether they are tax-payers or not,

they would settle it very speedily. The fact is, *they* are the sentimentalists; and they insist that *their* sentimentalism shall control not only all other folks' sentimentalism, but the question of right also.

There was never any pretence among the men who framed the constitutions of 1780 and thereabout that the exclusion of women from the right of suffrage was to be perpetual and immovable. The great Theophilus Parsons, in "The Essex Result," written within a year or two of 1780, made no pretence of natural inability or incapability, but only that, at that time, women's occupations were such that they were not in public life, or in positions of public activity, so as to make the question one of practical consequence. Now woman has been forced (quite as much as she has sought to force herself) into active positions. Look at the census tables, and you will find that she is in hundreds of trades, and is even knocking at the doors and looking in at the windows of the lawyers' offices; preaching even, in spite of Paul, and without half as much expense (for pulpit spittoons) as there used to be; editing, nay, lobbying, — appearing before legislative committees to suggest how to get women into the State Prison, and at the same time protesting that she is not in favor of letting them out of their political bonds. So Judge Parsons's reasons are gone, as in 1820 the reasons for property qualification for men went, and in 1833 religious liberty was established by the abolition of the Third Article of the Bill of Rights.

They say the cause makes no progress. Nonsense! it cannot help progress; for it is a movement of civilization itself. And it is no wonder that women say, "My dear sir, you have exercised your pig-headedness long enough: we have answered your reasons *times enough;* and now we insist on immediate justice. You shall not, with any aid or sympathy from us, go on with your eloquential talk, condemning us to the poor privilege of listening to you and feeding you, without at least a protest. No fear but you will find enough women to aid you. They are easily coaxed."

"Good my love, stay thou at home,
And read 'The Heir of Chudleighbumpkins,' —
Trollope's last novel: I will send it thee.
'The club,' sayst thou? — the club at Tremont Place?
I like it not: 'tis growing radical. But, if you go,
Persuade them there are better things than balloting."

The number of women who believe themselves capable of taking a more prominent part in the affairs of life — not only governmental, but business, literary, religious, social — is constantly increasing, and without much regard to the suffrage-movement itself. Those who think this last movement stationary, or losing ground, fail, I think, to see this fact. There are "oceans" of women who have had no time to think of the question of voting, and no ability to argue it, and perhaps no disposition to vote, who are yet making up their minds that their past condition of "subjection" (as Mr. Mill with perfect truth calls it) is unjust as well as irksome, and who desire and are determined to be rid of it. These women form the grand army who really re-enforce the *doctrinaires*, perhaps without knowing it. When the breach is made, these will rush in fast enough. More and more of them are appreciating the situation every day.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

WILL OF CAPT. JAMES PECKER OF BOSTON, WHARFINGER, BORN IN HAVERHILL (PROBABLY) IN 1686; DIED APRIL 28, 1734.

In the name of God, Amen.

I, JAMES PECKER of Boston, in the county of Suffolk and province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, wharfinger, being at present weak in body, yet of sound mind and memory (thanks be to God therefor), considering the frailty and mortality of my body, and that it is appointed for all men once to die, do make and ordain this my last will and testament. . . . Touching any worldly estate wherewith it hath pleased God to bless me in this world, I give and dispose thereof in manner and form following; viz., after payment of my just debts and funeral charges, and the reservation of a certain piece or parcell of land hereafter to be mentioned, I give and bequeath unto my dearly beloved wife, Bridget Pecker, one equal half of all my real estate during her natural life, and at her decease to be disposed of as hereafter to be mentioned. Likewise I give unto my said wife, her heirs and assigns, my chaise, and one horse. Also I give unto my said wife, her heirs and assigns, one-half of my pew in the meeting-house, she or they paying one-half of the dues arising therefrom unto the minister. Furthermore, I give unto my said wife one equal third part of all my movable and personal estate not yet disposed of (with reservations of some things hereafter to be mentioned), unto her, her heirs and assigns forever. I give unto my daughter, Susannah Clark, with reservations as aforesaid, the improvement of one equal fourth part of my real estate during her natural life. . . . Whereas I have purchased of my honored father, James Pecker of

Haverhill, a certain part or parcell of land lying and being in Haverhill aforesaid, as by the deed fully executed to me may more fully appear, I give and bequeath unto my daughter, Mary Pecker, the said piece or parcell of land at and immediately after the decease of my father, James Pecker (according to the tenure of said deed), with all the rights, privileges, and appurtenances thereunto belonging unto her, her heirs and assigns forever. Furthermore, I give unto my said daughter, Mary Pecker,[1] the remaining equal fourth part of all my real estate, of what nature, kind, or denomination, forever unto her, her heirs and assigns forever. I give unto my son-in-law, Ebenezer Papillion, his heirs and assigns, my regimental clothes, — viz., my scarlet coat and breeches, and my laced hatt; and, if at home at the time of my decease, I give unto the said Ebenezer Papillion a mourning suit of apparel. . . .

I do hereby constitute, appoint, and ordain my dearly beloved wife, Bridget Pecker, together with my two brothers, John Pecker of Haverhill, and Daniel Pecker of Boston, joint executors of this my last will and testament; and I do likewise hereby revoke, annul, and utterly disallow of, all other wills and testaments. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-second day of April, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and thirty-four, *anno regni Georgius Secundus, magna Britannia regis septimo.*

JAMES PECKER AND SEAL.

INVENTORY OF THE ESTATE OF CAPT. JAMES PECKER.

BOSTON, May 10, 1734.

In the small fore room; viz.: —	£.	s.	d.
1 Black walnut Scrutore	5		
1 Black walnut Table	3		
1 Maple ditto	1	5	
1 Looking glass	6		
1 Doz. Leather chairs, at 14/	8	8	
1 2 armed chair & cushing	10		
1 Standing candlestick, brass, snuffers & dish	2	5	
1 pr. Iron dogs, tongs & shovel	1	7	
3 Small pictures & hand brush		6	
Burket on the New Testament		3	
Calvin's Sermons		10	

[1] W. S. Robinson's great-grandmother, who married Emerson Cogswell 1st.

		£.	s.	d.
1	Large Bible	2		
1	Small ditto		10	
1	Barnards Sermons		10	
1	Mathers life		6	
1	Bundle of books		8	
1	Ditto		8	
1	Do.		8	
1	China Bowl	1	5	
1	Burnt Ditto	1	5	
½	Doz. blue & white china cups & saucers	1	2	
1	Tea pott, 5 saucers, 4 cups of burnt do.	1	5	
1	Slop dish and 1 saucer		5	
3	painted glass tea cups and saucers, 1 saucer		7	
1	Earthern dish .4, 2 ditto .5		9	
4	scalloped plates, 2/6		10	
28	plates, 1/6	2	2	
5	small ditto		5	
1	large bowl, & three small ditto		14	
2	Milk pots and Sugar cup, & 3 tea cupps		13	6
1	Pr. Glass decanters	1		
1	" Ditto		6	
	Allabaster toys		5	
3	Wine glasses		8	
1	Pr. large beakers		5	
13	Ditto		13	
1	Glass cannister, 1 pr. Salts, & 1 Cruet		5	
1	two gallon jugg		7	6
1	Blen & white ditto		4	
4	flowered stone juggs	4	16	
4	stone muggs, 1 pickle pott		5	
2	New England pitchers, 1 cupp		2	6
1	large ironing box & heater	1	5	
1	Small ditto & ditto	1		

In the great Entry; viz.:—

7	Small pictures		5	
1	Glass lanthorne	1	10	

In the greate fore room; viz.:—

1	looking glass	8		
1	Maple table	2		

	£.	s.	d.
1 Conch & padd	7		
1 tea table & tankard sewer	12		
2 pictures	2		
Earthenware on hearth	2	15	
Bow and Arrows		5	
Mantle tree ware, & 8 images & a flower pott	1		
1 Silver hilted sword	12		
1 brass hilted ditto, and 1 iron without sheath	10		
1 set brushes	1		
1 case with 11 bottles	1	15	
1 Pr. brass shoe buckles and kne ditto		8	
2 gold rings, 1 pr. buttons, wt. 6 pt. & 22 grains	5	3	9
87 oz. 12 pt. silver, at 25	109	10	
1 pr. silver shoe buckles		15	

In the small fore chamber, viz.:—

1 old fashioned chest with drawers	3		
1 small ovel table	1	5	
1 dressing glass	1	18	
6 chairs	4	4	
4 pictures	4		
1 suit diaper curtains with head cloth and teaster	7	16	
Counter pins	2		
1 pr. Blankets	2	10	
3½ yds. tickling burge, a 4/		14	
1 Quilt	3		
1 pr. sheets & pillow cases	2	10	
1 Bed, 2 pillows, 1 bolster	11	14	
Bedstead, curtain rod, straw bed	2	6	
1 suit green cloth, lined with silk	20		
1 Grate coat	3	5	
1 Close body'd coat	1	5	
1 Fustian jacket & breeches, & worked Holland jacket	2		
1 pr. leather breeches	1	15	
2 flannel jackets		10	
1 pr. black silk stockings	1	10	
4 pr. worsted stockings, a 15/	3		
1 pr. white ditto, fine	1		
2 pr. coarse ditto		15	

	£.	s.	d.
5 pr. yarn ditto	1	5	
2 pr. shoes	1		
1 Silk sash	12		
1 Hatt 30/, 1 Wigg 40/, 1 pr. leather gloves 15/	3	15	
1 pr. spatterdashes, & riding belt	1	10	
2 worked caps, Holland		10	
9 plain ditto	1		
1 double worsted ditto		7	
3 silk handkerchiefs, a 5/		15	
2 almost new Holland shirts, a 60/	6		
3 ditto not so good, a 40/	6		
3 ditto, 30/	4	10	
4 ditto, 15/	3		
8 necks & 2 neckcloths	1		
1 green velvet cap		5	
1 pr. white cotton gloves		3	
1 Trunk		7	6

In the grate chamber; viz.:—

1 Damask table cloth, 12 napkins	4	10	
1 Home spun ditto	2	10	
6 Cotton and linen napkins	1		
7 table cloths, a 10/.	3	10	
3 Holland sheets	8	5	
3 pr. ditto, 66/.	6	12	
16 pr. cotton linen sheets	30	8	
3 pr. coarse linen ditto, a 22/	3	6	
3 ditto, a 11/	1	13	
1 pr. Holland pillow cases	1		
7 pr. linen Ditto, a 10/	3	10	
3 small ditto, 3/		9	
8 pr. cotton and linen ditto, 5/.	2		
2 coarse bolster cases, a 3/		6	
1 Twylight		10	
1 pr. pillow cases on ye bed		5	
1 pr. cotton linen sheets do.	1	18	
1 pr. blankets	2	10	
1 Quilt	3		
1 bed, boylster, & 2 pillows No. 2	9	19	6
1 bedstead, rod, and straw bed.	2	6	

	£.	s.	d.
1 Green Cheney Coach bed, &c.	30		
1 Ditto Easy Chair	11		
1 Pallet bedstead	1	10	
1 Bed, 1 Boylster, 2 pillows No. 3	9	13	6
1 pr. Sheets	1	10	
1 pr. Blankets	2	5	
1 old Quilt		15	
1 pr. Chest drawers, 1 Grate, & 6 small Turkey, 3 work chairs, at 20/ and 16/	5	18	
1 Looking glass	7	10	
1 Seil skin trunk	1	5	
1 old trunk		18	
1 pr. calico curtains and vallans	2	10	
1 pr. red Cheney ditto	4		
1 pr. bellows with brass nose		12	
1 pr. Dogs with brass tops	1		
1 Fire shovel and tongs, 1 brush, & Twilight table		18	6

In the Kitchen Chamber; viz.:—

1 Bed, 1 bolster No. 4	11	12	6
1 pr. Blankets	2	5	
1 Rugg, 1 Bedstead, & Straw bed	4		
Callico curtains and vallans	2		
1 Head cloth & Teaster		15	
1 Table 10/, 1 Close stool pan 20/, 1 small glass	1	10	

In the Garret; viz.:—

1 Old bedstead & curtains	2		
1 Pilleon & case	1		
1 Drugget coat		15	
Negroes beds & bedding	1	10	

In the Kitchen:—

1 Pr. brass candlesticks	1	10	
2 pr. Ditto	1	10	
1 pr. ditto broke		3	
1 Brass coffee pot		15	
2 Brass skillets		10	
1 Bell mettle ditto	2	10	
1 Copper tea kettle	1	10	

	£.	s.	d.
1 Warming pan		10	
1 Jack	1	10	
1 Doz. hard mettle plates	2	15	
1 Doz. ditto	2	15	
6 Soup Ditto, a 4/7	1	7	6
2 water —	1	10	
2 large, 1 smal pewter dish, 1 Large, 1 small soup Do.	3		
Old pewter	5	5	
1 Brass sauce pan		8	
1 Brass scimer		4	
Tin Ware	1	7	
1 Doz. patty pans		18	
1 pr. Bellows		10	
1 pr. Leather fine meeting Buckets & bags	1	10	
1 pr. Iron dogs	1		
1 pr. tongs and fire shovel		12	
Fender & Slice		12	
2 Spitts 8/, 2 Gridirons 10/		18	
3 tramills	1	2	
2 Chafing dishes 6/, ½ skewer 2/		8	
3 Iron pots, 1 frying pan, 2 Iron kettles & pot hooks	3		
35 lbs. Candles, 1/6	2	12	6
3 brass kettles	8	14	
1 Doz. Ivory hafted knives & forks	4		
2 Iron candle sticks		2	
1 Pr. Boots		15	
1 Small ovel Table	1	10	
1 Pine ditto		10	
5 Old chairs		7	6
1 Lignumvite pestle & mortar	1		
Wooden Ware		5	
5 coarse table cloths & ten towels	1	7	

In the Cellar:—

3 Barrells Soap	6	15	
⅔ Load of Bark		15	
2 Ceader set work tubbs		18	
Lumbering Stuff		10	
5 Empty cider barrels		15	
5 doz. Cider in bottles & 2 doz. empty ones	1	10	

In the Warehouse at the house:—

	£.	s.	d.
2 pots of Hoggs fat, wt. 18 lbs.		18	
1 Barrel pork	8		
Lumbering stuff, 1 old ladle [the rest is gone, ½ page]			

At Mr. Halsey wharf; viz.:—

4 Cart Horses	60		
1 Riding horse	17		
2 Carts	20		
3 old cart wheels, 1 sled	2		
3 pr. Hems and traces for horses	2	14	

In ware house, my wharf:—

1 Hhd. Molasses, 100 Gal. @ 3/10	19	3	4
4 bbl. Turpentine	7		
29 pails, 1 Sugar tub, & 2 Caggs	1	12	
Old rigging, about 1 weight	2		
¾ Spun yarn	3	10	
1 Empty rum Hhd.		10	
2 empty barrels		6	
11 Saddle Trees	1	2	
15 Chalk	3		
Negro Tony, apprised	40		
" Will, "	80		
" Bristol, "	90		
" Bristol Jim, "	100		
Limekiln, wharf, and Warehouses	400		
Dwelling house, barns, buildings, and land	1500		
Approximate total	£2973		

Captain Pecker's wife was Bridget Papillion. She was a widow with one son, Ebenezer, when she married Mr. Pecker. Her husband was an English gentleman.

On a paper found with the will was written, —

—— "was my truly worthy and dearly beloved James Pecker, who died April ye 8, 1734, in the 49th year of his age, in the division of his things to me, his widdow Bridget Pecker. 'Open thou my eyes that I may behold wondrous things of thy law.'

"Was married to my first husband, John Papillion, June ye 7, 1710, bereaved of him about 8 years after. He died in London; left one only son, born April ye 9, 1712, named Ebenezer Papil-

lion, who grew up a man, followed the sea, was lost at sea, I don't know how, but 24 years of age. Very pleasant were these to me while living: the loss of them will make me go mourning to my grave."

APPENDIX B.

RECAPITULATION OF "WARRINGTON'S" WRITINGS.

As Editor.

Yeoman's Gazette and Concord Republican	1839–1842
Lowell Journal and Courier	1842–1849
Manchester (N.H.) American	1845–1846
Boston Daily Whig and Republican	1848–1849
Lowell American	1849–1854
The Boston Daily Commonwealth	1854
The Telegraph	1854–1857
Straight Republican (campaign paper)	1857
Tocsin " "	1861, 1862
Reveille " "	1870
Hartford Courant	1868
Concord Monitor	1868

As Correspondent and Contributor.

New-York Evening Post ("Middlesex")	1853
Worcester Spy, in	1856, 1863
Springfield Republican ("Warrington")	1856–1876
Daily Evening Traveller	1857
Fitchburg Reveille	1857–1858
New-York Tribune ("Gilbert" and "Warrington")	1857–1869
Worcester Transcript ("Boythorn")	1857–1860
Daily Atlas and Bee	1860–1861
Zion's Herald	
Congregationalist	
Hartford Press ("Kremlin")	1865
California Paper	1864
Commonwealth (Mr. Slack's), supplied material for	1862–1876
Atlantic Monthly, December, 1871, Gen. Butler's Campaign in Massachusetts	
Boston Journal: Wendell Phillips; a Review	1870
Gen. B. F. Butler reviewed	1871–1872

Boston Journal: Gen. B. F. Butler reviewed again	1873
Articles	1873
Butler	1874
Boston News ("Warrington"), Letters and Articles	1875–1876
Woman's Journal	

Pamphlets.

Conspiracy to defame John A. Andrew	1861
Legislative	1861
Concord and Sudbury Meadows	1861
Ex-Governor Boutwell and Judge Thomas	1862
Sustain the Government; Stand by the President	1862
Miscellaneous	1860–1870
Salary Grab	1874

Addresses, Memorials, &c.

Personal-liberty Bill, Memorial and Report	1861
Republican State Addresses	1861–1867
Republican State Resolutions	1861–1867
Free-ballot Memorials	
Woman-suffrage Memorials and Reports	
Ayer's Almanac (reading-matter)	
Appleton's Cyclopædia	
Manual of Parliamentary Law	1875

OFFICIAL HISTORY.

Member of Massachusetts House of Representatives	1852–1853
Secretary of Constitutional Convention	1853
Clerk of Committee on Revision of Statutes	1859
Clerk of Massachusetts House of Representatives	1862–1873
Secretary of Republican State Committee	1863–1867
Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum	1865

APPENDIX C.

[July 7, 1842.]

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. — BUTLER.

Elbridge G. Record of Lowell was charged with passing counterfeit money. The examination of this man and his brother before the Police Court was reported in "The Courier" a few days ago;

and I need not state the circumstances of the case. But a rather amusing and interesting scene (to use no other epithets) took place at the trial of Elbridge, which I feel it to be my duty to chronicle. The indictment charged the prisoner with defrauding Sarah Wilkins. Mrs. Wilkins testified that her name was Sarah Emma Wilkins, and that she had a husband living. She could, therefore, not be defrauded. Mr. Butler of Lowell, the prisoner's counsel, called the attention of the court to these flaws in the indictment, and asked for an acquittal. Some conversation ensued between the judge, district-attorney, and Mr. Butler; but the objections of Mr. Huntington were overruled, and the jury were directed to bring in a verdict of acquittal. They did so; and Mr. Butler immediately moved that the prisoner be discharged. Mr. Huntington objected, but evidently had no ground for doing so. Mr. Butler made some remark about the objection being made for the purpose of getting out another warrant. The judge said he believed he must order the prisoner to be discharged. The words were hardly out of his mouth, and the clerk had not repeated the order for his discharge, when Mr. Butler opened the door of the prisoner's box, and hurried Record out of the house, saying, "Go along, and go as quick as you can." The prisoner sloped immediately.

Mr. Shed was observed to follow Record out of the court-house, and it was shrewdly expected that the rogue would not go far off. Mr. Butler, whose duties as counsel did not cease with the acquittal of his client, rushed out of the house in a comfortable state of excitement for the purpose of inquiring what was going on. With the laudable desire of "jotting down" whatever of interest might occur, I walked down stairs. I saw nothing of Record; and the only part of Mr. Butler which I noticed was his hat, which he had lost in his "neck-or-nought" race, and which was lying on the steps of the court-house. I looked toward the hotel, and observed the learned counsel declaiming vigorously to the crowd which had gathered around him, so absorbed in the interests of his client, that he probably forgot his hatless condition. I afterwards learned that Mr. Shed had arrested Record without authority, and Mr. Butler obtained his release.

Record went his way; but it was a very little way, after all. A warrant had been procured for his arrest, and he was recaptured by Charley Adams and Deputy-Sheriff Lewis near Walden Pond, about a mile from the village. The district-attorney will probably take care that no flaws shall be made in the next indictment against the young man. I appreciate greatness wherever I see it

manifested; and Mr. Butler in this trial certainly showed himself to be a great man. Perhaps his greatness is not of the highest order; neither was Bonaparte's: but who will dispute the claim of the latter to be called great? The opening of the prison-doors by Mr. Butler without permission might perhaps be called a somewhat outrageous proceeding; but it would be called so only by those who would blame Cromwell for dissolving the Rump Parliament, or Governor Dorr for organizing the Foundry Legislature.

W. S. R.

APPENDIX D.

[1849.]

"A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS."

We have copied above the title of a book: for one reason, because it will make as good a caption as any thing else to what we have to say in this place; and another, because we may say something upon a book which has been kindly lent us by a friend. We mention the fact that the volume was loaned to us, because it is a rare occurrence for us to borrow a book, and may be set down as an epoch in our life — almost. When we saw the title with "Concord River" upon it, our thoughts were carried back to the days of our boyhood, when we used to go thither with our fishing-tackle to catch whatever chose to nibble at our bait. We don't know as we were enough of a fisherman to have the epithet bestowed upon us which was somewhere given to the appendage of a fishing-pole; viz., "a string at one end, and a fool at the other:" but we have caught some fish in our day; had some *glorious* nibbles; but never have we, like Simon in the New Testament, "toiled all night, and taken nothing." In speaking of the fishing which was formerly carried on in Concord River, we notice that Mr. Thoreau has hinted at a circumstance of a militia-captain — we believe his name was Miles — who neglected to appear to meet his company, having gone a-fishing at the time they were "warned to appear," and that thenceforth the said company always went by the name of "*The Shad;*" and so the name stuck like scales to all the militia in the region. We are glad to see honorable mention made of that corps. What Concord boy has not followed "The Shad" round town to listen to the drum and fife and other pieces of music, not heeding where he trod, till some careless barefooted fellow would hit his toe against a stone, and then, catching the

mangled toe in his hand, would hop along till the toe aforesaid came to its senses? Glad are we that the memory of "The Shad" is perpetuated in so pleasant a book.

It may be said of this book as the author says of great poems, "It is characteristic of great poems, that they will yield of their sense in due proportion to the hasty and the deliberate reader. To the practical they will be common sense; and to the wise, wisdom: as either the traveller may wet his lips, or an army may fill its water-casks, at a full stream."

GOOD-NATURE.

"By hook or by crook."

Dame Grundy was the most good-natured woman alive. Come what would, every thing was right, — nothing wrong. One day Farmer Grundy (husband to the dame) told a neighbor that his wife was the most even-tempered woman in the world; for he never saw her cross in his life, and that, for once, he should like to see her so. "Well," said his neighbor, "go into the woods, and bring home a load of the crookedest wood you can find; and, if that does not make her cross, nothing will." Accordingly, to try the experiment, he teamed home a load of wood every day calculated to make a woman fret. For a week or more, she used the wood copiously; but not a word of complaint escaped her lips. So, one day, the husband ventured to inquire of her how she liked the wood. "Oh, 'tis beautiful wood!" she said. "I wish you'd get another load; for it *fays* round the pot complete."

BAKED BEANS.

The town of Beverly has had the reputation of cooking a good many beans; so much so, that its inhabitants have been called "beaners." Charlestown, also, has had similar honors. We recollect, some twenty years since, when we ventured within the precincts of Boston from Charlestown, we were frequently beset by Boston boys with the appellation of "pig." We have an anecdote pat to the purpose; and here it is: —

Page, the driver of the Beverly stage, was one day taking in a fleshy lady-passenger in Charlestown Square, when a truckman came along and said, "Get out of the way with your old bean-pot!" Page, who had hold of the lady's arm, turned round and made answer, "Wait a minute till I get my pork in."

E. G. R.

APPENDIX E.

A VILLAGE POLITICIAN.

From "The Carpet-Bag."

Deacon Jonas Jenkins is in the corner grocery-store, surrounded by loafers. Eldad Grimes, Elnathan Dodge, and others, are there, sitting on "quintals of codfish," and chewing the quid. The deacon is reading from the newspaper what Prof. M. said in his speech on accepting the nomination for Congress. Said the deacon, "He was brought in, accepted the nomination, thanked the delegates, and then went on to enlarge upon political topics." — "Well," said Elnathan Dodge, "let's hear what he had to say. How is he on the tariff?" — "You'll see," said the deacon, rather crusty at being interrupted. "Can't you wait a minute?" He went on to read, "Rejoiced to meet his friends; glorious Whig cause; cause of the country; star that never sets; factious opposition; all they want is office." — "That's a fact," said Dodge. "What d'ye spose they care about the niggers?" — "Depression of agricultural interest; tariff on wool; quacks; pretenders driven from power." — "That's just what he said," said Deacon Jenkins; "for I heerd him." — "Well, you, he's smart, ain't he?" said the Scrabbleville baker, who had driven up, and was now making one of the crowd. The deacon proceeded: "Union of the States; palsied be the arm; traitors; Gen. Jackson; hemp; stars and stripes, &c. Oh, how he gave it to 'em then!" said the deacon. In this way he closed the speech, and approached the conclusion of the article, which ran somehow thus: "We are rejoiced to learn that Prof. M. has yielded to the earnest solicitation of his friends, and will forthwith take the field in support of the good Whig cause. He will address his fellow-citizens in the principal towns in the district previous to the election. We call upon the committees to make active preparations for large meetings. Let the people far and near hear our eloquent champion, and we have no fear of the result; for

> "One blast upon his bugle-horn
> Is worth a thousand men."

"How's that, deacon?" broke out several of his auditors at the close. "What does that mean?" — "Oh! that's right, that's right," said the deacon: "it's just so. I understand he's the best bugle-player in the State of Vermont!"

Bailey Junior.

APPENDIX F.

AUTOGRAPH-LETTER FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN, IN POSSESSION OF W. S. R.

SPRINGFIELD ILL., April 6, 1859.

MESSRS. HENRY L. PIERCE AND OTHERS. *Gentlemen*, — Your kind note inviting me to attend a festival in Boston on the 13th inst., in honor of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, was duly received. My engagements are such, that I cannot attend. Bearing in mind, that, about seventy years ago, two great political parties were first formed in this country, that Thomas Jefferson was the head of one of them, and Boston the headquarters of the other, it is both curious and interesting that those supposed to descend politically from the party opposed to Jefferson should now be celebrating his birthday in their own original seat of empire, while those claiming political descent from him have nearly ceased to breathe his name everywhere.

Remembering, too, that the Jefferson party were formed upon their supposed superior devotion to the *personal* rights of men, holding the rights of *property* to be secondary only, and greatly inferior, and then assuming that the so-called Democracy of to-day are the Jefferson, and their opponents the anti-Jefferson parties, it will be equally interesting to note how completely the two have changed hands as to the principle upon which they were originally supposed to be divided. The Democracy of to-day holds the *liberty* of our men to be absolutely nothing when in conflict with another man's right of *property*. Republicans, on the contrary, are for both the *man* and the *dollar;* but, in cases of conflict, the man *before* the dollar.

I remember once being much amused at seeing two partially intoxicated men engage in a fight with their great-coats on; which fight, after a long and rather harmless contest, ended in each having fought himself *out* of his own coat, and *into* that of the other. If the two leading parties of this day are really identical with the two in the days of Jefferson and Adams, they have performed about the same feat as the two drunken men.

But, soberly, it is now no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation. One would start with great confidence that he could convince any sane child that the simple propositions of Euclid are true; but, nevertheless, he would fail utterly with one who should deny the definitions and

axioms. The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society; and yet they are denied and evaded with no small show of success. One dashingly calls them "glittering generalities;" another bluntly calls them "self-evident lies;" and still others insidiously argue that they apply only to "superior races."

These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect, — the supplanting the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste, and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers, of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us.

This is a world of compensations, and he who would *be* no slave must consent to *have* no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it. All honor to Jefferson; to the man, who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast, and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there, that to-day, and in all coming days, it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of re-appearing tyranny and oppression!

Your obedient servant,

A. Lincoln.

INDEX.

A.

Abbott, Josiah G., 20, 42, 360 (*see* Free-Soil party).
Abolitionists, 27; meeting of (1853), 199 (*see* Garrison, William Lloyd).
Adams, Charles Francis, 38, 39, 46, 47, 183, 184, 204, 205, 232, 543; biography of, 415.
Adams, Henry, 419.
Adams, John Quincy, 19, 29, 266; (the younger), 136, 309, 334, 343; biography of, 419.
Adams, Rev. Nehemiah, 211, 297.
Adams, Shubael P., 46.
Advertiser, Boston Daily, 133, 200, 229.
Alcott, A. Bronson, 66.
Alcott, Abby B., 116, 403.
Allen, Charles, 30, 187, 194, 517; biography of, 415.
Alley, John B., 60, 235.
American (*see* Know-Nothing) party.
Amerige, Henry, 129.
Andrew, John A., election of, 93, 521; position on the Virginia Peace Commission, 94; conspiracy to defame, 95; re-election of, 110; speaks on the removal of Judge Loring, 230; accusation against him of being a "conditional patriot," 274; number of votes cast for, in different years, 339, 340; biography of, 406.
Antietam, battle of, 280, 283.
Antislavery (political) movement, beginning of, 28, 35, 46, 47; progress of, 183, 227–236, 483 (*see* Free-Soil party).
Antislavery society in Concord, 73.
Appleton, Nathan, 29, 529.
Arm-in-arm Convention (Philadelphia, 1866), 308.
Aspinwall, William, 250, 310.
Atlas and Bee, The, early antislavery newspaper, 84, 92, 98.
Ayer, Dr. James C., 86; biography of, 422.

B.

Baldwin, John D. (editor of Worcester Spy), 60, 83.
Baltimore Convention (1840), 19.
Banks, Nathaniel P., 20, 58, 194, 216, 220, 222, 225, 254, 360; biography of, 435.
Bartlett, Dr. Josiah, 4, 560.
Bartol, Rev. C. A., remarks of, at "Warrington's" funeral, 167.
Bayard, T. F., 395, 396.
Beaufort, landing at, 271.
Beecher, Henry Ward, biography of (in 1864), 454.
Bell-Everett party, 243, 245.
Bemis, G. F., 14.
Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. (*see* Shadrach, rescue of).
Biglow Papers, 45.
Bird Club, 96, 134, 425 (see Bird, F. W.).
Bird, Francis W., reminiscences of "Warrington," xiv; 17, 18, 38, 62, 83, 86, 106, 116, 121, 126, 130, 144, 221, 222, 299, 304; biography of, 423.
Blaine, James G., 395.
Blair, Frank, 136, 323.
Booth, J. Wilkes, 307.
Boston city election of 1871, 349.
Boston school committee in 1874, 379.
Boutwell, George S., 20, 194, 198, 315, 316, 360, 381, 384; biography of, 429.
Bowles, Samuel, 38, 82, 83, 90, 100, 115, 133 (*see* "Warrington" letters).
"Boythorn" letters, 86 (*see* Appendix B).
Brazealle, Elisha (*see* Sharkey, Judge).
Brewster, William N., 46.
Brooks Cake, recipe for, 74.
Brooks, Nathan and Mary M., 20, 72, 75.
Brooks, Preston S., 65.
Brown, John, 71, 90, 237–240.
Buchanan, James, 64, 251, 255, 323, 385, 417.
Buffum, James N., 184.
Bullock, Alexander H., reminiscences of "Warrington," xi; 105, 409.
Bull Run, battle of, 96, 267.
Bumstead, Representative (the typical office-seeker), 198; biography of, 455.
Burlingame, Anson, biography of, 427.
Burns, Antony, rendition of, 62, 206, 211.
Burritt, Elihu, 20.
Butler, Benjamin F., position in the Harrison campaign, 20; ex-major-general, 103; elected to the legislature of 1852, 54; his raid on the governorship of Massachusetts, 130–144; letter from, to "Warrington,"

131; ground for his attack on "Warrington," 103, 133; defeated in convention, 134; defeats "Warrington" as clerk, 137, 359–365; the "salary-grab" business, 142; second raid on the governorship, 143; final defeat, 144; wealth of London, 371; in the Johnson impeachment trial, 315; position in 1873, 450; status in 1874, 378, 381, 383; prediction concerning, 399; political history of, 439–446; reply of "Warrington" to, 440; as "judge and executioner" of the Republican party, 443; life of, 446; his character, 362, 439, 441, 450; his epitaph, 453 (*see* Appendix C).
Butler campaign, first gun fired in, 126; review of, 130–144 (*see* Butler, B. F.).
Butler and anti-Butler men in 1872, 360.
Butler, who killed? 131, 134, 138, 143, 144, 310.

C.

Carlsbad, Austria, Letter from, 376.
Carpet-bag (*see* Stebbings, Ensign; also Shillaber, B. P.), Appendix E.
Carter, Robert, 60, 61, 83, 89.
Channing, William Ellery, 66.
Channing, William Henry, 29, 461.
Chase, Salmon P., 319, 322.
Choate, Rufus, 63, 185, 191, 254, 289; biography of, 457.
Cincinnati Convention of 1872, 135, 136, 358.
Civil-service reform and a Democratic restoration, 345.
Clapp, W. W. (editor of Boston Journal), 133, 140, 173.
Clarke, Dr. E. H., 373, 560.
Clarke, Rev. James Freeman, 346, 365, 368, 462.
Clay, Henry, and his compromises, 187.
Clemmer, Mrs. Mary, obituary on "Warrington," 178.
Clifford, John H., 146.
Coburn, John P., 72.
Co-education of the sexes (*see* Harvard College).
Cogswell family, history of, 3–7.
Colored regiments, formation of, 98, 107, 298; how they look, 292; "Negro ready to fight for freedom," 265; colored recruits, and "conditional patriotism," 274.
Commonwealth, Boston Daily, 60; selections from, 206.
Concord, Mass., 1, 15, 19, 29, 65, 66, 71, 75.
Congress in 1812, 26.
"Conquering prejudices," 190.
Conscience Whigs, 35, 36, 38 (*see* Whig party).
"Consolation of Asses," 201.
Constitution explained to beginners, 202.
Constitution of 1853, defeat of, 203.
Conway, M. D., 106.
Copperhead Democracy, 302 (*see* Democratic party).
Courant, Hartford, 119.
Crane, Zenas M., 104.
Curtis, George T., 191, 192.
Curtis, Harriot (*see* Lowell Offering).
Cushing, Caleb, 194, 205, 250, 264, 407, 413.

D.

Dana, Richard H., jun., 486; biography of, 464.
Davis, Charles G., 221.
Davis, Jefferson, 96, 110, 288, 289, 306, 312.
Davis, John, 56.
Davis, Mrs. Mary (of Concord), 4, 5.
Dawes, Henry L., 134, 360; biography of, 471.
Democratic party, 20; standing during the war, 288; civil-service reform in, (1871), 343; probable Democratic reaction (1874), 384; chances for a Democratic victory in 1876, 392, 397; record of, 393 (*see* Rantoul, Robert; *also see* reform party).
Derby, George H. (*see* Phœnix, John).
Dial, the, 16.
Dickens, Charles, 29, 341.
Digg, E. Goethe, his toast, 531.
Disraeli, Benjamin, 370.
"Doughfaces," 97, 256.
Douglas, Stephen A., 241; biography of, 466.
Douglass, Frederick, 46; biography of, 468.
Downer, Samuel, 60, 489, 501.
Dred Scott decision, 231, 232.
Drew, Thomas, 104, 152, 305.

E.

Earle, John M., 120.
Eliot, Charles W. (*see* Harvard College).
Elwood, Michael (*see* Supreme Judicial Court).
Emancipation, 96–98; Proclamation of, 108, 109, 111, 280–290.
Emerson, R. W., how related to "Warrington," 3; moves to Concord, 15; Divinity-School address, 16; first book printed, 17; essays first appear, 21 (*see* Concord).
Emigrant Aid Society (New England), 75.
Evarts, William M., 525.
Evening Post, New-York, 58; selections from, 203.
Everett, Edward, 13, 245, 248, 257.

F.

Farley, Harriet (*see* Lowell Offering).
Fay, Judge S. P. P., 4.
Fillmore, Millard, 33, 45, 189.
Foley, Margaret (*see* Lowell Offering).
"Food for politicians," 197.
Forbes, John M., 298.
Fort Wagner, Fifty-Fourth Regiment at, 296.
Free-Soil party, formation of, 30, 37, 183, 187; conventions and movements of, 35, 38, 39, 42, 45–48, 54, 64; review of, 35–77; resolution written for in 1848

by "Warrington," 38; list of Free-Soil Democratic papers, 43; becomes the "Straight-Republican" party, 64; contends against Fugitive-slave Law, 189–213, 228; reminiscences of its leaders, 400–405; its work, 416, 417, 427, 483.
Frémont, John C., 64, 269.
Frye, Isaac W., 496.
Fugitive-slave Law, signing of, 45; character and effect of, 189, 196; workings of, 206–213, 228 (*see* Loring, Edward G).
Fuller, Margaret, 16, 67.
Fulton, Rev. J. D., 341.

G.

Gardner and Gardnerism (1855), 61, 83, 214, 225, 232, 243, 334.
Garrison, William Lloyd, and the Garrisonians, 28, 29, 38, 73, 118, 191, 199, 366, 367, 469, 484; biography of, 482.
Gaston, William, 387, 393.
Gettysburg, battle of, 294.
Giddings, Joshua R., 35, 183, 184, 187 (*see* Free-Soil party).
Gifford, Stephen N., 105.
"Gilbert" letters (*see* Tribune, New-York, Appendix B.).
Gilmore, Q. A. (of New Hampshire), 113.
Gladstone, William E., 369.
Goddard D. A. (*see* Advertiser, Boston).
Graham, Rev. John, 9.
Grant, Ulysses S., 109; election to the presidency, 120, 130; review of his first term, 354; his re-election, 136, 354; comparison between him and Greeley, 355; prospects of a third term, 385, 392, 397; biography of, 479.
Graves, John W. (*see* Free-Soil party).
Gray, William, and the Boston city election of 1871, 349.
Greeley, Horace, nomination to the presidency, 135, 136; comparison between him and Grant, 355; biography of, 475.
Grier, Judge, 510.
Griffin, J. Q. A., 126, 437, 530; biography of, 485.
Gubernatorial votes from 1860 to 1870, summary of, 339.

H.

Hale, Charles, 214, 218.
Hale, John P., 30.
Hallett, B. F., 191, 194, 207, 208, 248, 459.
Hamilton-hall meeting (1873), 141, 143, 144.
Hamlin, E. L. (of Ohio), 184.
Harrison campaign, 19, 242.
Harrison, William Henry, the first Whig President, 19.
Harvard College, style of printing their order of exercises (1871), 351; opposed to woman-suffrage and co-education, 559.
Haven, Bishop Gilbert, 16; acquaintance and controversies with "Warrington," 121, 127, 494; position in Butler campaign, 132, 134; obituary on "Warrington," 177; biography of, 492.
Hawley, Joseph R., 119, 561.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 21, 66.
Hayden, Lewis, 72, 406.
Hayes, J. K. (*see* Shadrach, rescue of).
Hazewell, Charles C., 17, 44, 57, 63, 70, 83, 89, 187, 211, 283, 496; obituary of "Warrington," 173.
Hendricks, Thomas A., 322, 323.
Heywood, George, 6.
Higginson, Col. T. W., 297.
Hildreth, Richard, 61.
Hillard, George S., 243, 246.
Hoar, Samuel, 16, 38, 194.
Hoar, E. Rockwood, 20, 29, 35, 132, 134, 185, 427, 559, 561; biography of, 490.
Hoar, George F., 147, 155; biography of, 491.
Homœopathy and allopathy, 330.
Hoosac Tunnel and the lobby, 326.
Howe, Dr. Estes, 86, 152, 305.
Howe, Dr. Samuel G., 47, 60, 62, 247, 304, 358; biography of, 487.
Humiliation of Massachusetts, 192.
"Hunker," definition of, 283 (*see* People's party).

J.

Jackson, William, 432.
Jarvis, Dr. Edward, 9, 11.
Jerry rescue, 46.
Johnson, Andrew, prospects of his administration, 305, 306; his presidential tour, 311–315; impeachment of, 315, 317, 321.
Journalism, 54.
Jury Bill, debate on, 214.

K.

Kansas, relief of, 75, 84, 217.
Keyes, Edward L., 37, 185.
Keyes, John, 14.
Kinsley, E. W., 124.
Know-Nothing party (1854), character and action of, 63, 92, 214, 218, 226, 302, 526 (*see* Wilson, Henry).

L.

Larcom, Lucy (*see* Lowell Offering).
Lawrence, Abbott, 204, 501, 529.
Lawrence, Amos A., 257.
Lawyers and doctors, 51, 53, 330, 331.
Liberty party, 28, 38, 183, 483.
Lincoln, Abraham, nomination of, 91, 95, 241; election of, 93, 245; his talk of "saving the Union," 278; Emancipation Proclamation, 280; re-election of, 109, 301; assassination of, 111, 304; biography of, 498 (*see* Appendix F).

List, Charles (*see* Commonwealth).
Lobby influence and log-rolling in the legislature, 326 (*see* Hoosac Tunnel).
Locofoco party, 22, 29, 184.
London, Letter from, 368.
Loring, Edward G., Judge, action in the Burns case, 62, 206, 208, 209; removal of, 210, 227, 233, 413.
Loring, George B., 250; biography of, 499.
Lovejoy, J. C., 72, 183.
Lowell American, 42, 52, 55, 60; selections from, 187–202, 547.
Lowell Courier and Journal (1842), 25, 31, 37.
Lowell Offering, editors and writers of, 28, 29.
Lunt, George, 213, 246, 248, 254, 290.
Lyman, Joseph (*see* Commonwealth).

M.

Maffit, Rev. John Newland, 27.
Manchester (N.H.) American (1845), 29.
Mann, Horace, 47, 194, 487; biography of, 501.
Manomet (near Plymouth, Mass.), 125, 313.
Man-stealers, The, 46, 47, 62, 189.
Manual of Parliamentary Law, "Warrington's," 155.
Mason and Slidell at Fort Warren, 272.
Masonry, "Warrington's" opposition to, 13, 362.
May, Samuel J., 39, 116.
McClellan, George B., 109, 276, 277, 290, 302.
Meade, Gen. George G., 295.
Medical and other jargon, 330.
Mexican war, 30.
Middlesex club, 364.
Middlesex-county convention (1842), 28.
Miles, Rev. George D., 151.
Missouri Compromise, 92.
Monitor, Concord, N.H. (1864), 113.
Monroe, George H., 17, 135, 340, 378, 393; obituary on "Warrington," 175.
Morrill, Lot M., 325.
Motley, Thomas, 489.
Munroe, William, 11.
Murray, John, and Walter Balfour, 16.

N.

Nasby, Petroleum V., 57.
Nesmith, John, 120.
Norfolk Advertiser (Dedham, 1837), 17.
Northampton water-cure, 158.
Noyes, Samuel B., 17.

O.

Old editors, review of, 496.
Ohio election of 1875, 394.

P.

Palfrey, Dr. J. G., 38, 47, 204, 232, 416, 517, 543.
Paris, Letter from, 371.
Parker, Dexter F., 230.
Parker, Joel, 283, 286.
Parker, S. D. (*see* Burns, rendition of).
Parker, Theodore, 16, 46, 62, 199, 206, 207, 210, 222; biography of, 506.
Pecker, James (*see* Cogswell family), will of, Appendix A.
People's party, 284.
"People's Union," 219.
Personal-liberty Act, 55, 93; defeat of, 232.
Petigru, Justinian (*see* Political Situation in 1875).
Phillips, Stephen C., 29, 30, 47, 232, 482, 517, 543; biography of, 505 (*see* Free-Soil party).
Phillips, Wendell, 46, 62, 71, 93, 98, 111, 130, 131, 199, 206, 207, 443, 444, 463, 484, 502, 517; biography of, 502.
Phœnix, John (George H. Derby), 23, 57, 534.
Pierce, Franklin (President), 197, 543.
Pierce, Henry L., 85, 86, 104, 221.
Pillsbury, Parker, 199, 484.
Pitman, Robert C., 230, 335.
P. L. L. party (a liquor organization), 115, 333–339, 421.
Police, State, history of, 336.
Political history in 1861–62, 287; from 1868 to 1871, 322–330, 333, 339, 343, 348; situation in 1874, 380–386; in 1875, 386–390; predicted situation in 1876, 396, 399.
Potter, Robert K., 124.
Pritchard, Lieut.-Col. B. D. (Fourth Michigan), 110.
Prohibitory Liquor Law, "Warrington's" opposition to, 115; history of, 333.

R.

Radical Club, 461, 506.
Rantoul, Robert, 193, 194, 488; biography of, 512.
Redpath, James, 248; obituary on "Warrington," 153.
Reform party, the coming (1876), 396.
Republican, Boston Daily, 39, 42, 60; selections from, 185, 186, 505.
Republican, Concord (*see* Yeoman's Gazette).
Republican party, 69; conventions of, 63; comes into power (1862), 102; naming of, 233; predicted effect of Grant's re-election on, 357; status in 1874, 380–386; predictions concerning its continuance in power, 384, 385, 386; "reform inside the party" (1875), 387, 393 (*see* reform party).
Republican, Springfield (*see* "Warrington" letters, and Bowles, Samuel).
Reynolds, Rev. Grindall, remarks at "Warrington's" funeral, 169.
Ripley, Dr., 2, 7, 14, 15, 66, 560.
Ripley, Mrs. Samuel, 491.
Robinson family, history of, 2.
Robinson, Elbridge Gerry (brother of "Warrington"), 17; biography of, 514 (*see* Appendix D).

Robinson, John P., 32.
Robinson, William S. (*see* "Warrington").
Rockwell, Judge Julius, 509.
Rodman, Lieut.-Col., death of, 293.
Rome, letter from, 371.
Russell, George R., 206.
Russell, Thomas, 299, 428, 433.

S.

Salary Grab, pamphlet written in 1873, 141 (*see* Butler, B. F.).
Saltonstall, Leverett, 95, 243.
Sanborn, F. B., reminiscences of "Warrington," ix; 71, 121, 144, 147, 248; obituary of "Warrington," 172.
Schouler, William, 22, 25, 28, 31, 32; biography of, 527.
Schurz, Carl, reasons for supporting Greeley, 355; inflation platform in Ohio, 394; dinner given to, 395; first visit to Boston, 544.
Scott, James (*see* Shadrach, rescue of).
Scott, Gen. Winfield, 96, 269.
"Secesh joint" in the steamship Mississippi, 97.
Secret societies, rascalities of, 218.
Sewall, Samuel E., 193, 206, 432.
Seymour, Horatio, 323 (*see* Democratic party).
Seward, William H., 232, 242, 276, 417, 524.
Shadrach, rescue of, 46, 71, 191.
Sharkey, the unjust judge, 531.
Shaw, Col. Robert G., 111, 293, 297.
Shillaber, B. P. (Mrs. Partington), 57, 147; biography of, 530.
Sims case (1851), 46, 192, 193.
Slack, Charles W., 106, 379.
Smith, Gerrit, 404, 519.
Smith, Thomas P. (*see* Shadrach, rescue of).
Social Circle (Concord), 3, 4, 74, 76.
Southern literature, 211.
Spofford, R. S., 309, 444.
Spooner, William B., 61, 335.
Springfield Republican (*see* Republican).
Squatter sovereignty, 92, 230.
Stansbury, E. A. (*see* Free-Soil party).
Stanton, Elizabeth Cady, 426.
State constabulary (1860), history of, 336.
Statesmen and politicians, distinction between, 346.
Stearns, George L., 94, 106, 299; biography of, 522.
Stebbings, Ensign Jehiel (the typical political trimmer), 57; how he received the vote of Maine, 244, 338, 538; biography of, 533–541; his platform, 535; Shabbakin Stebbings Club, 539.
Stebbings calculation on woman-suffrage, 117.
Stewart, A. T., 435.
Stone, F. M., 138.
Stone, Lucy, 463.
Stowe, William, 104, 121; biography of, 525.
Straight-Republican party, 64, 86, 87, 94, 220; fate of, 222 (*see* Know-Nothing party).
Stump-speaking inaugurated in New England, 20.
Sumner, Charles, his position in the antislavery cause, 30, 40, 91, 184, 232; election to Congress, 55, 194, 220, 433; acquaintance with "Warrington," 56; speaks against rendition of Burns, 62; assaulted in the Senate, 65, 216; his confidence in Lincoln, 280, 284, 306; opposition to him, 283; elected for the third time, 120, 126; letter to him from "Warrington" (1872), 351; position in Butler campaign, 133; resolution of censure against, 136, 138, 365; letters to "Warrington," 139, 146; death, 150; reminiscences of, 400, 402; biography of, 517.
Sumter, Fort, 95.
Supreme Judicial Court, 509 (*see* Wheelgrease, Judge).
Swan, Dr. Caleb, of Easton, 221, 223, 429.
Sweetser, T. H., 345.
Swift, John L., 206, 308, 420, 428.

T.

Tarbox, John K., 393, 422.
Taylor, Charles H., 137, 359.
Taylor, Zachary, 35, 45, 186.
Telegraph, Boston, 61; selections from, 210–213.
Texas, annexation of, 29, 30.
Thayer, Adin, 126.
Thayer, Eli, 92.
Thayer, William S., 85.
Thomas, Seth J., 192, 193, 208.
Thompson, Charles P., 391.
Thoreau, Henry D., 1, 12, 21, 67.
Thoreau, John (father), 65, 68.
Thoreau, John (son), 12, 21.
Tilden, Samuel J., 394–396.
Tithingmen, when abolished, 15.
Tocsin (a campaign paper in 1861), 93, 94, 98.
Toombs, Robert, 214.
Torrey, Charles T., 25, 26.
Train, Charles R., 20.
Transcendentalists, The, 16.
Traveller consolidation, 83, 84.
Tremont-temple mob, 247.
Tribune, New-York, "Gilbert" letters in, 82; "Warrington" letters in, 99, 114; selections from, 225, 247–252 (*see* Greeley, Horace).

U.

"Union-saving," 96.
Universalism (*see* Murray, John).

V.

Van Buren, Martin, 35, 39.
Virginia Peace Commission, 94.

W.

Waitt, Caleb, 104.
Warland, John H. (*see* Manchester American).
Warner, Oliver, 114.
War of the rebellion, opening of, 95; battle of Bull Run, 96, 267; review of, 108–112, 253–301; state of the country in 1861, 253; purpose of, 258; spirit of the people during, 261; progress of, 271; landing at Beaufort, 271; "in war-time," 277; battle of Antietam, 280, 283; Emancipation Proclamation, 280–290; battle of Gettysburg, 294; Fort Wagner and the Fifty-fourth, 296; end of the third year of, 299; South Carolina's position, 300; end of the war, 304.
Warren, William Wirt, 316.
"Warrington," ancestry, 1–7; how related to R. W. Emerson, 3; connection with Phillips and Cogswell families, 4; birth (1818), 7; early characteristics, 8; boyhood, 8–11; early education, 8; a composition, 9; opinion of a college education, 10, 11; school-life, 11; first antislavery reading, 13; attends his first convention (anti-Masonic), 13; enters a printing-office, 14; youth, 15–24; church-going, 15; works "at the case" for his brother in Dedham, and writes his first article, 17; editor of the Yeoman's Gazette in Concord, 18; abolition opinions, 19; Whig delegate to Baltimore Convention of 1840, 19; character of his newspaper, 21; sells it (1842), and writes his "last words," 22; becomes assistant editor of the Lowell Courier and Journal, 25; a Washington correspondent, 25; opposition to the "Texas iniquity," 29; edits the Manchester (N.H.) American, 29; takes full charge of the Courier, 31; his appearance and characteristics in 1846, 32; his prospects in 1848, 35; position on the slavery question, 36; leaves the Courier, and becomes editor of the Boston Republican, 37; first acquaintance with Samuel Bowles, 38; marriage, 40; leaves the Republican, and becomes editor of the Lowell American, 41, 42, 44–52; home-life, 48; sickness, 50; his opinion of the law, 53; of journalism, 54; elected to the legislature of 1852, 54; connection with the Carpet-Bag, 57; connection with the New-York Evening Post, 58; pecuniary troubles, 58; death of Lowell American, 60; becomes editor of Boston Commonwealth and Telegraph, 60; his opposition to the Know-Nothings, 63; writes for Fitchburg Reveille and Worcester Spy, 65, 91; returns to Concord, 65; condition in life in 1851–57, 65; his life and acquaintances in Concord, 66–77; commences "Warrington" letters, 78; manner of writing, 80; becomes correspondent of New-York Tribune (1857), 82; "Traveller consolidation," 83; "out of work," 85; writes "Boythorn" letters, and for the Congregationalist and Zion's Herald, 86; edits "Straight Republican," 87; removes to Malden, 87; death of his son, 87; clerk of commission on revision of statutes, 88; offered situation on New-York Tribune, 89; writes for the Bee, 91; letters on "Squatter Sovereignty," 92; opposition to Virginia Commission, 94; edits campaign papers, and writes pamphlets, 95, 98; early opinions on the war, 96; "out of work" again (1861), 98; writes for the Atlantic Monthly, 98, 131; price received for letters, 99; declines asking for an office, 102; elected clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, 102–105; his salary, 103; writes for Commonwealth, 106; secretary of Republican State Committee from 1863–1868, 107, 112; presented with gold watch and chain, 112; re-elected clerk, 113; starts the Concord (N.H.) Monitor, 113; urged to become candidate for secretary of state, 114; connection with the Springfield Republican, 114, 115; opposition to prohibition, 115; position on woman-suffrage question, 116–119; edits the Hartford Courant (1868), 119; opinion of Grant's election, 120; reception on his fiftieth birthday, 120; his time of power, 125; his sea-shore resort, 125; personality of his writings, 126; controversies with Bishop Haven, 127; his opinion of his own labors, 127; domestic life while clerk, 128, 130; personal appearance in 1865–1867, 128; writes first review of Wendell Phillips in the Butler campaign, 131; his fight against Butler, 131–144 (*see* Butler, B. F.); signs call for Cincinnati Convention (1872), 135; letter to Charles Sumner on political situation in 1872, 354; opinion of Greeley's nomination, 135; his health (in 1872), 136; defeated as clerk of the House, 137–140; his account of the causes of his defeat, 359; employed on the Boston Journal, 140; writes the "Salary Grab," 141; defeats Butler the second time, 143; his health at the end of the campaign, 144; his silver wedding, 141; sails for Europe, 148; life abroad, 149; his health on his return, 151; "out of work" again, 144; premature obituaries, 152; publishes his Manual of Parliamentary Law, 155; at the Northampton water-cure, 157; progress and character of his disease, 159–166; a favorite poem, 160; his belief in immortality, 162; his strange visions, 164; his own view of his health, 165; his death, 165; memorial tributes, 167–180.
"Warrington" letters first appeared, 38; *nom de plume*, whence chosen,

79; history and character of, 78–101; price paid for, 99; attempt to alter them, 100; copied into Boston Commonwealth, 107; selections from, 183, 214–225, 227–247, 251–304, 308–354, 359–368, 380–405 (*see* Appendix B).
Webb, Seth, jun., 17.
Webster, Daniel, position in the Free-Soil movement, 30, 187, 189, 190, 191, 195, 257; political death and apostasy, 45, 46, 196, 197, 502; juvenile movement for, 195; as a politician, 347; reminiscence of, 404; biography of, 545.
Wells, George D., 230.
Wheelgrease, Judge, his first appearance, 558; his opinion on the woman question, 554.
Whig, Boston Daily (*see* Republican, Boston).
Whig party (in 1842), 28, 29, 30, 47; and the coalition, 198–205, 432; letter to the Whigs, 201.
Whiting, Rev. Lyman, 436.
Whiting, William, 14.
Whittier, John G., 37, 38, 47, 146, 531 (*see* Free-Soil party).
Wilmot, David, 187 (*see* Free-Soil party).
Wilson, Henry, position in the Free-Soil movement, and among the Whigs, 20, 29, 41, 46, 56, 63, 93, 204, 232; in the Butler campaign, 133; letters to "Warrington," 41, 93, 139, 146; reminiscences of, 400, 405; biography of, 541.
Winthrop, Robert C., 30, 194, 231, 232, 238, 248, 309, 415, 416, 429, 483, 489, 517, 529.
Wise, Henry A., 27, 298, 524.
Woman's antislavery society (Concord), members of, 73.
Woman-suffrage, 11; a reform, 40, 44; petition first presented to the legislature of Massachusetts (1853), 116, 403; "Warrington's" position in regard to, 116–119, 426; calculation concerning, 117; Gov. Andrew's suggestion concerning "anxious and aimless" women, 110; gain in England, 370; woman's sphere, 547; suffrage a right, 548–554; women themselves to decide the question, 549; *free play*, 551; arguments against, refuted, 550, 551; can women hold judicial office? Judge Wheelgrease's opinion on (1871), 554; Harvard College against suffrage and co-education, 559; woman's independence in 1776 and 1876, 561; the cause gaining, 563.
Wood, Fernando, 250.
Wood, Rev. Horatio (of Lowell), 9.
Woodbury, Charles Levi, 346.
Worcester Convention (1848), 183.
Wright, Elizur, 60, 72, 83, 94, 184, 185, 273, 305, 418.

Y.

Yeoman's Gazette (Concord, 1839), 14, 18, 20, 21, 25.
Young, John Russell, 86.
Young men of 1875, opinions of, 390.

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